THE AFTER-SCHOOL SERIES

COLLEGE

LATIN COURSE IN ENGLISH

WILLIAM CLEAVER WILKINSON

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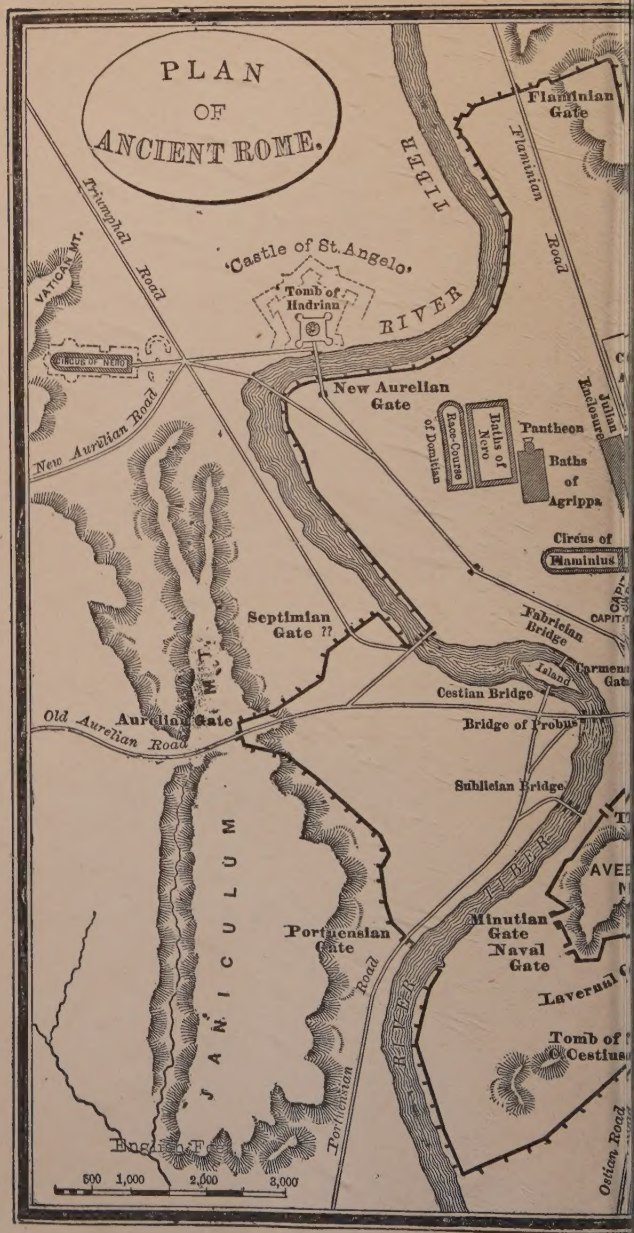
PLAN
OF
ANCIENT ROME.
TIBER
RIVER
Flaminian Gate
Flaminian Road
Triumphal Road
'Castle of St. Angelo'
Tomb of Hadrian
VATICAN MT.
CIRCUS OF NERO
New Aurelian Gate
New Aurelian Road
Julian Enclosure
Baths of Nero
Base-Course of Domitian
Pantheon
Baths of Agrippa
Circus of Maximus
Septimian Gate ??
Fabrician Bridge
Cestian Bridge
Aurelian Gate
Old Aurelian Road
Bridge of Probus
Sublician Bridge
JANICULUM
Portuensian Gate
Minutian Gate
Naval Gate
Tomb of Cestius
Portuensian Road
Ostian Road
500 1,000 2,000 3,000

Pinc
Gate
Salarian
Gate
Nomentan Road
Nomentan
Gate
Colline
Gate
Pretorian
Camp
Gate of Safety
Baths of
Diocletian
Closed Gate
Viminal Gate
QUIRINAL
HILL
Baths of
Constantine
Long Street
VIMINAL HILL
Patrician Street
ESQUILINE MT.
Cespian
Mt.
Street
Tiburtine
Road
Tiburtine Gate
Esquiline Gate
FORUM OF
AUGUSTUS
FORUM OF
PEACE
Baths of Trajan
Cyprian
Basilica of
Constantine
Baths
of Titus
Meŭian Gate
Prænestine
Gate
Prænestine Road
Labican Road
Sacred Way
Flavian
Amphitheater
COLOSSEUM
Imperial
PALATINE
Palace
MT.
Querquetulan
Gate
Cœlimontane
Gate
Military
Amphitheater
Asinarian Gate
CÆLIAN MT.
Fontinal Gate
Ferentine Gate
Metronian Gate
Nævian
Gate
Baths of
Antonine
Latin Gate
Latin
Road
Appian Gate
Ardeatine Gate
Appian
Road
N
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THE AFTER-SCHOOL SERIES.

BY WILLIAM CLEAVER WILKINSON.

PREPARATORY GREEK COURSE IN ENGLISH.
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THE AFTER-SCHOOL SERIES.

COLLEGE

LATIN COURSE

IN ENGLISH.

BY

WILLIAM CLEAVER WILKINSON.

TENTH THOUSAND.

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1885.

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PREFACE.

With the present volume we bring to its completion a series of four books, projected for the purpose of making accessible to English readers, in their own tongue, the treasures of Greek and Latin letters, as these treasures are disclosed to the average American student in the ordinary course of school and college education.

The preparation of this series of books has happened to coincide in time with vivid public discussion, experiencing its irregularly periodic revival among us, of the question whether after all classical culture ought not to be regarded now as a thing that has had its day. The fact of such discussion, rife anew at just this moment, may well awaken in the present writer's mind a somewhat serious consideration. Has he perhaps been doing work for the past rather than for the future? Is modern interest in ancient classic literature doomed presently to be extinguished? What, as to this point, are the signs of the times?

There is no disguising the fact that Greek and Latin are yielding some ground that once was theirs in the schools and the colleges. At Harvard, for example, it has been proposed that Greek shall no longer be made a study indispensable for admission to full standing in the classes. This change established, a Harvard student might perhaps at

graduation know nothing whatever of Greek. The precedent —should the example be set, and should it become a precedent—would no doubt commence an important innovation. The influence, however, to depress Greek culture, would not be so great as might at first be imagined. The chief difference would be only that those students would freely neglect Greek, who, under the system of compulsion, would learn it reluctantly. Such learners, probably, would never under any circumstances become good Greek scholars. They would grow up to hate Greek study, and to talk against it. Meantime, students that really wish to learn Greek would do so as under the old plan. It is out of the ranks of these students that good Greek scholars will come, in the future, as has been the case in the past. There would then be this positive gain to the cause of Greek culture, that there would be nobody to speak ill of it—nobody, that is, having the authority of ostensible qualification to do so. Sound Greek scholarship, enlightened interest in Greek literature, will thus lose little, and they will certainly stand a chance of gaining something, by the change of Greek from a compulsory to an elective study whether in school or college. It will simply mark a new importation of good common sense into the business of liberal education—a place in which, always, that not too abundant quality is as much needed as anywhere else in the world. Wise friends of Greek learning find, therefore, small occasion of fear in the prevalent tendency to leave Greek open to election or rejection at the will of the student. There is, however, in this tendency a reason why earnest efforts should be put forth to make the choice of students judicious. The present series of books will, it is hoped, contribute something to dif-

fuse that general intelligence on the subject which is necessary in order to making the atmosphere of public opinion favorable to the right tendency in choosing.

Over against the apparent loss thus admitted to have befallen the cause of classic studies, is to be set a positive gain that more than compensates. Colleges for the education of women are multiplying Greek and Latin students among the gentler sex. Classic culture is thus unobservedly getting a new lease of life in this country. And the not very remote eventual result is destined to be incalculably large. For, through the influence exerted by the cultivated future mothers of the land, it may with confidence be expected that the coming generations of children will furnish a much more numerous proportion of students that will choose Greek and Latin, than could at present be counted in our colleges.

Another very significant fact pointing toward the persistence of classical studies at our seats of higher education is supplied in the result recently reached in Germany of an experiment tried with a view to the permanent relinquishment of Greek and Latin in the course appointed to be pursued by scientific students. These students, by exception, were recently, for a term of years, permitted to proceed without the preliminary training in Greek and Latin that had before been obligatory upon all university students alike. But the experiment proved unsatisfactory in its results, and the authorities published an elaborate report to the effect that scientific students in whose preparatory training the classic languages had, with a view to their greater advantage, been omitted, turned out—so far from being profited by the omission—to be not capable of even holding their own

in scientific pursuits with their fellow-students that had been previously drilled in Greek and Latin.

Once again. At the self-same moment at which, on the one hand, so much is getting said against Greek and Latin, there is too, on the other hand, an activity, perhaps quite unparalleled, exhibited in the cultivation of those languages. This is to be seen in the multiplication of translations into English of the great Greek and Latin authors—translations executed with an exactness of scholarship joined to a finish of style in composition, transcending any standard previously established for such work. Besides this, learned editions of Greek and Latin texts are now issuing, especially from the English press, such, in number, in variety, and in elegance of form, as to constitute a token of favor with the public, highly reassuring to the lover of the ancient classics.

The late brilliant production at Harvard—Harvard, the supposed radiant center itself of reactionary influence against classical studies—of a Greek tragedy in the original language, witnessed by a crowded frequence of spectators drawn together from far and near; this, and a highly successful exhibition, following this, of a play of Terence at Ann Arbor in its primitive Latin, with the still more recent, and certainly not less remarkable, presentation in St. Louis, by the young women of Washington University, of a Roman comedy, given in the mother-tongue of Plautus, its author—these things, we submit, are not to be interpreted as signs that the cultivation of the speech of Greece or of Rome is very rapidly dying out among us. Then there is what significance belongs to the regular issue—begun not long ago, but steadily prospering—of an American monthly magazine in Latin, *Latiné*,

edited with spirit and scholarship, and published under amply encouraging auspices. Professor Shumway's little monograph, "Latin Synonymes," just brought out in this country, is one of those specialist works, the appearance of which in any community unmistakably indicates existing in that community an interest in the subject treated—indicates such interest and stimulates such interest. New lexicons, both of Greek and Latin—superb volumes, prepared with vast labor and expense—have very lately been given to the American public, and that fact means something. Not to be overlooked is the movement, already with a history, and yearly gathering strength, that maintains an American school in Athens itself, expressly to provide for students sojourning there the opportunity to study that "dead language," on the spot where—for all the ill-omened adjective "dead" persistently dogging it—the Greek language still prolongs its unquenchable life.

Finally, it is to be said that there is now at work a new force for popular culture destined to exert no small proportion of influence in continuing, if not perpetuating, among Americans, the prosecution of classical studies. We refer to the CHAUTAUQUA LITERARY AND SCIENTIFIC CIRCLE. This is a movement, or institution—which shall we call it? if it is not itself a movement, it certainly creates movement—designed to increase popular culture, both by broadening it in its base, and by building it higher. The prosperity of the Chautauqua Literary and Scientific Circle has been remarkable. Within the few years of its existence it has, chiefly from among classes of persons that, but for its influence, would have undertaken nothing of the sort, engaged readers, to be numbered by hundreds of thousands, (or at least by

scores of thousands added to a hundred thousand,) in a course of reading in which the authors of ancient Greece and Rome are largely represented. The interest thus awakened in classic studies has been vivid. Some men of mature years have been incited to commence learning the classic languages for themselves. It is not extravagant to expect that the ultimate influence of this movement for extending popular culture will report itself in augmented numbers of applicants for admission to college, animated beforehand with a fixed purpose to prosecute within college walls the cultivation of Greek and Latin studies.

Altogether, the prospect is not gloomy for the future of classical studies in America. This After-school Series of books is not an anachronism. It has a mission, and its mission is not to ring out a slowly dying cause. Our readers may confidently feel that what they find here deals with matter that will interest many generations to come, as it has already interested many generations past. The human mind will have to be constituted otherwise than as it is, before it ceases to be concerned with its own former history. And that history, be sure, is inextricably intertwined with the languages in which two great perished nations of mankind did their thinking, their speaking, and their writing.

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N. B.—The stamp on the cover represents the "Hall in the Grove" at Chautauqua.

COLLEGE

LATIN COURSE IN ENGLISH.

I.

LIVY.

Livy is not the earliest of Roman writers. The earliest Roman writers have perished from memory in almost every thing save their names. Livy is not even the earliest of Roman writers that still survive in their works. For beginning, however, here with Livy, some reason exists in the fact that he, though not himself the earliest of extant Roman writers, and not the earliest of extant Roman writers of history, is yet the earliest extant Roman writer of history to make the whole story of Rome a theme for his pen. Whoever would know from Rome herself how Rome commenced, and for many generations pursued, her career, must go to Livy to get his information. If not, then, on account of his own historical position, at least on account of his historical subject and treatment, Livy seems the right author to place here at the head of our list.

Of Livy the man little is known, except that he wrote one of the most delightful histories in the world. To him, more perhaps than to any other writer, is due the traditional fame of the Romans for traits of high character. Roman virtue is not wholly a figment of fancy; for of virtue, in the antique sense of that word, the Romans, with the Spartans, certainly possessed a large share. But Livy is of all men the man who supplies the historic or mythologic material out of which the

current lofty ideal of Roman character has been constructed. Cato lived before Livy. If he had not, there is one memorable complaint of his that he would not have needed to make. Cato said that there were Roman stories as well worthy of immortal remembrance as any stories told of the Greeks—there wanted only to Rome the genius of some great writer to tell those stories properly. That occasion of reproach Livy took away. Hardly has any Greek historian surpassed for Greece the romantic interest and charm with which Livy has invested the tale of royal and republican Rome. What remains to us of Livy is endeared to our appreciation by the fact that it is so small a part of the precious whole work that he produced.

Ti'tus Liv'i-us Pat-a-vi'nus we know was born at Pad'u-a, in Italy. His last name was derived from the original Latin designation, Pa-ta'vi-um, for that city. He was the great prose poet of the reign of Augustus. Horace and Virgil were coevals of his. He was a boy of fifteen years when Cæsar fell at the base of Pompey's statue. Livy enjoyed great contemporary fame. There was no lordlier literary lion in the metropolis than he. The story is told of a Spaniard of Cadiz that made the journey to the capital expressly to set his eyes on the brilliant recounter of the glories of Rome. It is good to think that there was then in the world enough of generous enthusiasm for letters to give such a story currency.

Besides being an historian, Livy was something of a philosopher. The things, however, that he wrote as philosopher survive only in the mention of Sen'e-ca. The two functions, that of philosopher and that of historian, he kept quite distinct. He did not write history philosophically.

Livy's history was a majestic work, covering the whole subject of the fortunes of Rome from the founding of the city down almost to the beginning of the Christian era. What an epic in prose was there! But of the hundred and

fifty-two books in which the work was written, only thirty-five books remain. What we have is highly interesting; but what we have not, as well in quality as in quantity, would be a far more precious possession. We have lost we know not what; but we guess with certainty that Livy's account of the Italian War and his account of the Civil War between Marius and Sulla, which are among the many things missing, would have thrown on those great chapters of Roman story such a light as now is not to be collected from all other sources taken together. When the lost books of Livy were lost, is not known. The popes were at one time against the historian—of all things in the world, because he told superstitious tales! Some of the popes, it is said, destroyed every thing of Livy that fell under their hands. Dis-ra'el-i the elder, in his "Curiosities of Literature," has a tantalizing anecdote to the effect that a man of letters once found, wrought into a battledore with which he was playing, a page of the missing part of Livy. Before the scholar could get to him to arrest the vandalism, the battledore-maker had already used up the last fragment of the whole inestimable manuscript. There are not a few other anecdotes current in literary history about the lost books of Livy; but the one thing certain is that three quarters of the work exists only in epitomes—fortunately executed by some painstaking hand while the original still lived in the world of letters.

Livy apparently published his work in installments. He must have been occupied not less than twenty years in the composition. This we gather from the fact that in the last parts of the history there are events recorded that did not take place until some twenty years subsequently to the issue of the first installment. The history has been divided up into sets of books, ten each in number, hence called "decades." The thirty-five books that remain give us the first decade, the third, and the fourth, entire, with half of the fifth. There are detached fragments from the rest.

The first decade deals with about five hundred years of history, from the founding of Rome to the subjugation by Rome of the Sam'nites. This portion of the work has little claim, and it makes little claim, to the character of history. It is confessedly mythical and legendary, rather than historical. But most entertaining narrative Livy makes of his material. "The brave days of old" live again, with power—a power communicated from vivific style—in his glowing pages.

Take—for a single specimen of the anecdotes of patriotic, if pagan, self-devotion, with which the annals of mythical Rome are profusely illuminated, but which nowhere else are so vividly brilliant as in Livy's telling—this famous legend of left-handed Mu'ci-us. "Lars Por'se-na of Clu'si-um," as every boy knows out of Macaulay's "Lays of Ancient Rome," was marked out by a patriot adventurer from the city for death by assassination. A high-born Roman youth, Mucius by name, resolved, with the approval of the senate, to penetrate the enemy's lines, and, getting access to Porsena's [Por-sen'na's] person, to slay him with a sudden stroke in the midst of his friends. By mistake Porsena's secretary was vicariously slain; and now let Livy tell the rest. We use Mr. Collins's translation, given in the volume on Livy in Ancient Classics for English Readers:

> He [Mucius] was moving off, making a way for himself through the crowd with his bloody weapon, when the clamor made the king's guards run up, who seized him and dragged him back. Set before the king where he sat in state, even in that imminent peril he spoke as if the king, and not he, had need to tremble. "I am a citizen of Rome; men call me Caius Mucius. I sought to slay mine enemy. And I have as good heart to suffer death as I had to inflict it: our Roman fashion is to do and suffer stoutly. Nor is it I alone who bear in my mind this intent toward thee: there follows after me a long succession of claimants for this glory. Wherefore prepare thyself at once for this conflict: to be in jeopardy of life from hour to hour—to find an enemy at the very threshold of thy chamber. Such is the war we Roman youth declare

against thee. Thou hast not to dread the battle or the open field; the struggle for thee will be in person against each single antagonist." When the king, alike furious with anger and alarmed at the peril, threatened him with torture by fire unless he forthwith revealed the plot at which he thus darkly hinted—"Lo, here," said he, "that you may understand how cheap they hold all pains of the body, who see a grand renown in prospect"—and he thrust his hand into the fire on the altar just kindled for sacrifice. When he held it there to be consumed, as quite unconscious of any sense of pain, the king, well-nigh astounded at the marvel, leapt from his seat and bade him be moved away from the altar.

The hated Etruscan was not incapable of generosity. He suffered Mucius—thenceforward known in legend by the surname Scæ'vo-la, (Left-handed)—to escape punishment. Scævola, according to Livy, went off muttering, "by way of thanks," as Livy sardonically expresses it, that he was himself but one of three hundred young Romans sworn to do likewise. It must have been as uncomfortable for Porsena, as Nihilism makes it for the Russian Czar. This incident Livy represents to have seriously affected the event of Porsena's siege. According to Livy, Porsena soon, in consequence, withdrew from the besetment of the city. Tacitus is not ready to go such lengths as does Livy, in rhetorical patriotism. Tacitus probably is right. But Livy probably was popular.

Another legend, approaching nearer, perhaps, the character of history, is that of the sack of Rome by the Gauls. There seems no question that the event occurred, but the romantic and theatric incident and circumstance with which, in Livy's narration, the event is surrounded, are doubtless the growth of popular tradition, molded and adorned by the taste and imagination of the most picturesque of historians. The utter ruin of Rome is made by Livy to appear in a light that casts a lofty and melancholy dignity upon the figure of the falling state. The Gauls have pressed their way to the very walls of the city. They find the gates open. The quiet that reigned seemed ominous to them. They do not venture at

once to enter, suspecting some stratagem. The Romans able to bear arms shut themselves up in the Capitol, while the common people in general fled hither and thither, as suited their several notions of prudence. The older Roman grandees, however, according to Livy, concerted a novel plan of procedure for decorously meeting their fate. The Gauls were struck with astonishment at the sight that saluted their eyes. Livy says (Mr. Collins translates again):

> The houses of the lower orders were shut up, but the halls of the chief men stood open; and they [the Gauls] hesitated more at entering these than at breaking open such as were closed against them. Thus it was not without a certain awe and reverence that they beheld sitting in the vestibules of their houses, figures which not only in their costume and decorations, whose magnificence seemed to their eyes more than mortal, but in the majesty of their looks and bearing, were like unto gods. While they stood fixedly regarding them as though they were statues, a Gaul is said to have stroked the beard, worn long as it was in those days, of one of them, Marcus Pa-pir'i-us, who smote him on the head with his ivory staff, and woke his wrath; with that began a general massacre, and the rest were killed where they sat.

The legend—and Livy—found out a way of rescuing Rome after all from the very jaws of destruction. The city had been pillaged and burned, but the citadel still stood out. Parley was held with the barbarians about ransom of what remained—famine and pestilence together inclining both parties to suspension of war. When the Romans exclaimed against false weights brought by the Gauls for weighing out the stipulated gold, the barbarian chief scornfully flung his sword into the balance, to signify, That shall make the weights weigh as heavy as we choose to have them. But, behold, when the humiliation of Rome seemed complete, at that very instant, Ca-mil'lus, Dictator, was suddenly at hand with redemption, to be paid in a different coin, for his country. 'Not with gold but with steel, is Rome to be bought from her foes,' he cried out. The Gauls were driven out of the city. More. They were slain to a man.

Was not Livy, with good reason, an historian popular at Rome? And as for the trustworthiness of his gallant tales, was there not great Rome herself, the imperial city of the Cæsars, standing in Livy's day, for the historian to point to in triumph as witness to whatever fine things he could say of her heroic past? Surely, such a city must have had a history as glorious as Livy could paint Rome's.

One spirited legend more out of Livy's treasury of such, and we will pass to something of his that is better entitled to credit. The story of Cur'ti-us, as Livy tells it, well sums up the Roman's ideal of civic wealth and civic virtue. The forum yawned with a chasm in the midst. The gods said it would close when the best that Rome owned was cast into the pit — then, and not till then. She tried one precious thing after another in vain. The bodeful chasm still stretched wide its hungry jaws. Livy now:

> Then young Marcus Curtius, a gallant soldier, chid them all for doubting that there could be any better thing in Rome than good weapons and a stout heart. He called for silence; and looking toward the temples of the immortal gods that crowned the Forum, and toward the Capitol, he lifted his hands first to heaven, and then stretching them downward, where the gulf yawned before him, in supplication to the Powers below, he solemnly devoted himself to death. Mounted on his horse, which he had clothed in the most splendid trappings that could be found, he leaped, all armed, into the chasm, while crowds of men and women showered in after him precious gifts and fruits.

Of course, upon this costly act of self-sacrifice, there was nothing left for the chasm to do, but close up and hold fast what it had got. The fable is a splendid allegory of what patriots do by thousands upon thousands whenever they offer themselves up in battle to die for their country.

We are now about to enter upon a more consecutive presentation of a part of the matter of Livy's annals. We need to apprise our readers that the present is not an undertaking of ours to make any thing like a full exhibition in abstract or

extract of what remains to us moderns of Livy's great work. That undertaking would require more space than we have at command. It would besides transcend the limits which we prescribe to ourselves in these volumes. Our aim is strictly confined to giving in English about such a proportion of each Latin author treated, as would be traversed by the student in accomplishing an average college course. We shall give more, rather than less; but when we have given as much, we shall have fulfilled the promise of this series of books.

There is probably no part of extant Livy more vividly interesting, and interesting to a wider audience of minds, than is the long and checkered story of that Punic War, so-called, in which the figures of Han'ni-bal, of Fa'bi-us, and of Scipio [Sip'i-o], loom large and splendid, in mutually effective and ennobling contrast. The time never will come when men will not be more moved by the fortunes of men, individual men, than they are by the fortunes of nations. The fact may seem illogical, unreasonable, regrettable, but it remains a fact. A fact so obstinate, so insoluble, so redoubtable, we, for our part, shall neither resist nor ignore. We unquestioningly select, for the portion of Livy to be laid before our readers, the story of Carthage against Rome, revolving about those three great national champions, Hannibal on the one side, and Fabius with Scipio on the other. It was more, far more—that long strife—than a conflict of individual leaders, of rival nations, of antagonistic races. It was also a war of contending political ideas, of opposing historical tendencies. It was now to be decided what type of civilization, what spirit of civil polity, should rule the future. The sympathies of readers will almost certainly be enlisted on the side of Carthaginian Hannibal doomed beforehand to final defeat. Such is the secret magic of a great human personality. But we may console ourselves. It was far better that Rome should conquer, as she did. In this case, at any rate, it was the fitter that survived.

Delenda est Carthago (Carthage must be blotted out) has become a proverb of fell resolution adopted against a foe that the necessities of self-defense will not suffer to survive. Such was the famous sentence of Cato against Carthage; a sentence which Rome at length adopted — to carry it out with a bitter literalness never perhaps exceeded in the destruction of any other city in the world. The utter obliteration of Carthage from the earth meant the utter obliteration of Carthage from history. Carthage herself perhaps never produced literature of any sort. And written history that should include Carthage, if Carthage survived—that is, Roman history—was, so to speak, about to begin, only as Carthage was about to end. It is difficult, accordingly, for us now to conceive how important a place among nations Carthage, an almost unhistoric city, really occupied. The fact, however, is that Carthage, when the long duel between Carthage and Rome commenced, was apparently a full equal of her enemy in promised extent and duration of empire. Rome, indeed, had now become supreme mistress of Italy. But Carthage, besides her home possessions in Africa, had established important connections with many points on the Mediterranean coast. She was a maritime power, as Rome was not. She had strong foothold in Spain. Sar-din'i-a was hers, and Cor'si-ca, and the Ba-le-ar'ic Islēs. She was stretching a cordon of colonies along the border of Sicily, with designs upon that great and rich island as a whole. This might justly be deemed an indirect menace to Rome. Rome had not long to wait for a desirable opportunity to take up the gauntlet that Carthage threw down at her feet. The two cities closed in a grapple that, having lasted twenty-three years, left Rome in possession of Sicily. This struggle is known in history as the First Punic War. (The Carthaginians were Phœnicians, and the Phœnicians were by the Romans called Pœni, whence "Punic" as the name of the war.)

The Second Punic War was a greater. The Carthaginian hero of it was Hannibal. It is of this second war between Carthage and Rome that we shall here let Livy treat. The historian had a generous idea of the magnitude of the struggle. But his idea was not exaggerated. The fortune of the world was decided by the event of this war. History perhaps—or is that too much to suggest?—is Indo-European instead of being Semitic, because Rome conquered and not Carthage. Livy's language about this war will remind readers of what Thucydides, two, with so much less justness, said four hundred years earlier about the Peloponnesian War. The two historians' high estimate of the importance of the subjects they undertook to treat, might be accepted as a pledge on their part of devoting to the treatment the best exertions of which they were capable. The result in either case was a masterpiece of historical composition. What Livy, compared with Thucydides, lacks in breadth of comprehension and in depth of insight, he quite fully makes up in dash and brilliancy of narrative. Livy has the advantage of Thucydides in largeness of theme to handle, and in splendor of exploit to describe. The passage of Livy that we are about to present, namely, the narrative of the Second Punic War, stands as simply an important part of a much larger design, while the "Peloponnesian War" of Thucydides was conceived by its author as an historical monograph, complete in itself.

Here is the preface that Livy prefixes to his account of the Second Punic War. It marks the beginning of the third decade of his work; that is, the beginning of his twenty-first book:

I claim leave to preface a portion of my history by a remark which most historians make at the beginning of their whole work. I am about to describe the most memorable war ever waged, the war which the Carthaginians, under the leadership of Hannibal, waged against the people of Rome. Never have states or nations with mightier resources met in arms, and never had these two peoples themselves possessed such

strength and endurance. The modes of warfare with which they encountered one another were not unfamiliar, but had been tested in the First Punic War. Again, so varying was the fortune of battle, so doubtful the struggle, that they who finally conquered were once the nearer to ruin. And they fought, too, with a hate well-nigh greater than their strength. Rome was indignant that the conquered should presume to attack the conqueror, Carthage that the vanquished had, she thought, been subjected to an arrogant and rapacious rule.

We must go on, and repeat the familiar story that immediately follows, of the oath taken by young Hannibal of enmity to Rome. Readers will like to learn that Livy is a source and authority for this picturesque and grim legend of Carthaginian patriotism:

There is a story, too, of Hannibal when, at nine years of age, he was boyishly coaxing his father Ham-il'car to take him with him to Spain (Hamilcar had just finished the African war, and was sacrificing before transporting his army to that country), how the child was set by the altar, and there, with his hand upon the victim, was made to swear that, so soon as he could, he would be the enemy of the Roman people.

High-spirited Hamilcar died while Hannibal was yet scarcely more than a boy. Has'dru-bal held command of the Carthaginian army until he was suddenly slain. Hannibal then, still very young, was made leader by popular acclamation. We have to omit certain details of scandalous gossip concerning the relation of youths to their elders and chiefs, very true to the life of those times, but from the Christianized life of these times happily for the most part very alien. We come to a spirited portrait in words of one of the most remarkable military geniuses the world has ever beheld. Livy, in drawing this portrait, goes back a little in retrospect of Hannibal's years of youthful service under Hasdrubal after the untimely death of his own father, Hamilcar:

HAMILCAR.

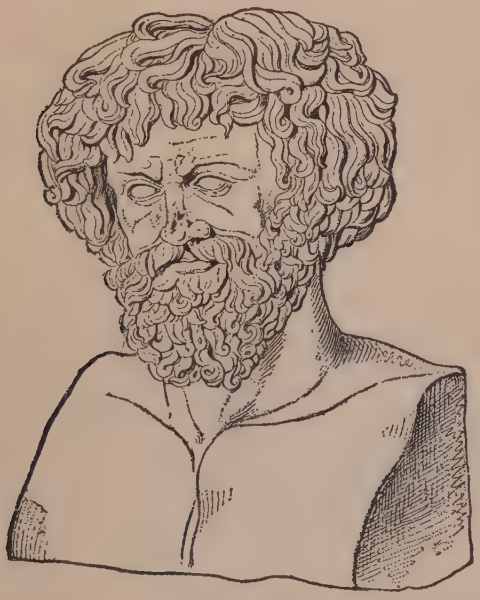
Hannibal was sent to Spain, and instantly on his arrival attracted the admiration of the whole army. Young Hamilcar was restored to them, thought the veterans, as they saw in him the same animated look and penetrating eye, the same expression, the same features. Soon he made them feel that his father's memory was but a trifling aid to him in winning their esteem. Never had man a temper that adapted itself better to the widely diverse duties of obedience and command, till it was hard to decide whether he was more beloved by the general or the army. There was no one whom Hasdrubal preferred to put in command, whenever courage and persistency were specially needed, no officer under whom the soldiers were more confident and more daring. Bold in the extreme in incurring peril, he was perfectly cool in its presence. No toil could weary his body or conquer his spirit. Heat and cold he bore with equal endurance ; the cravings of nature, not the pleasure of the palate, determined the measure of his food and drink. His waking and sleeping hours were not regulated by day and night. Such time as business left him, he gave to repose ; but it was not on a soft couch or in stillness that he sought it. Many a man often saw him wrapped in his military cloak, lying on the ground amid the sentries and pickets. His dress was not one whit superior to that of his comrades, but his accoutrements and horses were conspicuously splendid. Among the cavalry or the infantry he was by far the first soldier; the first in battle, the last to leave it when once begun.

These great virtues in the man were equalled by monstrous vices, inhuman cruelty, a worse than Punic perfidy. Absolutely false and irreligious, he had no fear of God, no regard for an oath, no scruples. With this combination of virtues and vices, he served three years under the command of Hasdrubal, omitting nothing which a man who was to be a great general ought to do or to see.

Such, in the admiring, yet hostile, perhaps not wholly well-informed, and at any rate probably prejudiced, delineation of Livy, was the Carthaginian hero of the Second Punic War. To transfer here Livy's whole extended account of this struggle for empire and for life, between Carthage and Rome, would fill this volume, and even swell it much beyond its intended size. And such an incorporation from Livy would greatly exaggerate the proportion of time given to this author in the ordinary college course. Our plan will be to select the most salient and most representative incidents and events

of the war, and let the part thus set forth stand in specimen of the whole.

Hannibal had attacked Sa-gun'tum. Saguntum was a Spanish town on the E'bro. The question was to whom it



HANNIBAL.

belonged. Hannibal solved the question by laying siege to it and taking it. Rome, disturbed too late, sent envoys to Carthage. The Carthaginian senate must disavow the proceedings of Hannibal, or accept a state of war with Rome. Parley was attempted by the Carthaginians, but Quin'tus Fa'bi-us, in the fashion that became him as Roman, did—what Livy thus describes:

> Upon this the Roman gathered his robe into a fold, and said: "Here we bring you peace and war; take which you please." Instantly on

the word rose a shout as fierce: "Give us which you please." The Roman, in reply, shook out the fold, and spoke again: "I give you war." The answer from all was: "We accept it, and in the spirit with which we accept it, will we wage it."

Hannibal was, like Napoleon, a child of destiny. He had a dream which dominated him—a dream darkly prophetic of his future. Livy relates it with a "so the story goes," to save his own credit, at the same time that he saved an incident dear to his romantic taste and to his pictorial style. The vision came to Hannibal after he had resolved on crossing the Alps and descending upon Italy. Here is Livy's account:

He saw in a dream, so the story goes, a youth of godlike shape, who said that he had been sent by Jupiter to conduct the army of Hannibal into Italy; that he was, therefore, to follow and nowhere turn his eyes away from him. At first Hannibal followed trembling, neither looking around nor behind; after a while, with the natural curiosity of the human mind, as he thought what it could be on which he was forbidden to look back, he could not restrain his eyes; he then saw behind him a serpent of marvelous size moving onward with a fearful destruction of trees and bushes; close after this followed a storm-cloud with crashing thunder. When he asked what was the monster and what the portent meant, he was told it was "the devastation of Italy; let him go straight on and ask no more questions, and leave the fates in darkness."

Pub'li-us Cor-ne'li-us Scipio, on the part of the Romans, advanced against advancing Hannibal. The two hostile armies now confront each other, when Scipio inspirits his men with a speech. This speech Livy, after the fashion that prevailed among ancient historians, gives in full abstract and specimen. Of course the speech is constructed for the general by the historian. Such was the dramatic form adopted by the historians of antiquity under which to present the supposed views, motives, aims, of the characters in their story. Scipio seems to have chosen to regard Hannibal in something the same light in which Demosthenes, in his harangues, chose to regard Alexander the Great. "A young

madman," he calls the Carthaginian. Hannibal was, in fact, just twenty-six years of age when he began this war. "Young" he was, but he was not "madman" enough not to know well how to manage his men. His madness at least had a remarkable method. He first exhibits a spectacle, and then he makes a speech. The spectacle consisted of single combats between prisoners taken in the mountains, with prize of freedom promised to the victor—freedom, arms, and a charger. Several pairs of prisoners thus fought in presence of the army. Hannibal then told his soldiers, 'You have witnessed a lively symbol of your own condition. You yourselves fight with the Roman army for such a prize of victory as that which you have thus seen bestowed upon the conquerors in these single combats.' The effect of the speech, so emphasized by the spectacle, may be imagined.

The battle that impended was not one of the great battles of the war; but when it finally was joined, it went against the Romans. Scipio, their general, was wounded. He was rescued by his son. That son was the great Scipio—to be surnamed Africanus, in honor of the decisive victory that he will hereafter win over Hannibal and the Carthaginians. To him that hath shall be given; and Livy, to the greater subsequent glory of Scipio Africanus, adds also the lesser glory of having rescued his imperiled father in this first fight with Hannibal—though he says Cælius ascribes the act to a Ligurian slave.

But where, it may be asked, did this hostile encounter occur? It was on the Italian side of the Alps. Hannibal had previously performed one of the greatest military feats on record, by crossing the Alps with his army. It will not do to let this exploit of his pass in silence. We go a step or two back and take up Livy's description. The historian begins, it will be observed, with reporting or imagining—doubtful which—the impression made on the Carthaginians,

born under an African sun, by the first sight of the Alps with their visible rigors of cold:

Though rumor, which usually magnifies the unknown far beyond truth, had given some anticipation of the facts, still the near sight of the mountain-heights, with their snows almost mingling with the sky, the rude huts perched on the rocks, cattle and beasts of burden shrivelled with cold, human beings unkempt and wild, and all things animate and inanimate stiffened with frost, with other scenes more horrible to behold than to describe, revived their terror.

As the vanguard was struggling up the first slopes, the mountain tribes showed themselves on the overhanging hills. Had they lain hid in some of the obscurer valleys and suddenly rushed out to the attack, they must have caused terrible panic and loss. Hannibal ordered a halt; the Gauls were sent on to reconnoitre, and when he ascertained that here there was no passage for his troops, he pitched his camp in the broadest valley he could find, where all around was rugged and precipitous. Then from those same Gauls, mingling and conversing with the mountaineers, whom, indeed, in language and manners they resembled, he learnt that it was only by day that the pass was barred, and that at night all dispersed to their various dwellings. With early dawn he advanced to the foot of the hills, as if he meant to push his way by force in open day through the defiles. In this feint, preparing a movement not really intended, the day was spent, and the camp was fortified on the spot on which it had been pitched. But the moment Hannibal saw the mountaineers coming down from the hills and the outposts weakly manned, he had a multitude of fires lit for show, greater than would correspond with the number of troops in camp, and then leaving behind him the baggage with the cavalry as well as the greater part of the infantry, and taking with him some lightly armed men, the bravest he could pick, he rapidly mounted the passages and established himself on the very hills which the enemy had occupied.

At day-break the camp was broken up and the rest of the army began to move. The mountaineers on a signal given were now gathering in force from their fortresses to one of their regular positions, when suddenly they saw the enemy, some on the heights over their heads and in possession of their own stronghold, the remainder marching through the pass. The double impression thus made on their sight and imagination, held them for a brief while rooted to the earth. Soon, when they saw the hurry in the defiles and how the army was in utter confusion from its own disorder, the horses especially being wild with fright, they

thought that, could they in any way increase the panic, it would insure the enemy's destruction, and they rushed down the face of the rocks they knew so well, whether along pathless steeps or obscure tracks. Then, indeed, both the foe and the perils of the place fought against the Carthaginians, and while every man strove for himself to get soonest out of danger, there was more struggling among the soldiers themselves than between them and the enemy. The horses were the most dangerous hindrance to the army. They were terrified and scared by the confused cries which the woods and echoing valleys further multiplied, and if they chanced to be struck and wounded, in the wildness of their terror they made fearful havoc alike among the men and the baggage of every description. The pressure, too, in the defile, each side of which was a sheer precipice, hurled numbers down to an immense depth, and among them were soldiers with their accoutrements; but it was more particularly the beasts with their burdens, which rolled down with just such a crash as a falling house.

Horrible as all this was to behold, Hannibal halted awhile and kept his men in their ranks, so as not to aggravate the disorder and panic, and then, as soon as he saw a break in the line, and the danger that the army might accomplish the passage safely, indeed, but to no purpose, because stript of all their baggage, he hurried down from his position on the heights and routed the enemy, but at the same time increased the confusion of his own troops. This confusion, however, was quieted in a moment when the flight of the mountaineers left the roads clear, and all soon marched through the pass not merely in peace, but almost in silence. Next he took a fortress, the capital of the district, and some villages in the neighborhood, and fed his troops for three days on the corn and cattle he had seized. In those three days he accomplished a considerable march, as there was not much hindrance from the ground or from the mountaineers, whom they had cowed at the outset.

Then they reached a canton, which, for a mountain district, was densely peopled. Here Hannibal was all but cut off, not by open fighting, but by his own peculiar arts, treachery and ambuscade. Some old men, governors of the fortresses, came to him as envoys, with assurances that, warned by the salutary examples of the misfortunes of others, they preferred to make trial of the friendship rather than of the might of the Carthaginians; that thereupon they would obediently do his bidding; and they begged him to accept supplies, guides for his march, and hostages as a guarantee of their promises. Hannibal, feeling that he must not either rashly trust or slight them, lest refusal might make them open enemies, gave them a gracious answer. He accepted

the offered hostages, and used the supplies which they had themselves brought to the road, but he followed the guides with his army in fighting order, not as if he was among a friendly people. His van was formed of the elephants and cavalry, while he marched himself in the rear with the main strength of the infantry, anxiously reconnoitring at every step. The moment they entered a narrow pass, dominated on one side by an overhanging height, the barbarians sprang out of their ambuscades in every direction, attacking in front and rear, discharging missiles and coming to close quarters, and rolling down huge stones upon the army. It was on the rear that the enemy pressed in greatest force. The infantry column wheeled and faced him; but it was proved, beyond a doubt, that, had not the rear been well strengthened, a terrible disaster would have been sustained in that pass. Even as it was, they were brought to the extremest jeopardy, and were within a hairsbreadth of destruction. For while Hannibal was hesitating about sending his men into the defile because, though he could himself support the cavalry, he had no reserve in his rear for the infantry, the mountaineers rushed on his flanks, and, having cut his line in half, barred his advance. One night he had to pass without his cavalry and his baggage.

Next day, as the barbarians were less active in their attacks, the army was again united, and fought its way through the pass, but not without loss, which, however, fell more heavily on the beasts of burden than on the men. From this point the mountaineers became less numerous; hovering round more like brigands than soldiers, they threatened now the van, now the rear, whenever the ground gave them a chance, or stragglers in advance or behind offered an opportunity. The elephants, though it was a tedious business to drive them along the narrow precipitous passes, at least protected the troops from the enemy wherever they went, inspiring as they did, a peculiar fear in all who were unused to approach them.

On the ninth day they reached the top of the Alps, passing for the most part over trackless steeps, and by devious ways, into which they were led by the treachery of their guides. Two days they encamped on the height, and the men, worn out with hardships and fighting, were allowed to rest. Some beasts of burden, too, which had fallen down among the crags, found their way to the camp by following the army's track. The men were already worn out and wearied with their many miseries, when a fall of snow coming with the setting of the Pleiades added to their sufferings a terrible fear. At day-break the march commenced, and as the army moved wearily over ground all buried in snow, languor and despair were visibly written on every face, when Hannibal

stepped to the front, and having ordered a halt on a peak which commanded a wide and distant prospect, pointed to Italy and to the plains around the Po, as they lay beneath the heights of the Alps, telling his men, "'Tis the walls not of Italy only but of Rome itself that you are now scaling. What remains," he added, "will be a smooth descent; in one, or at the most, in two battles we shall have the citadel and capital of Italy in our grasp and power."

The army then began to advance, and now even the enemy attempted nothing but some stealthy ambuscades, as opportunity offered. The remainder, however, of the march proved far more difficult than the ascent, as the Alps for the most part on the Italian side have a shorter and, therefore, a steeper slope. In fact the whole way was precipitous, narrow, and slippery, so much so that they could not keep themselves from falling, nor could those who had once stumbled retain their foothold. Thus they tumbled one over another, and the beasts of burden over the men.

Next they came to a much narrower pass with walls of rock so perpendicular that a light-armed soldier could hardly let himself down by feeling his way, and grasping with his hands the bushes and roots sticking out around him. The place of old was naturally precipitous, and now by a recent landslip it had been broken away sheer to a depth of a thousand feet. Here the cavalry halted, as if it must be at the end of their route, and Hannibal, wondering what delayed the march, was told that the rock was impassable. Then he went himself to examine the spot. There seemed to be no doubt that he must lead his army round by pathless and hitherto untrodden slopes, however tedious might be the circuit. This route, however, was impracticable; while indeed on last season's still unmelted snow lay a fresh layer of moderate depth. The foot of the first comer found a good hold on the soft and not very deep drift, but when it had been once trampled down under the march of such a host of men and beasts, they had to walk on the bare ice beneath, and the liquid mud from the melting snow. Here there was a horrible struggle. The slippery ice allowed no firm foothold, and indeed betrayed the foot all the more quickly on the slope, so that whether a man helped himself to rise by his hands or knees, his supports gave way, and he fell again. And here there were no stalks or roots to which hand or foot could cling. Thus there was incessant rolling on nothing but smooth ice or slush of snow. The beasts broke through, occasionally treading down even to the very lowest layer of snow, and when they fell, as they wildly struck out with their hoofs in their efforts to rise, they cut clean to the bottom, till many of them stuck fast in the hard and deep-frozen ice, as if caught in a trap.

At last, when both men and beasts were worn out with fruitless exertion, they encamped on a height, in a spot which with the utmost difficulty they had cleared ; so much snow had to be dug out and removed. The soldiers were then marched off to the work of making a road through the rock, as there only was a passage possible. Having to cut into the stone, they heaped up a huge pile of wood from the great trees in the neighborhood, which they had felled and lopped. As soon as there was strength enough in the wind to create a blaze they lighted the pile, and melted the rocks, as they heated, by pouring vinegar on them. The burning stone was cleft open with iron implements, and then they relieved the steepness of the slopes by gradual winding tracks, so that even the elephants as well as the other beasts could be led down. Four days were spent in this rocky pass, and the beasts almost perished of hunger, as the heights generally are quite bare, and such herbage as grows is buried in snow. Amid the lower slopes were valleys, sunny hills, too, and streams, and woods beside them, and spots now at last more worthy to be the habitations of man. Here they sent the beasts to feed, and the men, worn out with the toil of road-making, were allowed to rest. In the next three days they reached level ground, and now the country was less wild, as was also the character of the inhabitants.

Such on the whole was the march which brought them to Italy, in the fifth month, according to some authors, after leaving New Carthage, the passage of the Alps having occupied fifteen days.

The foregoing is powerful description; but it lacks the traits that would naturally mark description written by an eye-witness and sharer of the scenes and experiences described. It is conceived from the imagination alone, working with a few points given, rather than from the memory and imagination working together, with all the material at command. It contrasts in essential character with the life-like delineations of Xenophon, for example, in the Anabasis, who saw all and was himself a great part. Livy's description is valuable, more perhaps as rhetoric, than as history.

What Hannibal's route was in crossing the Alps is not certainly known. Po-lyb'i-us is a Greek historian who lived in the time of the Second Punic War. His authority is considered good, and his account is to a considerable extent parallel with that of Livy. The two historians are here at

variance. The route indicated by Polybius is thought to be that of the Little St. Bernard. The weight of recent opinion lies on the side of Polybius.

Military operations, attended with various fortune, more often favorable to the Carthaginians, followed that first battle in which the Romans were beaten. The great battle, or rather the great Roman disaster, of Thras-y-me′nus, was near. This celebrated action we must presently let Livy describe at full.

It is a marked feature of Roman history, as Roman history is written by Livy and by Tacitus, that chapters come in at intervals throughout their works, recording omens that occurred. The Romans were a profoundly superstitious people. They lived under as it were a shadow of the sinister supernatural all the time. We shall not be able to make a full due impression of the effect which these recurring lists of omens observed, produce on the mind of the reader of the original works. To do so would require the reproduction of a considerable number of these formidable and gloomy catalogues; and that would occupy too much of our space. But it is the quantity, not less than the quality, of such material, together with what seems the periodicity of its return to view, that oppresses the imagination of one occupied in reading the full text of the native historians of Rome. We give at this point a single catalogue of omens which must stand as representative of its kind. The following passage occurs near the opening of the second book of that third decade of Livy, with which we are now concerned. The disaster of Thrasymenus (Tras-u-men′nus is the more recent orthography) impended for the Romans. The Romans meantime were oppressed with the gloomiest fears:

> These fears were increased by the tidings of marvels which now came from many places at once. Some soldiers' spears in Sicily had burst into a blaze; so too in Sardinia had the staff which an officer held in his hand as he went his rounds inspecting the sentries on the wall; two

shields had sweated blood ; certain soldiers had been struck by lightning ; there had been seen an eclipse of the sun ; at Præ-nes'te blazing stones had fallen from the sky ; at Arpi shields had been seen in the sky, and the sun had seemed to fight with the moon ; at Capua two moons had risen in the day-time ; the stream at Cæ're had flowed half blood ; gouts of blood had been seen on the water that dripped from the spring of Hercules ; reapers in the field near Antium had seen the ears fall all bloody into the basket ; at Fa-le'ri-i the sky had seemed parted by a huge cleft, while an overpowering light shone forth from the opening; certain oracle tablets had spontaneously shrunk, and on one that fell out were the words, " MARS SHAKES HIS SPEAR ; " at the same time, at Rome, sweat came out on the statue of Mars that stands in the Appian Road by the images of the wolves ; at Cap'u-a the sky had seemed to be on fire, and a moon to fall in the midst of a shower. Then men began to believe less solemn marvels. Some persons had had goats become sheep ; a hen had changed into a cock, and a cock into a hen. The consul gave the whole story at length, as it had been told him, at the same time introducing into the Senate those who vouched for it, and asked the opinion of the House on the religious aspect of the matter.

Readers will wish to see what the practical Romans considered ought to be done under such gruesome circumstances :

It was resolved that such expiation should be made as these portents demanded, with victims, some of which should be full-grown, some sucklings ; that public prayers should be offered during three days at every shrine. Every thing else was to be done after the College of the Ten had inspected the holy books, in such fashion as they might declare from the prophecies to be pleasing to the gods. They ordered that the first offering, of gold weighing fifty pounds, should be made to Jupiter, that to Juno and Mi-ner'va offerings of silver should be presented ; that full-grown victims should be sacrificed to Juno the Queen on the Av'entine Hill, and to Juno the Preserver at La-nu'vi-um ; that the matrons, collecting a sum of money, as much as it might be convenient for each to contribute, should carry it as an offering to Juno the Queen on the Aventine ; that a religious feast should be held, and that even the very freedwomen should raise contributions according to their means for a gift to the goddess Feronia. After all this the College of the Ten sacrificed full-grown victims in the market-place at Ardea. Last of all, as late as December, a sacrifice was made at the temple of Saturn in Rome ; a religious feast was ordered (furnished by the Senators) and a public

banquet; and a festival of Saturn to last a day and a night proclaimed throughout Rome. This day the people were enjoined to keep and observe as a holiday forever.

All did not avail. The overhanging ruin fell.

Hannibal struggled forward in invasion against adverse circumstances that might well have cowed a less resolute spirit. Fla-min'i-us, the Roman consul in command, will presently afford the Carthaginian his coveted opportunity. Flaminius was a headstrong and fiery soul that could brook neither opposition nor delay. Defying every expostulation dissuasive from the plan, he resolved on giving Hannibal battle. His soldiers believed in Flaminius but too well. Their trust was their ruin and his own.

Fiercely from the council of war unanimous against him, the foolhardy Flaminius burst forth with orders to pluck up the standard and advance upon Hannibal. The sequel shall be told in Livy's own words:

Flaminius himself leapt upon his horse, when lo! in a moment the horse fell, throwing the consul over his head. Amid the terror of all who stood near—for this was an ill omen for the beginning of a campaign—came a message to say that the standard could not be wrenched from the ground, though the standard-bearer had exerted all his strength. Turning to the messenger, the consul said, "Perhaps you bring me a dispatch from the Senate, forbidding me to fight. Go, tell them to dig the standard out, if their hands are so numb with fear that they cannot wrench it up." The army then began its march. The superior officers, not to speak of their having dissented from the plan, were alarmed by these two portents; the soldiers generally were delighted with their headstrong chief. Full of confidence, they thought little on what their confidence was founded.

Hannibal devastated, with all the horrors of war, the country between Cor-to'na and Lake Trasumennus, seeking to infuriate the Romans into avenging the sufferings of their allies. They had now reached a spot made for an ambuscade, where the lake comes up close under the hills of Cortona. Between them is nothing but a very narrow road, for which room seems to have been purposely left. Farther on is some comparatively broad, level ground. From this rise the hills, and here in the open plain Han-

nibal pitched a camp for himself and his African and Spanish troops only; his slingers and other light-armed troops he marched to the rear of the hills; his cavalry he stationed at the mouth of the defile, behind some rising ground which conveniently sheltered them. When the Romans had once entered the pass and the cavalry had barred the way, all would be hemmed in by the lake and the hills.

Flaminius had reached the lake at sunset the day before. On the morrow, without reconnoitering and while the light was still uncertain, he traversed the narrow pass. As his army began to deploy into the widening plain, he could see only that part of the enemy's force which was in front of him; he knew nothing of the ambuscade in his rear and above his head. The Carthaginian saw his wish accomplished. He had his enemy shut in by the lake and the hills and surrounded by his own troops. He gave the signal for a general charge, and the attacking columns flung themselves on the nearest points. To the Romans the attack was all the more sudden and unexpected because the mist from the lake lay thicker on the plains than on the heights, while the hostile columns on the various hills had been quite visible to each other, and had, therefore, advanced in concert. As for the Romans, with the shout of battle rising all around them, before they could see plainly, they found themselves surrounded, and fighting begun in their front and their flanks before they could form in order, get ready their arms, or draw their swords.

Amidst universal panic the consul showed all the courage that could be expected in circumstances so alarming. The broken ranks, in which every one was turning to catch the discordant shouts, he reformed as well as time and place permitted, and, as far as his presence or his voice could reach, bade his men stand their ground and fight. "It is not by prayers," he cried, "or entreaties to the gods, but by strength and courage that you must win your way out. The sword cuts a path through the midst of the battle; and the less fear, there for the most part, the less danger." But, such was the uproar and confusion, neither encouragements nor commands could be heard; so far were the men from knowing their standards, their ranks, or their places, that they had scarcely presence of mind to snatch up their arms and address them to the fight, and some found them an overwhelming burden rather than a protection. So dense too was the mist that the ear was of more service than the eye. The groans of the wounded, the sound of blows on body or armor, the mingled shouts of triumph or panic, made them turn this way and that an eager gaze. Some would rush in their flight on a dense knot of combatants and become entangled in the mass; others, re-

turning to the battle, would be carried away by the crowd of fugitives. But after awhile, when charges had been vainly tried in every direction, when it was seen that the hills and the lake shut them in on either side, and the hostile lines in front and rear, when it was manifest that the only hope of safety lay in their own right hands and swords, then every man began to look to himself for guidance and for encouragement, and there began afresh what was indeed a new battle. No battle was it with its three ranks of combatants, its vanguard before the standards, and its second line fighting behind them, with every soldier in his own legion, cohort, or company: chance massed them together, and each man's impulse assigned him his post, whether in the van or rear. So fierce was their excitement, so intent were they on the battle, that not one of the combatants felt the earthquake which laid whole quarters of many Italian cities in ruins, changed the channels of rapid streams, drove the sea far up into rivers, and brought down enormous landslips from the hills.

For nearly three hours they fought fiercely every-where, but with especial rage and fury round the consul. It was to him that the flower of the army attached themselves. He, wherever he found his troops pressed hard or distressed, was indefatigable in giving help; conspicuous in his splendid arms, the enemy assailed and his fellow-Romans defended him with all their might. At last an Insubrian trooper (his name was Ducarius), recognizing him also by his face, cried to his comrades, "See! this is the man who slaughtered our legions, and laid waste our fields and our city; I will offer him as a sacrifice to the shades of my countrymen whom he so foully slew." Putting spurs to his horse, he charged through the thickest of the enemy, struck down the armor-bearer who threw himself in the way of his furious advance, and ran the consul through with his lance. When he would have stripped the body, some veterans thrust their shields between and hindered him.

Then began the flight of a great part of the army. And now neither lake nor mountain checked their rush of panic; by every defile and height they sought blindly to escape, and arms and men were heaped upon each other. Many finding no possibility of flight, waded into the shallows at the edge of the lake, advanced until they had only head and shoulders above the water, and at last drowned themselves. Some in the frenzy of panic endeavored to escape by swimming; but the endeavor was endless and hopeless, and they either sunk in the depths when their courage failed them, or they wearied themselves in vain till they could hardly struggle back to the shallows, where they were slaughtered in crowds by the enemy's cavalry which had now entered the water.

Nearly six thousand of the vanguard made a determined rush through the enemy, and got clear out of the defile, knowing nothing of what was happening behind them. Halting on some high ground, they could only hear the shouts of men and clashing of arms, but could not learn or see for the mist how the day was going. It was when the battle was decided that the increasing heat of the sun scattered the mist and cleared the sky. The bright light that now rested on hill and plain showed a ruinous defeat and a Roman army shamefully routed. Fearing that they might be seen in the distance and that the cavalry might be sent against them, they took up their standards and hurried away with all the speed they could. The next day, finding their situation generally desperate, and starvation also imminent, they capitulated to Hannibal, who had overtaken them with the whole of his cavalry, and who pledged his word that if they would surrender their arms, they should go free, each man having a single garment. The promise was kept with Punic faith by Hannibal, who put them all in chains.

Such was the famous fight at Trasumennus, memorable as few other disasters of the Roman people have been. Fifteen thousand men fell in the battle; ten thousand, flying in all directions over Etruria, made by different roads for Rome. Of the enemy two thousand five hundred fell in the battle. Many died afterward of their wounds. Other authors speak of a loss on both sides many times greater. I am myself averse to the idle exaggeration to which writers are so commonly inclined, and I have here followed, as my best authority, Fabius, who was actually contemporary with the war. Hannibal released without ransom all the prisoners who claimed Latin citizenship; the Romans he imprisoned. He had the corpses of his own men separated from the vast heaps of dead, and buried. Careful search was also made for the body of Flaminius, to which he wished to pay due honor, but it could not be found.

At Rome the first tidings of this disaster brought a terror-stricken and tumultuous crowd into the Forum. The matrons wandered through the streets and asked all whom they met what was this disaster of which news had just arrived, and how the army had fared. A crowd, thick as a thronged assembly, with eyes intent upon the Senate-house, called aloud for the magistrates, till at last, not long before sunset, the prætor, Mar'cus Pom-po'ni-us, said, "We have been beaten in a great battle." Nothing more definite than this was said by him; but each man had reports without end to tell his neighbor, and the news which they carried back to their homes was that the consul had perished with a great part of his troops, that the few who had survived were either dispersed throughout Etruria, or taken prisoners by the enemy.

The mischances of the beaten army were not more numerous than the anxieties which distracted the minds of those whose relatives had served under Flaminius. All were utterly ignorant how this or that kinsman had fared; no one even quite knew what to hope or to fear. On the morrow, and for some days after, there stood at the gates a crowd in which the women even outnumbered the men, waiting to see their relatives or hear some tidings about them. They thronged round all whom they met, with incessant questions, and could not tear themselves away, least of all leave any acquaintance, till they had heard the whole story to an end. Different indeed were their looks as they turned away from the tale which had filled them either with joy or grief, and friends crowded round to congratulate or console them as they returned to their homes. The women were most conspicuous for their transports and their grief. Within one of the very gates, a woman unexpectedly meeting a son who had escaped, died, it is said, in his embrace; another who had had false tidings of her son's death and sat sorrowing at home, expired from excessive joy when she caught sight of him entering the house. The prætors for some days kept the Senate in constant session from sunrise to sunset, deliberating who was to lead an army, and what army was to be led against the victorious foe.

The foregoing, if not literally to the life, is surely very life-like. Livy is an enchanting writer. It is difficult to pass by any thing, where every thing is so fine. Lu-cre'ti-us, the great Roman poet, has a celebrated passage—we shall by and by see it—describing the not wholly unpleasing emotions with which a spectator safe on shore views a distressed vessel at sea. Not unlike the mixed emotion of such supposed spectator was, perhaps, the comfortable pride with which Livy could himself look back, and summon his readers to look back, on the forlorn estate, so splendidly in the event to be relieved and retrieved, of Rome broken by Hannibal.

Other reverses to Roman arms followed close upon the overthrow of Trasumennus. An unprecedented expedient was adopted. A dictator was created, the dictator being Fabius Maximus. This is that memorable master of delay, destined at last to save Rome by a long course of strongly doing nothing. He stood simply a rock on which Hannibal

dashed himself to pieces—rather he was a yielding mountain of sand on which the sea sought in vain to deliver a shock. The unprecedented thing about the dictatorship of Fabius Maximus was not that he was made dictator, but that he was made dictator directly by the people, no consul intervening. The consul was absent, and the necessity would not wait for his return. Livy is subsequently—somewhat out of place, it would seem—at pains to explain a fact which he takes credit to himself for observing—that Fabius was really not proper dictator at all, but only pro-dictator.

FABIUS.

Mar'cus Min-u'ci-us Rufus was joined to Fabius, as master of horse. It was harnessing together in one team a restive and a restless steed—a steed that would not stir, and a steed that would not stand still. The Romans, with all their practical genius for war and statesmanship, made, from the foundation of the Republic down to the foundation of the Empire, the singular, the almost inexplicable, blunder of dividing administrative responsibility between two men, placed together at the head of affairs. It is a marvel that they should have acted thus, but the marvel is more that, thus acting, they should have prospered as they did. Their prosperity, enjoyed in spite of this folly of theirs, can only be attributed to the qualities of the national character. But we must not judge rashly. For us, at this remove of time and circumstance, it is, perhaps, unwarranted to pronounce positively against the good sense of the Romans in their frame-work of government. It may have been wise jealousy of kingly power that made them divide the kingly power between two consuls. Each consul should act as effectual watch against attempt, on the part of the other, to grasp at sovereign sway, to the detriment of that aristocratical liberty so dear to the Roman heart.

The policy, and the effects of the policy, adopted by Fabius Cunctator (Fabius Delayer), are thus sketched by Livy:

Always reconnoitering his ground most carefully, he advanced against the enemy, resolved nowhere to risk any thing more than necessity might compel. The first day that he pitched his camp in sight of the enemy (the place was not far from Arpi), Hannibal, without a moment's delay, led out his men and offered battle. When he saw that all was quiet in the Roman army, and that there was no sign of any stir in their camp, he returned to his quarters, loudly exclaiming that at last the martial spirit of Rome was broken—they had made open confession of defeat and yielded the palm of glory and valor. But in his heart was a secret fear that he had now to deal with a general very different from Flaminius or Sempronius, and that, taught by disasters, the Romans had at last found a general equal to himself. He felt at once afraid of the wariness of the new dictator; of his firmness he had not yet made trial, and so began to harass and provoke him by repeatedly moving his camp and wasting under his eyes the territory of the allies. At one time he would make a rapid march and disappear; at another he would make a sudden halt, concealed in some winding road, where he hoped that he might catch his antagonist descending to the plain. Fabius continued to move his forces along high ground, preserving a moderate distance from the enemy, neither letting him out of his sight nor encountering him. He kept his soldiers within their camp, unless they were required for some necessary service. When they went in quest of forage or wood, it was not in small parties or at random. Pickets of cavalry and light troops were told off and kept in readiness to meet sudden alarms, a constant protection to his own troops, a constant terror to the vagrant marauders of the enemy. He refused to stake his all on the hazard of a general engagement, but slight encounters, of little importance with a refuge so near, could be safely ventured on; and a soldiery demoralized by former disasters were thus habituated to think more hopefully of their own courage and good luck.

The relation in which Rufus placed himself to Fabius is indicated by Livy in the following sentences:

But these sober counsels found an adversary not only in Hannibal, but quite as much in his own master of the horse, who, headstrong and rash in counsel and intemperate in speech, was kept from ruining his country only by the want of power. First to a few listeners, then openly before the ranks of the army, he stigmatized his commander as more indolent than deliberate, more cowardly than cautious, fastening on him failings which were akin to his real virtues, and seeking to exalt himself by lowering his chief—a vile art, which has often thriven by a too successful practice.

Hannibal spread consternation among the Italian allies of Rome, but they stood fast in their loyalty. Their steadfastness inspires Livy to make the following patriotically self-complacent remark:

> The truth was that they were under a righteous and moderate rule, and they yielded—and this is the only true bond of loyalty—a willing obedience to their betters.

Fabius had any thing but a tranquil time of it in keeping resolutely quiet. Rufus was constantly a thorn in the side of his impassible commander. Livy invents for this man—your ideal demagogue he was, according to Livy—some very spirited harangues in character, from one of which we must have a representative sentence or two. The Roman army sitting still, while under their very eyes fire and sword in Carthaginian hands were wasting Roman allies, Rufus broke out:

> "Have we come hither to see, as though it were some delightful spectacle, our allies wasted by fire and sword? . . . It is folly to think that the war can be finished by sitting still and praying. You must take your arms; you must go down to the plain; you must meet the enemy man to man. It is by boldness and action that the power of Rome has grown, not by these counsels of indolence, which only cowards call caution."

The effect of seditious utterances like these from Rufus, was vicious, but it served only to set the firmness of Fabius in stronger light. Livy says:

> Fabius had to be on his guard against his own men just as much as against the enemy, and made them feel that they could not conquer his resolution. Though he knew well that his policy of delay was odious, not only in his own camp, but also at Rome, yet he steadfastly adhered to the same plan of action, and so let the summer wear away.

An incident given by Livy will illustrate the course of the Fabian campaign:

> Man-ci'nus was one of the crowd of youths who frequently listened to the fierce harangues of the master of the horse. At first he moved

simply as the leader of a reconnaissance, watching the enemy from a place of safety, but when he saw the Numidian troops scattered everywhere in the villages, and even cut off a few of them by a sudden surprise, he was at once full of the thought of battle, and wholly forgot the dictator's instructions, which were that he should advance as far as he safely could, but should retreat before he could be seen by the enemy. The Numidians, now attacking, now retreating, drew him on, his men and horses alike exhausted, to the very rampart of their camp. Here Carthalo, who was in supreme command of the cavalry, charged at full gallop, sent his adversary flying before he came within javelin throw, and followed the fugitives for five miles continuously. When Mancinus saw that the enemy would not desist from the pursuit, and that he had no hope of escaping, he encouraged his men, and turned to fight, though in no respect was he a match for his foe. And so he and the best of his troopers were surrounded and slain.

Hannibal was a famous master of stratagem. Here is a specimen of his ready resource in that kind. The expedient described was adopted by Hannibal to extricate himself from a desperate situation in which he became involved, a situation much resembling the situation in which he had himself previously involved the Romans. Now Livy:

The deception was thus arranged.—Firewood was collected from all the country round, and bundles of twigs and dry fagots were fastened to the horns of oxen, of which he had many, from the plundered rural districts, both broken and unbroken to the plow. Upward of two thousand oxen were thus treated, and Hasdrubal was intrusted with the business of driving this herd, with their horns alight, on to the hills, more particularly, as he best could, to those above the passes occupied by the enemy.

In the dusk of evening, he silently struck his camp; the oxen were driven a little in front of the standards. When they reached the foot of the mountain, where the roads narrowed, the signal was immediately given to hurry the herd with their horns alight up the slope of the hills. They rushed on, goaded into madness by the terror of the flames which flashed from their heads, and by the heat which soon reached the flesh at the root of their horns. At this sudden rush all the thickets seemed to be in a blaze, and the very woods and mountains to have been fired; and when the beasts vainly shook their heads, it seemed as if men were running about in every direction. The troops posted in the pass, seeing

fires on the hill-tops and above them, fancied that they had been surrounded, and left their position. They made for the loftiest heights as being their safest route, for it was there that the fewest flashes of light were visible; but even there they fell in with some of the oxen which had strayed from their herd. When they saw them at a distance, they stood thunderstruck at what seemed to be the miracle of oxen breathing fire. As soon as it was seen to be nothing but a human contrivance, they suspected some deep stratagem and fled in wilder confusion than ever. They also fell in with some of the enemy's light-armed troops, but both sides were equally afraid in the darkness to attack, and so they remained until dawn. Meanwhile Hannibal had led his whole army through the pass, cutting off, as he went, some of his opponents, and pitched his camp in the territory of Allifæ.

At the same time with the warlike operations carried on by Hannibal and Fabius, there were warlike operations between Carthage and Rome in progress in Spain. But we follow here not so much the fortune of the war, as the fortune of Hannibal pitted against his successive antagonists.

Fabius did not conduct his command in a manner to suit the wishes of Hannibal. In fact, Fabius did not suit any body's wishes in his manner of carrying on the war. His own soldiers chafed, and his countrymen at home were indignant and restless. Hannibal artfully contrived to exasperate the prevalent feeling against Fabius still more. What the Carthaginian wanted was a foe that would fight. He hoped by making Fabius unpopular at Rome to have that general ousted from his command. The chance then was that the senate would send some general against him that he could entice into battle. The following was the deep trick that Hannibal played. Livy:

Deserters had pointed out to him the dictator's estate, and he had given orders that, while every thing round it was leveled to the ground, it should be kept safe from fire and sword and all hostile violence, hoping that this forbearance might be thought the consideration for some secret agreement.

But the virtue of Fabius was more than a match for the cunning of Hannibal. That very estate of the Roman, so insidiously spared by his crafty antagonist, became, without design or consciousness perhaps on Fabius's part, the means of his own complete vindication. There had been an exchange of prisoners between the two armies. One stipulation was that whichever party received back the greater number of men, should pay money to the other, at the rate of two pounds and a half of silver for every head in excess. Hannibal brought Fabius in debt for the ransom of two hundred and forty-seven prisoners. The senate, taking offense, because not previously consulted, were slow to hand over the money. Fabius thereupon, through his son, sold the estate that Hannibal had spared and, thus enabled to do so, discharged the public obligation out of his own private fortune.

But the Commons of Rome added to the burden that Fabius was bearing for his country. A bill was passed, advancing the factious master of horse to equality in command with the dictator himself. Livy very finely describes the splendid serenity of conscious power and of conscious patriotism, with which, under the sting of this indignity inflicted by his countrymen upon him, Fabius pauselessly pursued his way back to his army from his visit to Rome:

> All men, whether at Rome or in the army, whether friends or foes, took the bill as an intentional insult to the dictator. Not so the dictator himself. In the same dignified spirit in which he had borne the charges made against him before the populace, he now bore the wrong which the Commons inflicted in their rage. The dispatch from the Senate announcing the equalization of military authority reached him on his way. Confident that the commander's skill could not be equalized along with the right to command, he returned to the army with a soul that neither his fellow-citizens nor the enemy could subdue.

If Rufus was delighted, not less delighted was Hannibal. The Roman army was divided, and two separate camps were

formed. This latter idea was the preference of Rufus. Livy has few more eloquent passages than that in which he describes the result. The result was almost too striking to be true. It reads more like poetry than like history. Here it is in Livy's incomparable narrative:

Hannibal was now doubly delighted, and not a single movement of his foe escaped him. The deserters told him much, and he learnt much from his own spies. He would entrap in his own fashion the frank rashness of Minucius, while the experienced Fabius had lost half of his strength. There was some rising ground between the camp of Minucius and that of the Carthaginians, and it was clear that whoever should occupy it, would thereby make the enemy's position less favorable. It was not so much Hannibal's desire to gain this without fighting, though that would have been worth the attempt, as to find in it the occasion of a battle with Minucius, who would, he was quite sure, sally forth to oppose him. All the ground between them seemed at first sight useless for purposes of ambush. Not only had it no vestige of wood about it, but it was without even a covering of brambles. In reality, nature made it to conceal an ambush, all the more because no hidden danger could be feared in so bare a valley. In its windings were caverns, some of them large enough to hold two hundred armed men. Into these hiding places, wherever there was one which could be conveniently occupied, he introduced five thousand infantry and cavalry. Still in so exposed a valley the stratagem might be discovered by the incautious movement of a single soldier, or by the gleam of arms, and he therefore sent a few troops at early dawn to occupy the hill mentioned before, and so to distract the attention of the enemy. To see them was to conceive at once a contempt for their scanty numbers. Every man begged for the task of dislodging the enemy and occupying the place. Conspicuous among these senseless braggarts was the general himself, as he called his men to arms and assailed the enemy with idle threats. First he sent his light troops, then his cavalry in close array; at last seeing that the enemy were receiving re-enforcements, he advanced with his legions in order of battle.

Hannibal, too, as the conflict waxed fiercer and his troops were hard pressed, sent again and again infantry and cavalry to their support, till his line of battle was complete, and both sides were fighting with their whole strength. First of all the Roman light-armed troops, attacking, as they did, from below an elevation already occupied, were repulsed and thrust back, carrying panic with them into the cavalry behind and flying

until they reached the standards of the legions. It was the infantry that alone stood firm amidst the route and seemed likely, if once they had had to fight a regular battle in face of the enemy, to be quite a match for him. The successful action of a few days before had given them abundance of courage; but the ambushed troops unexpectedly rose upon them, charged them on the flank and in the rear, and spread such confusion and panic that they lost all heart for fighting and all hope of escape.

Fabius first heard the cry of terror; then saw from afar the broken lines. "It is true," he cried, "disaster has overtaken rashness, but not sooner than I feared. They made him equal to Fabius, but he sees that Hannibal is his superior both in courage and in good fortune. Another time, however, will do for angry reproof and censure; now advance the standards beyond the rampart. Let us wring from the enemy his victory, from our countrymen the confession of error."

Many had already fallen and many were looking for the chance to fly, when the army of Fabius, as suddenly as if it had dropped from heaven, appeared to help them. Before javelins were thrown or swords crossed, it checked the Romans in their headlong flight, the enemy in the fierce eagerness of their attack. Where the ranks had been broken and the men scattered hither and thither, they hurried from all sides to the unbroken lines; larger bodies had retreated together, these now wheeled round to face the enemy and formed square, sometimes slowly retiring, sometimes standing in firm and close array. By the time that the beaten army and the unbroken army had all but combined into a single force and were advancing against the enemy, Hannibal gave the signal for retreat, thus openly confessing that, as he had conquered Minucius, so he had himself been worsted by Fabius.

Returning to the camp late on this day of checkered fortune, Minucius assembled his troops. "Soldiers," he said, "I have often heard that the best man is he who can tell us himself what is the right thing; that next comes he who listens to good advice; and that he who cannot advise himself or submit to another, has the meanest capacity of all. Since the best blessing of heart and understanding has been denied us, let us hold fast that next best gift which is between the two, and while we learn to rule, make up our minds to obey the wise. Let us join our camp to the camp of Fabius. When we have carried our standards to his head-quarters, and I have given him the title of parent, so well deserved by the service which he has done us, and by his high position, you, my soldiers, will salute as the authors of your freedom the men whose right hands and swords lately saved you. So this day will give us, if nothing else, yet at least the credit of having grateful hearts."

The signal was given, and proclamation made to collect the camp equipage. Then they started and marched in regular array to the dictator's camp, much to his wonder and that of those who stood round him. When the standards were set up before the hustings, the master of the horse stepped forward and called Fabius by the name of "father," while the whole array saluted as "authors of their freedom" the soldiers as they stood grouped around their commander. "Dictator," he said, "I have put thee on a level with my parents by this name, and it is all that speech can do; but while I owe to them life only, to thee I owe the safety of myself and of all these. Therefore I am the first to reject and repeal that decree which has been to me a burden rather than an honor, and praying that this act may be prospered to thee and me and to these thy armies, the preserver and the preserved alike, I put myself again under thy command and fortunes, and restore to thee these standards and legions. Forgive us, I pray, and allow me to keep my mastership of the horse, and each of these his several rank."

There was a general clasping of hands; and when the assembly was dismissed, the soldiers were kindly and hospitably invited by strangers as well as friends. Thus a day which but a few hours before had been full of sorrow and almost of unspeakable disaster became a day of merriment. In Rome, as soon as the news of this incident arrived, followed and confirmed by letters, not only from the generals but from many persons in either army, every one joined in extolling Maximus to the skies. Hannibal and the Carthaginians equally admired him. They felt at last that it was with Romans and in Italy that they were fighting. For the last two years they had so despised both the generals and the soldiers of Rome that they could scarcely believe themselves to be fighting with that same people of whom they had heard so terrible a report from their fathers. Hannibal, too, they say, exclaimed, as he was returning from the field, "At last the cloud which has been dwelling so long upon the hills, has burst upon us in storm and rain."

Our readers will, by this time, be interested in knowing from what source we draw our excellent English translation of Livy. We use the version — a version partial as yet —made in partnership by Messrs. Church and Brodribb, respectively of Oxford and Cambridge Universities, in England. This is a version worthy to be compared for workmanship with the best English transcripts in existence from the ancient classics, Latin or Greek. The same accom-

plished translators have given us Tacitus also in a style equally admirable.

The six months' dictatorship of Fabius is now nearing its close. The saviour of his country hands over his army to the consuls, who pursue the policy of the dictator for the rest of that campaign.

It is a characteristic Roman trait—and Livy relates it with characteristic spirit and pride—that out of forty massive bowls of gold sent Rome by Naples to succor her need, with accompanying dutiful words of good liegeship as from a steadfast ally, Rome magnificently accepted—the lightest one only, with thanks. King Hi′e-ro, too, of Syracuse, came forward with tribute of help. Hiero must be deemed to have been more fortunate than the Neapolitans: Rome took what he offered.

Consuls Paulus and Varro were yoked together like Fabius and Rufus. Repetition of the folly thus committed will be followed by repetition of the punishment to Rome. Cannæ is now close at hand. The two consuls bicker, but Varro the rash has support instead of Paulus the prudent. Now for a good stretch of Livy again:

> The judgment of the majority prevailed, and the army moved out to make Cannæ, for so destiny would have it, famous forever for a great Roman defeat. Hannibal had pitched his camp near that village, so as not to face the wind called Vul-tur′nus, which, blowing across plains parched with drought, carries with it clouds of dust. The arrangement was most convenient for the camp, and was afterward found to be of similar advantage when they marshaled their troops for battle. Their own faces were turned away and the wind did but blow on their backs, while the enemy with whom they were to fight was blinded by volumes of dust.
>
> The consuls, after duly reconnoitering the roads, followed the Carthaginians till they reached Cannæ, where they had the enemy in sight. They then intrenched and fortified two camps, separating their forces by about the same distance as before at Ger-e-o′ni-um. The river Au′fi-dus, which flowed near both camps, furnished water to both armies, the soldiers approaching as they most conveniently could, not,

however, without some skirmishing. From the smaller camp, which had been pitched on the farther side of the Aufidus, the Romans procured water with less difficulty, as the opposite bank was not held by any hostile force. Hannibal saw his hope accomplished, that the consuls would offer battle on ground made for the action of cavalry, in which arm he was invincible. He drew up his men, and sought to provoke his foe by throwing forward his Numidian troopers. Then the Roman camp was once more disturbed by mutiny among the troops and disagreement between the consuls. Paulus taunted Varro with the rashness of Sempronius and Flaminius; Varro reproached Paulus with copying Fabius, an example attractive to timid and indolent commanders, and called both gods and men to witness that it was no fault of his if Hannibal had now a prescriptive possession of Italy. "I," said he, "have my hands tied and held fast by my colleague. My soldiers, furious and eager to fight, are stripped of their swords and arms." Paulus declared that if any disaster befell the legions recklessly thrown and betrayed into battle without deliberation or forethought, he would share all their fortunes, while holding himself free from all blame. "Let Varro look to it that they whose tongues were so ready and so bold, had hands equally vigorous in the day of battle."

While they thus wasted the time in disputing rather than in deliberating, Hannibal, who had kept his lines drawn up till late in the day, called back the rest of his troops into his camp, but sent forward the Numidian cavalry across the river to attack the water-parties from the smaller of the two Roman camps. Coming on with shouting and uproar they sent the undisciplined crowd flying before they had even reached the bank, and rode on till they came on an outpost stationed before the rampart and close to the very camp-gates. So scandalous did it seem that a Roman camp should be alarmed by some irregular auxiliaries that the only circumstance which hindered the Romans from immediately crossing the river and forming their line of battle was, that the supreme command that day rested with Paulus. But the next day Varro, without consulting his colleague, gave the signal to engage, and drawing up his forces led them across the river. Paulus followed him; he could withhold his sanction from the movement, but not his support. The river crossed, they joined to their own the forces retained by them in the smaller camp, and then formed their lines. On the right wing (the one nearer to the river) they posted the Roman cavalry and next the infantry. On the extreme flank of the left wing were the allied cavalry, next the allied infantry, side by side with the Roman legions in the center. Slingers and other light-armed auxiliaries made up the first

line. Paulus commanded the left wing; Varro the right; Ge-min'i-us Ser-vil'i-us had charge of the center.

At dawn Hannibal, sending in advance his slingers and light-armed troops, crossed the river, assigning each division its position as it crossed. His Gallic and Spanish cavalry he posted near the river bank on the left wing, facing the Roman horse; the right wing was assigned to the Numidian cavalry; the center showed a strong force of infantry, having on either side the African troops, with the Gauls and Spaniards between them. These Africans might have been taken for a Roman force; so largely were they equipped with weapons taken at Trebia, and yet more at Trasumennus. The Gauls and Spaniards had shields of very nearly the same shape, but their swords were widely different in size and form, the Gauls having them very long and pointless, while the Spaniards, who were accustomed to assail the enemy with thrusts rather than with blows, had them short, handy, and pointed. These nations had a specially terrible appearance, so gigantic was their stature and so strange their look. The Gauls were naked above the navel; the Spaniards wore tunics of linen bordered with purple, of a whiteness marvelously dazzling. The total number of the infantry who were that day ranged in line was forty thousand, that of the cavalry ten thousand. Hasdrubal commanded the left wing; Maharbal the right; Hannibal himself, with his brother Mago, was in the center. The sun—whether the troops were purposely so placed, or whether it was by chance—fell very conveniently sideways on both armies, the Romans facing the south, the Carthaginians the north. The wind (called Vulturnus by the natives of those parts) blew straight against the Romans and whirled clouds of dust into their faces till they could see nothing.

With a loud shout the auxiliaries charged, the light troops thus beginning the battle. Next the Gallic and Spanish horse of the left wing encountered the right wing of the Romans. The fight was not at all like a cavalry engagement; they had to meet face to face; there was no room for maneuvering, shut in as they were by the river on one side and the lines of infantry on the other. Both sides pushed straightforward till, with their horses brought to a stand and crowded together in a mass, each man seized his antagonist and strove to drag him from his seat. The struggle now became mainly a struggle of infantry; but the conflict was rather fierce than protracted. The Roman cavalry were defeated and put to flight. Just before the encounter of the cavalry came to an end, the fight between the infantry began. The two sides were well matched in strength and courage, as long as the Gauls and Spaniards kept their ranks unbroken; at last the Romans, after long and repeated

efforts, sloped their front and broke, by their deep formation, the enemy's column, which, advanced as it was from the rest of the line, was shallow and therefore weak. Pursuing the broken and rapidly retreating foe, they made their way without a halt through the rout of panic-stricken fugitives till they reached, first, the center of the line, and then, meeting with no check, the reserves of the African troops. These had been stationed on the wings which had been somewhat retired, while the center, where the Gauls and Spaniards had been posted, was proportionately advanced. As that column fell back, the line became level; when they pushed their retreat, they made a hollow in the center. The Africans now overlapped on either side, and as the Romans rushed heedlessly into the intervening space, they first outflanked them and then, extending their own formation, actually hemmed in their rear. Upon this the Romans, who had fought one battle to no purpose, quitted the Gauls and Spaniards, whose rear they had been slaughtering, and began a new conflict with the Africans, a conflict unfair, not only because they were shut in with foes all round them, but because they were wearied, while the enemy was fresh and vigorous.

On the left wing of the Romans the cavalry of the allies had been posted against the Numidians. Here, too, battle had been joined, though with little spirit for a time, the first movement being a Carthaginian stratagem. Nearly five hundred Numidians who, besides their usual armor and missiles had swords hidden under their cuirasses, rode out from their own line with their shields slung behind their backs as though they had been deserters, leaped in haste from their horses and threw their shields and javelins at the feet of the Romans. They were received into the center of the line, taken to the extreme rear, and bidden to keep their place behind. While the battle spread from place to place they remained motionless; but as soon as all eyes and thoughts were intent on the conflict, they seized the shields which lay scattered every-where among the piles of dead, and fell on the Roman line from the rear. They wounded the backs and legs of the men, and while they made a great slaughter, spread far greater panic and confusion. While there was terror and flight on the right, and in the center an obstinate resistance, though with little hope, Hasdrubal, who was in command in this quarter, withdrew the Numidians from the center, seeing that they fought with but little spirit, and having sent them in all directions to pursue the enemy, re-enforced with the Spanish and Gallic cavalry the African troops, wearied as they now were with slaughter rather than with fighting.

Paulus was on the other side of the field. He had been seriously

wounded at the very beginning of the battle by a bullet from a sling, but yet he repeatedly encountered Hannibal with a compact body of troops, and at several points restored the fortune of the day. He was protected by the Roman cavalry, who at last sent away their horses when the consul became too weak to manage his charger. Some one told Hannibal that the consul had ordered the cavalry to dismount. "He might better hand them over to me bound hand and foot," said he. The horsemen fought on foot as men were likely to fight, when, the victory of the enemy being beyond all doubt, the vanquished preferred dying where they stood to flight, and the victors, furious with those who delayed their triumph, slaughtered the foes whom they could not move. Move them, however, they did—that is, a few survivors, exhausted with wounds and fatigue. All were then scattered, and such as were able sought to recover their horses and fly. Cn. [Cne'i-us] Len'tu-lus, as he galloped by, saw the consul sitting on a stone and covered with blood. "Lucius Æmilius," he cried, "the one man whom heaven must regard as guiltless of this day's calamity, take this horse while you have some strength left, and I am here to be with you, to lift you to the saddle, and to defend you. Do not make this defeat yet sadder by a consul's death. There is weeping and sorrow enough without this." The consul replied, "'Tis a brave thought of thine, Cn. Cornelius; but waste not the few moments you have for escaping from the enemy in fruitless pity. My public message to the senators is that they must fortify Rome and make its garrison as strong as may be before the victorious enemy arrives. My private message to Quintus Fabius is that Lucius Æmilius remembered his teaching in life and death. As for me, let me breathe my last among my slaughtered soldiers. I would not again leave my consulship to answer for my life, nor would I stand up to accuse my colleague, and by accusing another protect my own innocence."

While they thus talked together, they were overtaken, first by a crowd of Roman fugitives and then by the enemy. These last buried the consul under a shower of javelins, not knowing who he was. Lentulus galloped off in the confusion. The Romans now fled wildly in every direction. Seven thousand men escaped into the smaller, ten thousand into the larger camp, ten thousand more into the village of Cannæ itself. These last were immediately surrounded by Car'tha-lo and the cavalry, for no fortification protected the place. The other consul, who, whether by chance or of set purpose, had not joined any large body of fugitives, fled with about five hundred horsemen to Ve-nu'si-a. Forty-five thousand five hundred infantry, two thousand seven hundred cavalry, and almost as many more citizens and allies are said to have fallen. Among

these were the quæstors of both consuls, Lucius Atilius and Furius Bi-bac'u-lus, twenty-nine tribunes of the soldiers, not a few ex-consuls, ex-prætors, and ex-ædiles (among them Cn. Servilius and Marcus Minucius, who the year before had been the master of the horse, and consul some years before that), eighty who were either actual senators or had filled such offices as made them eligible for the Senate, and who had volunteered to serve in the legions. In this battle three thousand infantry and one thousand five hundred cavalry are said to have been taken prisoners.

Such was the battle of Cannæ, as famous as the disaster at the Allia, and though less serious in its consequences, thanks to the inaction of the enemy, yet in loss of men still more ruinous and disgraceful. The flight at the Allia lost the city but saved the army; at Cannæ the consul who fled was followed by barely fifty men; with the consul who perished, perished nearly the whole army.

Livy perhaps was mistaken, but, according to Livy, Hannibal did not quite prove a match to the greatness of his own triumph—the excess of his victory defeated him. Livy thus relates what one can only guess how he knew:

Round the victorious Hannibal crowded his officers with congratulations and entreaties that now that this mighty war was finished he should take what remained of that day and the following night for rest, and give the same to his wearied soldiers. Maharbal, the general of his cavalry, thought that there should be no pause. "Nay," he cried, "that you may know what has been achieved by this victory, you shall hold a conqueror's feast within five days in the Capitol. Pursue them; I will go before you with my cavalry, and they shall know that you are come before they know that you are coming." Hannibal felt that his success was too great for him to be able to realize it at the moment. "He commended," he said, "Maharbal's zeal, but he must take time to deliberate." Maharbal replied, "Well, the gods do not give all gifts to one man. Hannibal, you know how to conquer; not how to use a conquest." That day's delay is believed to have saved Rome and its empire.

Scipio, destined to be Scipio Af-ri-ca'nus, now makes a grand theatric entrance upon the scene—amid the general dismay the one figure at Rome that rose greater than the greatness of the ruin around him. Always equal to his most

Roman occasion, Livy thus shows "Scipio, the highth of Rome," striding out into the blaze of history, like a triumphant tragedian saluting his audience from behind the footlights upon the boards where he reigns:

The supreme command was unanimously assigned to Scipio, who was a very young man, and to Claudius. They were holding council with a few friends about the state of affairs, when Publius Furius Philus, whose father was an ex-consul, said that it was idle for them to cling to utterly ruined hopes. The State, he declared, was given over for lost. Certain young nobles with Lu'ci-us Cæ-cil'i-us Me-tel'lus at their head, were thinking of flying beyond sea and deserting their country for the service of some foreign king. In face of a peril, terrible in itself, and coming with fresh force after so many disasters, all present stood motionless in amazement and stupefaction. They proposed that a council should be called to consider the matter, but the young Scipio, Rome's predestined champion in this war, declared that it was no time for a council. "We must dare and act," he said, "not deliberate, in such awful calamity. Let all who desire the salvation of their country, come armed with me. No camp is more truly a camp of the enemy than that in which men have such thoughts." He immediately started with a few followers for the house of Metellus; there he found a gathering of the youths of whom he had heard. Drawing his sword over the heads of the conspirators, "It is my fixed resolve," he cried, "as I will not myself desert the commonwealth of Rome, so not to suffer any other Roman citizen to desert it; if I knowingly fail therein, almighty and merciful Jupiter, smite me, my house, and fortunes with utter destruction. I insist that you, Lucius Cæcilius, and all others present, take this oath after me. Whoever takes it not may be sure this sword is drawn against him." They were as frightened as if they saw the victorious Hannibal before them, and to a man they swore and delivered themselves to the custody of Scipio.

Was not this Scipio a born master of men? Or, if he was not really such, did not Livy nobly imagine him such?

Some small remnant of the Roman force escaped from the destruction at Cannæ. But (Livy again now, in description of the state of things existing in the capital):

At Rome report said that no such mere remnant of citizens and allies survived, but that the army with the two consuls had been utterly de-

stroyed, and that the whole force had ceased to exist. Never before, with Rome itself still safe, had there been such panic and confusion within our walls. I shall decline the task of attempting a lengthened description which could not but be far inferior to the truth. The year before a consul with his army had perished at Trasumennus; it was not wound after wound, but multiplied disasters that were announced. Two consuls and the armies of two consuls had perished. Rome had now no camp, no general, no soldiers. Hannibal was master of Apulia, of Samnium, of nearly the whole of Italy. Certainly there was not a nation in the world which would not have been overwhelmed by such a weight of calamity. Compare, for instance, the blow which the Carthaginians received in the sea-fight at the Æ-ga'tes Islands, a blow which made them evacuate Sicily and Sardinia and allow themselves to be burdened with indemnity and tribute; compare again the defeat in Africa, by which Hannibal himself was subsequently crushed. In no respect are they comparable with Cannæ, except because they were borne with less courage.

How Livy rejoices to pluck a garland of glory for Rome off the very acme and summit of her utmost disaster! And unquestionable fact abundantly justifies the historian's audacity. Rome was truly a wonderful nation—the very incarnation of virtue, as she conceived virtue, and as virtue, under the tuition of her conquering power, came, in pagan antiquity, to be universally conceived. The sound itself, of her name, is a spell to call up the idea of such character.

For all this, however, there was a dreadful panic at Rome. The Romans did not doubt that, of course, Hannibal would immediately march upon the city. The forum was filled with people dinning each other's ears with dismal lamentation. Under the counsel and authority of Fabius, order was restored; and now came unlooked for news from consul Caius Terentius. Ten thousand demoralized Roman soldiers had survived the calamity at Cannæ; Hannibal remained inactive in quarters, "trafficking about the ransom of the prisoners and the other booty in any thing but the spirit of a conqueror, in any thing but the fashion of a great general." The truth is, Hannibal was yet but a youth. Perhaps it may justly be

suspected that to him, as to Alexander the Great, the supreme good fortune of his life arrived too soon.

Still, the conduct which Livy reports of Hannibal consists well with the supposition that, notwithstanding his astonishing success, the great Carthaginian continued to feel some awe of the foe he had conquered. Perhaps, also, there were reasons that can only be guessed at, honorable to the genius and character of Hannibal, why he did not follow up his apparently overwhelming advantage, with instant advance on panic-stricken Rome. Mommsen does not hesitate to say concerning Hannibal, "He knew Rome better than the simpletons, who in ancient [Livy himself then, perhaps?] and modern times have fancied that he might have terminated the struggle by a march on the enemy's capital." Mommsen is a good hero-worshiper, and Hannibal is one of his favorite heroes. For the years, following Cannæ, of indecisive warlike operations conducted by Hannibal in Italy, the German historian is so far from blaming his hero, that he finds in these transactions fresh matter of praise. "We hardly," he says, "recognize in the obstinate defensive system which he now began the same general who had carried on the offensive with almost unequaled impetuosity and boldness; it is marvelous, in a psychological as well as in a military point of view, that the same man should have accomplished the two tasks prescribed to him—tasks so diametrically opposite in their character—with equal completeness."

The slowly losing game of obstinate defense on Hannibal's part, however masterly may have been his management of it, we have no room here to display. We go back for a moment to the immediate sequel of Cannæ. What Hannibal first did, and how meantime Rome, on her part, bore herself toward her apparently omnipotent foe, Livy himself shall tell in his sympathetically spirited way:

> Hannibal, after his great success at Cannæ, was bent on schemes which suited a conqueror rather than one who had yet a war to wage.

The prisoners were brought out and classified; the allies, as he had done before at Trebia and Lake Trasumennus, he dismissed with some kind words. The Romans too he addressed, as he had never done before, in quite gentle terms; he had no deadly feud, he said, with Rome; he was fighting for freedom and empire. His fathers had yielded to the valor of Rome; he was now doing his utmost that Rome should yield in turn to his own valor and good fortune. He would therefore give the prisoners an opportunity of ransoming themselves; the sum would be five hundred "chariot" pieces for each horseman, three hundred for each foot soldier, one hundred for each slave. The price put on the horsemen was somewhat larger than that which had been agreed upon when they surrendered, but they joyfully accepted any kind of terms which permitted them to treat. It was resolved that they should themselves elect ten deputies, who were to go to the Senate at Rome. No security was taken for their good faith, except an oath that they would return. One Carthalo, a noble of Carthage, was sent with them, bearing conditions of peace, if there should chance to be any inclination in that direction. After they had left the camp, one of their number, a man who had none of a Roman's temper, pretending that he had forgotten something, returned to the camp, so as to acquit himself of his oath, and before night overtook his companions. As soon as it was announced that they were on their way to Rome, a lictor was sent to meet Carthalo with a message that he was to quit Roman territory before nightfall.

The delegates of the Roman prisoners held in Carthaginian hands, were permitted to plead their cause themselves before the senate. Livy contrives an admirable speech for them—which we must omit. The effect was powerful—it was likely to prove overwhelming—in favor of a ransoming of the prisoners. At the critical moment, however, an old-fashioned Roman voice was found to utter itself against the proposal; and the prisoners at last were left to their fate. Such was the stern temper of Roman virtue. Roman soldiers were emphatically taught that their only safety in war was to conquer. No terms could be thought of, on which defeated troops were wanted at Rome. One incident of the occasion is too striking to be withheld:

One of them [the captive Romans] went to his home, as having quitted himself of his oath by the pretense of his return to the camp.

When this became known and reached the ears of the Senate, they unanimously voted that the man should be seized and taken under an escort furnished by the State to Hannibal.

Livy, after telling his story, as above, about the prisoners, conscientiously adds that there were conflicting reports relative to the true state of the facts. Having mentioned some of these, he composedly dismisses the point with the remark, "We may wonder why our authorities differ so much from each other, more easily than determine what is true."

The allies of Rome began now to forsake her. Livy gives a formidable list of these losses to Rome. He then loftily adds:

Yet all these disasters and defections never made the Romans so much as mention peace, either before the consul returned to Rome, or after his return had renewed the remembrance of the terrible loss sustained. On this latter occasion, indeed, such was the high spirit of the country, that when the consul returned after this great disaster of which he had himself been the chief cause, all classes went in crowds to meet him, and he was publicly thanked because "he had not despaired of the commonwealth."

Livy contrasts, with all confidence certainly, and probably with truth, what, in a different case, would have befallen the consul:

Had he been a Carthaginian general, they knew that there was no torture which he would not have had to suffer.

We have now got to the end of the second book of Livy's third decade. But we shall not fairly have presented the state of things created at Rome by the disaster of Cannæ, without mention of the fact that there were fearful omens observed by the Romans and fearful expiations accomplished to the gods. Livy seems to shudder rhetorically as he gives his account of the latter:

In obedience to the books of Fate, some unusual sacrifices were offered. Among them were a man and a woman of Gaul, and a man and a woman of Greece, who were buried alive in the Ox-market in a stone-

vaulted chamber, not then for the first time polluted by what Roman feeling utterly abhorred, human sacrifice.

The rest of the story of Hannibal stretches out too long for us to give it here in any detail. He has now reached the height of his prosperity. It remains for him henceforth to the end of his protracted career to display his greatness under adversity. He was tried, in every vicissitude of fortune, by every experiment of situation, and he was seldom, perhaps never, found wanting. He was more than simply a great general. He was a truly great man.

From Italy the war at length was, by Scipio's motion and under his conduct, transferred into Africa. Carthage, who would not support her illustrious son abroad, now summoned that son to her own support at home. Hannibal loyally came at the call of his country and joined, with his brilliant antagonist, Scipio, the great battle of Za'ma. Scipio conquered, and Carthage was at the mercy of Rome. Hannibal, without an army, and a fugitive from land to land, was still formidable to his ancient foe. But the stars in their courses fought against the indomitable Carthaginian. What—after having first sought in vain to inspire the stolid mercantile oligarchy of Carthage with his own spirit of patriotic hostility to Rome, and then in vain to make An-ti'o-chus of Asia let him demonstrate how Rome might yet be conquered—what, we say, after all this, Hannibal finally attempted and suffered, we shall allow Mommsen, the modern German historian, to display in brief to our readers. Mommsen, it will be observed—after a not infrequent manner of his—suggests, and brilliantly suggests, more than he narrates. He says:

"There nowhere existed a state that the Romans would have deemed it worth while to fear. But there still lived a man to whom Rome accorded this rare honor—the homeless Carthaginian, who had raised in arms against Rome first all the West and then all the East, and whose schemes had been frustrated solely perhaps by infamous aristocratic policy in

the one case, and by stupid court policy in the other. Antiochus had been obliged to bind himself in the treaty of peace to deliver up Hannibal; but the latter had escaped, first to Crete, then to Bithynia, and now lived at the court of Pru'si-as, king of Bithynia, employed in aiding the latter in his wars with Eumenes, and victorious as ever by sea and by land. It is affirmed that he was desirous of stirring up Prusias also to make war on Rome: a folly, which, as it is told, sounds very far from credible. It is more certain that, while the Roman senate deemed it beneath its dignity to have the old man hunted out in his last asylum—for the tradition which inculpates the senate appears to deserve no credit—Flam-i-ni'nus, whose restless vanity sought after new opportunities for great achievements, undertook on his own part to deliver Rome from Hannibal as he had delivered the Greeks from their chains, and, if not to wield—which was not diplomatic—at any rate to whet and to point, the dagger against the greatest man of his time. Prusias, the most pitiful among the pitiful princes of Asia, was delighted to grant the little favor which the Roman envoy in ambiguous terms requested; and when Hannibal saw his house beset by assassins, he took poison. He had long been prepared to do so, adds a Roman, for he knew the Romans and the faith of kings. The year of his death is uncertain; probably he died in the latter half of the year 571 [U. C., *i. e.*, 183 B. C.], at the age of sixty-seven. When he was born, Rome was contending with doubtful success for the possession of Sicily; he had lived long enough to see the West wholly subdued, and to fight his own last battle with the Romans against the vessels of his native city which had itself become Roman; and he was constrained at last to remain a mere spectator while Rome overpowered the East as the tempest overpowers the ship that has no one at the helm, and to feel that he alone was the pilot that could have weathered the storm. There was left to him no further hope to be disappointed, when he died; but he had honestly,

through fifty years of struggle, kept the oath which he had sworn when a boy."

(Readers need to note that Mommsen reckons his dates from the founding of Rome.)

In offset to the foregoing epically conceived and epically expressed farewell from Mommsen to Hannibal, read the immediately connected dismissal, by the same writer, of Scipio, the Carthaginian's more fortunate rival:

"About the same time, probably in the same year, died also the man whom the Romans were wont to call his conqueror, Publius Scipio. On him fortune had lavished all the successes which she denied to his antagonist—successes which did belong to him, and successes which did not. He had added to the empire Spain, Africa, and Asia; and Rome, which he had found merely the first community of Italy, was at his death mistress of the civilized world. He himself had so many titles of victory, that some of them were made over to his brother and his cousin. And yet he too spent his last years in bitter vexation, and died when little more than fifty years of age in voluntary banishment, leaving orders to his relatives not to bury his remains in the city for which he had lived and in which his ancestors reposed. It is not exactly known what drove him from the city. The charges of corruption and embezzlement, which were directed against him and still more against his brother Lucius, were beyond doubt empty calumnies, which do not satisfactorily account for such irritation of feeling; although it was characteristic of the man, that instead of simply vindicating himself by means of his account-books, he tore them in pieces in presence of the people and of his accusers, and summoned the Romans to accompany him to the temple of Jupiter and to celebrate the anniversary of his victory at Zama. The people left the accusers on the spot, and followed Scipio to the Capitol; but this was the last glorious day of that illustrious man. His proud spirit, his belief that he was different from, and better

than, other men, his very decided family policy, which in the person of his brother Lucius especially brought forward a clumsy man of straw as a hero, gave offense to many, and not without reason. While genuine pride protects the heart, arrogance lays it open to every blow and every sarcasm, and corrodes even an originally noble-minded spirit. It is throughout, moreover, the distinguishing characteristic of such natures as that of Scipio—strange mixtures of genuine gold and glittering tinsel—that they need the good fortune and the brilliance of youth in order to exercise their charm, and, when this charm begins to fade, it is the charmer himself that is most painfully conscious of the change."

Mommsen's estimate of Scipio differs, in being more moderate, from the admiring one expressed by Milton—"Scipio the highth of Rome."

That noblest of Roman matrons, the great Cornelia, mother of the Gracchi, was daughter to this Scipio. Her fame, single almost like the sun in heaven, among the historic women of Rome, reflects a doubled luster backward upon the fame of the father.

We hope many of our readers will be tempted to explore the full text of Livy translated, to find out for themselves what store contained in those pages is left behind, by us unexhausted, of picturesque and romantic recital. Assuredly, Livy, in his story of Rome, supplied to his countrymen an unsurpassed text-book of lofty example, of nobly inspiring tradition.

II.

TACITUS.

A VERY different writer of history from Livy, is Tacitus. Tacitus, however, though different, is not less interesting than Livy. He has an equally entertaining story to tell, and he tells his story every whit as admirably. It is not romance, it is history, with Tacitus. The color is not rose any longer. It is stern, often livid, likeness to life. If Livy is Claude Lorraine, Tacitus is Salvator Rosa: if Livy is Titian, Tacitus is Rembrandt. You read Livy, and you are inspired. You read Tacitus, and you are oppressed. But the oppression somehow at length leaves you, by reaction, braced; while the inspiration somehow at length leaves you, as if through too much elixir, languid. For the inspiration is the effect of romance, and the oppression is the effect of reality. Reality is generally much more somber than romance, and Tacitus is far more somber than Livy.

When Livy wrote, the Roman Empire was young. It had the halo of uncertain hope about it. Augustus had brought back peace to a distracted commonwealth, and Livy wrote in the sunrise of a new era that perhaps would be glorious. When Tacitus wrote, the aureole was gone, for the empire was now a hundred years old. There had been Tiberius, Caligula, Claudius, Nero. No wonder if now, for the writing of Roman history, grim realism took the place of blithe romance.

Of Tacitus himself we know very little. We do not know where he was born. We do not know when he was born. He was probably born about the year 50 of the Christian era. A town in Umbria is named as his birthplace. Pliny was a younger friend, a loyal and affectionate admirer, of the historian. From Pliny we derive what knowledge we

possess concerning his elder and more illustrious compeer; except, indeed, that Tacitus himself makes us know that he held public office in a constantly ascending scale under Vespasian, under Titus, and under Domitian. Later, Tacitus was consul; for there was still a titular consulship, even under the empire. He was also senator; for there was still a titular senate. With the accession of Trajan, the political activity of Tacitus seems to have terminated. That great prince was too strong for individual subjects under his sway to enjoy much freedom of political action. But he was also too strong to feel any necessity of greatly abridging his subjects' freedom of speech. Romans might say what pleased themselves, on the simple condition that they would do what pleased their emperor. Tacitus accordingly turned now decisively from politics to literature; and well it is for us that he did so. Near two centuries from his time will pass, and there will then ascend the throne of the world an emperor who, bearing the same name, the name of Tacitus, will fondly trace his lineage back to this prince in literature, so to derive for himself a prouder than imperial ancestry. Caius Cornelius Tacitus was the full name of the historian. The Cornelian family was one of the very highest in Rome. But whether the possession by Tacitus of their gentile name implied his connection with that family by blood is, perhaps, doubtful.

Tacitus had probably, before Trajan's accession, already produced his Dialogue on Oratory. Shortly after Trajan's accession, he published his life of Agricola, his own father-in-law. His tract on Germany, we may suppose, soon followed. The principal historical works of Tacitus are two; the History, or Histories, distinctively so called, and the Annals. The Annals, though subsequent in composition, treat of an earlier period than the History. The History Tacitus seems never to have completed according to his original design for that work. He alludes to projects in his-

tory entertained by him, of which, if he ever fulfilled them, we have utterly lost the fulfillment. We do not know, we have not even the means of guessing, what and how much we have lost of literature that flowed from the pen of Tacitus. He enjoyed great renown in his own day, but sank soon after his death into unaccountable neglect. We thus lack the notice of him, and the extracts from him, in later ancient literature, that might otherwise have saved to us some precious fragments from his unknown perished works. But neglect of such a writer as Tacitus could not continue. He had an immortality in him that no length of dormancy could extinguish. He stands forth to-day an historian confessedly without superior in the republic of letters. If he does not flash like Livy, he burns as steady and as strong as Thucydides. No more weighty, no more serious, no more penetrating, no sounder, truer, manlier mind than Tacitus, perhaps, ever wrote history.

We shall chiefly draw from the "Annals," to give our readers their taste of the quality of Tacitus. First, however, for the double sake of a certain striking parallel suggested, and of a certain particular description exceptionally interesting to all modern heirs of Christianity, we introduce two passages from the "History." The first passage consists of the majestic sentences in which, at the beginning of the work, the historian sets forth the object proposed by him, and passes in rapid review the whole course of the history. The reader will find it very interesting and suggestive to compare the opening of Macaulay's History of England. Tacitus:

I am entering on the history of a period rich in disasters, frightful in its wars, torn by civil strife, and even in peace full of horrors. Four emperors perished by the sword. There were three civil wars; there were more with foreign enemies; there were often wars that had both characters at once. There was success in the East, and disaster in the West. There were disturbances in Illyricum; Gaul wavered in its alle-

giance ; Britain was thoroughly subdued and immediately abandoned ; the tribes of the Suevi and the Sarmatæ rose in concert against us ; the Dacians had the glory of inflicting as well as suffering defeat ; the armies of Parthia were all but set in motion by the cheat of a counterfeit Nero. Now, too, Italy was prostrated by disasters either entirely novel, or that recurred only after a long succession of ages ; cities in Campania's richest plains were swallowed up and overwhelmed ; Rome was wasted by conflagrations, its oldest temples consumed, and the Capitol itself fired by the hands of citizens. Sacred rites were profaned ; there was profligacy in the highest ranks ; the sea was crowded with exiles, and its rocks polluted with bloody deeds. In the capital there were yet worse horrors. Nobility, wealth, the refusal or the acceptance of office, were grounds for accusation, and virtue insured destruction. The rewards of the informers were no less odious than their crimes ; for while some seized on consulships and priestly offices, as their share of the spoil, others on procuratorships, and posts of more confidential authority, they robbed and ruined in every direction amid universal hatred and terror. Slaves were bribed to turn against their masters, and freedmen to betray their patrons ; and those who had not an enemy were destroyed by friends.

Yet the age was not so barren in noble qualities, as not also to exhibit examples of virtue. Mothers accompanied the flight of their sons ; wives followed their husbands into exile ; there were brave kinsmen and faithful sons-in-law ; there were slaves whose fidelity defied even torture ; there were illustrious men driven to the last necessity, and enduring it with fortitude ; there were closing scenes that equaled the famous deaths of antiquity. Besides the manifold vicissitudes of human affairs, there were prodigies in heaven and earth, the warning voices of the thunder, and other intimations of the future, auspicious or gloomy, doubtful or not to be mistaken. Never, surely, did more terrible calamities of the Roman people, or evidence more conclusive, prove that the gods take no thought for our happiness, but only for our punishment.

I think it proper, however, before I commence my purposed work, to pass under review the condition of the capital, the temper of the armies, the attitude of the provinces, and the elements of weakness and strength which existed throughout the whole empire, that so we may become acquainted, not only with the vicissitudes and the issues of events, which are often matters of chance, but also with their relations and their causes.

The clause, "with their relations and their causes," reveals a feature of the method of Tacitus in which he differs from

Livy. Livy is a romantic, whereas Tacitus is a philosophical, historian. History, in the handling of Tacitus, becomes philosophy teaching by example. History, in the handling of Livy, was largely the imagination delighting by pictures, whether pictures of fact or of fancy. The pathetic gravity, the sententious density, of the foregoing passage from Tacitus, will be better appreciated by the reader who will turn back to it, and peruse it again, after having first gone through the details which it compresses in that marvelous brevity of statement. The preface thus prefixed to the History will be found to fit the Annals nearly as well.

We skip at one bound over the entire space of the History, to find our next and last extract from this work, in the book with which the whole narrative abruptly closes—closes without being brought to any completion.

Titus has encamped before Jerusalem. His mention of that city makes Tacitus pause for a lengthened, and with him rather unusual, digression. Evidently Jerusalem had made noise enough in the world to be a subject of curiosity at Rome. Tacitus says:

> As I am about to relate the last days of a famous city, it seems appropriate to throw some light on its origin.

Our readers will not now expect from this Roman authority a wholly accurate account of Jewish matters. A bright Sunday-school scholar in America knows more real truth about Jewish history, than Tacitus ever troubled himself to learn. The slips and stumbles that Tacitus makes in what he says about the Jews, may appropriately teach us to be wisely doubtful in every case in which a Roman historian undertakes to give a full account of remote and foreign nations. Severe historical accuracy is rare everywhere and always. But that a Roman of the time of Tacitus should be severely accurate in statement concerning the Jews, it would be especially unreasonable to expect. Be prepared, there-

fore, to receive at the outset a smart shock to your pre-established ideas on Jewish history, as Tacitus proceeds:

Some say that the Jews were fugitives from the island of Crete, who settled on the nearest coast of Africa about the time when Saturn was driven from his throne by the power of Jupiter. Evidence of this is sought in the name. There is a famous mountain in Crete called Ida; the neighboring tribe, the I-dæ'i, came to be called Ju-dæ'i by a barbarous lengthening of the national name. Others assert that in the reign of Isis, the overflowing population of Egypt, led by Hi-e-ro-sol'y-mus and Judas, discharged itself into the neighboring countries. Many, again, say that they were a race of Ethiopian origin, who in the time of king Ce'pheus were driven by fear and hatred of their neighbors to seek a new dwelling-place. Others describe them as an Assyrian horde who, not having sufficient territory, took possession of part of Egypt, and founded cities of their own in what is called the Hebrew country, lying on the borders of Syria. Others, again, assign a very distinguished origin to the Jews, alleging that they were the Sol'y-mi, a nation celebrated in the poems of Homer, who called the city which they founded Hierosolyma, after their own name.

What say our readers to the "light" which Tacitus deems it "appropriate to throw" on the "origin" of the Jews? It will be a stimulating diversion of mind to study the forms into which the story of the exodus gets perverted by the philosophical genius of the Roman historian, in what follows:

Most writers, however, agree in stating that once a disease, which horribly disfigured the body, broke out over Egypt; that king Boc-cho'-ris, seeking a remedy, consulted the oracle of Hammon, and was bidden to cleanse his realm, and to convey into some foreign land this race detested by the gods. The people, who had been collected after diligent search, finding themselves left in a desert, sat for the most part in a stupor of grief, till one of the exiles, Moyses by name, warned them not to look for any relief from God or man, forsaken as they were of both, but to trust to themselves, taking for their heaven-sent leader that man who should first help them to be quit of their present misery. They agreed, and in utter ignorance began to advance at random. Nothing, however, distressed them so much as the scarcity of water, and they had sunk ready to perish in all directions over the plain, when a herd of wild asses were seen to retire from their pasture

to a rock shaded by trees. Moyses followed them, and, guided by the appearance of a grassy spot, discovered an abundant spring of water. This furnished relief. After a continuous journey for six days, on the seventh they possessed themelves of a country, from which they expelled the inhabitants, and in which they founded a city and a temple.

Moyses, wishing to secure for the future his authority over the nation, gave them a novel form of worship, opposed to all that is practiced by other men. Things sacred with us, with them have no sanctity, while they allow what with us is forbidden. In their holy place they have consecrated an image of the animal by whose guidance they found deliverance from their long and thirsty wanderings. They slay the ram, seemingly in derision of Hammon, and they sacrifice the ox, because the Egyptians worship it as Apis. They abstain from swine's flesh, in consideration of what they suffered when they were infected by the leprosy to which this animal is liable. By their frequent fasts they still bear witness to the long hunger of former days, and the Jewish bread, made without leaven, is retained as a memorial of their hurried seizure of corn. We are told that the rest of the seventh day was adopted, because this day brought with it a termination of their toils; after a while the charm of indolence beguiled them into giving up the seventh year also to inaction. But others say that it is an observance in honor of Saturn, either from the primitive elements of their faith having been transmitted from the Idæi, who are said to have shared the flight of that god, and to have founded the race, or from the circumstance that of the seven stars which rule the destinies of men, Saturn moves in the highest orbit and with the mightiest power, and that many of the heavenly bodies complete their revolutions and courses in multiples of seven.

This worship, however introduced, is upheld by its antiquity ; all their other customs, which are at once perverse and disgusting, owe their strength to their very badness. The most degraded out of other races, scorning their national beliefs, brought to them their contributions and presents. This augmented the wealth of the Jews, as also did the fact, that among themselves they are inflexibly honest and ever ready to show compassion, though they regard the rest of mankind with all the hatred of enemies. They sit apart at meals, they sleep apart, and though, as a nation, they are singularly prone to lust, they abstain from intercourse with foreign women ; among themselves nothing is unlawful. Circumcision was adopted by them as a mark of difference from other men. Those who come over to their religion adopt the practice, and have this lesson first instilled into them, to despise all gods, to disown their country, and set at naught parents, children, and brethren. Still they pro-

vide for the increase of their numbers. It is a crime among them to kill any newly-born infant.

The last foregoing sentence tells volumes, in its eleven short words. This Roman notes it as a Jewish peculiarity, that the murder of infants was unlawful. What a lurid light on Gentile morality is thus, without consciousness on the part of the historian, thrown! Let Tacitus go on:

They hold that the souls of all who perish in battle or by the hands of the executioner are immortal. Hence a passion for propagating their race and a contempt for death. They are wont to bury rather than to burn their dead, following in this the Egyptian custom; they bestow the same care on the dead, and they hold the same belief about the lower world. Quite different is their faith about things divine. The Egyptians worship many animals and images of monstrous form; the Jews have purely mental conceptions of Deity, as one in essence. They call those profane who make representations of God in human shape out of perishable materials. They believe that Being to be supreme and eternal, neither capable of representation, nor of decay. They, therefore, do not allow any images to stand in their cities, much less in their temples. This flattery is not paid to their kings, nor this honor to our emperors. From the fact, however, that their priests used to chant to the music of flutes and cymbals, and to wear garlands of ivy, and that a golden vine was found in the temple, some have thought that they worshiped Father Liber, the conqueror of the East, though their institutions do not by any means harmonize with the theory; for Liber established a festive and cheerful worship, while the Jewish religion is tasteless and mean.

A little Judæan geography follows, in which the river Jordan and the Dead Sea occupy great space. This, though interesting, we, for economy's sake, omit. Tacitus comes to Jerusalem:

A great part of Judæa consists of scattered villages. They have also towns. Jerusalem is the capital. There stood a temple of immense wealth. First came the city with its fortifications, then the royal palace, then, within the innermost defenses, the temple itself. Only the Jew might approach the gates; all but priests were forbidden to pass the threshold. While the East was under the sway of the Assyrians, the Medes, and the Persians, Jews were the most contemptible of the

subject tribes. When the Macedonians became supreme, King Antiochus strove to destroy the national superstition, and to introduce Greek civilization, but was prevented by his war with the Parthians from at all improving this vilest of nations. . . .

Cneius Pompeius was the first of our countrymen to subdue the Jews. Availing himself of the right of conquest, he entered the temple. Thus it became commonly known that the place stood empty with no similitude of gods within, and that the shrine had nothing to reveal. . . . Under Tiberius all was quiet. But when the Jews were ordered by Caligula to set up his statue in the temple, they preferred the alternative of war. The death of the emperor put an end to the disturbance. The kings were either dead, or reduced to insignificance, when Claudius intrusted the province of Judæa to the Roman knights or to his own freedmen, one of whom, Antonius Felix, indulging in every kind of barbarity and lust, exercised the power of a king in the spirit of a slave. He had married Drusilla, the granddaughter of Antony and Cleopatra, and so was the grandson-in-law, as Claudius was the grandson, of Antony.

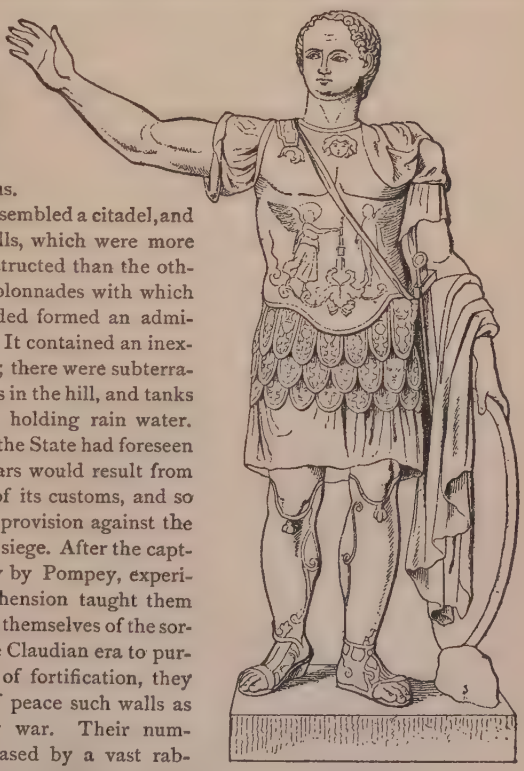
The mordant expression, in which the character of the Felix of scriptural narrative is fixed forever for the contemplation of posterity, will not fail to arrest the attention of the reader. What force of fierce invective in that Roman turn, "exercised the power of a king in the spirit of a slave"! Tacitus once more:

. . . . Peace [after the civil wars] having been established in Italy, foreign affairs were once more remembered. Our indignation was heightened by the circumstance that the Jews alone had not submitted. At the same time it was held to be more expedient, in reference to the possible results and contingencies of the new reign, that Titus should remain with the army. . . .

It seemed beneath them to await the result of famine. The army demanded the more perilous alternative, some prompted by courage, many by sheer ferocity and greed of gain. Titus himself had Rome, with all its wealth and pleasures, before his eyes. Jerusalem must fall at once, or it would delay his enjoyment of them.

But the commanding situation of the city had been strengthened by enormous works which would have been a thorough defense even for level ground. Two hills of great height were fenced in by walls which had been skillfully obliqued or bent inwards in such a manner that the

flank of an assailant was exposed to missiles. The rock terminated in a precipice; the towers were raised to a height of sixty feet, where the hill lent its aid to the fortifications, where the ground fell, to a height of one hundred and twenty. They had a marvellous appearance, and to a distant spectator seemed to be of uniform elevation. Within were other walls surrounding the palace, and, rising to a conspicuous height, the tower Antonia, so called by Herod, in honor of Marcus Antonius.



TITUS.

The temple resembled a citadel, and had its own walls, which were more laboriously constructed than the others. Even the colonnades with which it was surrounded formed an admirable outwork. It contained an inexhaustible spring; there were subterranean excavations in the hill, and tanks and cisterns for holding rain water. The founders of the State had foreseen that frequent wars would result from the singularity of its customs, and so had made every provision against the most protracted siege. After the capture of their city by Pompey, experience and apprehension taught them much. Availing themselves of the sordid policy of the Claudian era to purchase the right of fortification, they raised in time of peace such walls as were suited for war. Their numbers were increased by a vast rabble collected from the overthrow of the other cities. All the most obstinate rebels had escaped into the place, and perpetual seditions were the consequence. There were three generals, and as many armies. Simon held the outer and larger circuit of walls. John, also called Bar-gi-o'ras, occupied the middle city. E-le-a'zar had fortified the temple. John and Simon were strong in numbers and equip-

ment, Eleazar in position. There were continual skirmishes, surprises, and incendiary fires, and a vast quantity of corn was burned. Before long John sent some emissaries, who, under pretense of sacrificing, slaughtered Eleazar and his partisans, and gained possession of the temple. The city was thus divided between two factions, till, as the Romans approached, war with the foreigner brought about a reconciliation.

Prodigies had occurred, which this nation, prone to superstition, but hating all religious rites, did not deem it lawful to expiate by offering and sacrifice. There had been seen hosts joining battle in the skies, the fiery gleam of arms, the temple illuminated by a sudden radiance from the clouds. The doors of the inner shrine were suddenly thrown open, and a voice of more than mortal tone was heard to cry that the gods were departing. At the same instant there was a mighty stir as of departure. Some few put a fearful meaning on these events, but in most there was a firm persuasion, that in the ancient records of their priests was contained a prediction of how at this very time the East was to grow powerful, and rulers, coming from Judæa, were to acquire universal empire. These mysterious prophecies had pointed to Vespasian and Titus, but the common people, with the usual blindness of ambition, had interpreted these mighty destinies of themselves, and could not be brought even by disasters to believe the truth. I have heard that the total number of the besieged, of every age and both sexes, amounted to six hundred thousand. All who were able bore arms, and a number, more than proportionate to the population, had the courage to do so. Men and women showed equal resolution, and life seemed more terrible than death, if they were to be forced to leave their country. Such was this city and nation; and Titus Cæsar, seeing that the position forbade an assault or any of the more rapid operations of war, determined to proceed by earth-works and covered approaches. The legions had their respective duties assigned to them, and there was a cessation from fighting, till all the inventions, used in ancient warfare, or devised by modern ingenuity for the reduction of cities, were constructed.

Here Tacitus, without notice, turns away to bring forward in recital certain parallel operations proceeding in a different part of the empire. And Tacitus makes, in what we possess of his history, no return to what would have interested us so much, namely, the siege and capture of Jerusalem. Our readers will discover—in the perfectly composed air with which Tacitus explains that the predictions of Scripture, mistakenly,

as he assumes, supposed by the Jews to point to the Messiah, pointed in fact to Vespasian and Titus—a proof, not needed, of the supreme egotism natural to the Roman race. What different disposition could reasonably be looked for in the lords of the world? But how solemnly sublime a light seems to be thrown on the end of the Old Testament Jewish age, in those sentences of Tacitus—read them again—"There had been seen hosts joining battle in the skies, the fiery gleam of arms, the temple illuminated by a sudden radiance from the clouds. The doors of the inner shrine were suddenly thrown open, and a voice of more than mortal tone was heard to cry that the gods were departing. At the same instant there was a mighty stir as of departure."

So much for the "History," properly so called, of Tacitus. It begins with the events immediately preceding the accession of Galba, 69 A. D. Of the entire work, which should comprise the events of nearly thirty years, we have not quite enough to cover the events of two years. We have lost then, probably, at least ten times as much as we have, of the History of Tacitus—a sad *lacuna* this, to yawn hopelessly in classic literature.

We said that Tacitus has a story to tell not less entertaining than the story told by Livy. Tacitus himself, however, felt that he wrote at disadvantage, as contrasted with preceding historians, because his subject was less heroic, less glorious. He was at heart an aristocrat of the elder times. The degeneracy of the senate of his own days, he bewailed, as one kindred in spirit with that proud oligarchy of which, a hundred years before, Livy had sung in lyric prose his "passionate ballad, gallant and gay." Still Tacitus was, under the circumstances that he found existing, a good enough imperialist. Doubtless he thought the new order that had established itself, better than the old order which, because it was no longer worthy, had lapsed. You hear, however, the

undertone of pathos for the long-gone and irrecoverable past, mingled with superb disdain for the ignoble present, running through the whole course of the history of Tacitus. Indignant pessimism is the key-note everywhere to his writing.

The "Annals," a different work, to be distinguished from the "History," embraced the interval between the years 14 and 68 of the Christian era. The concluding part, that is, the part covering the last three years of the reign of Nero, is lost. Parts also in the midst of the work have perished. The whole narrative is depressing. It is a melancholy monotony of misery and crime. But Tacitus writes with such art that you are fascinated to read it from beginning to end. He holds you with his glittering eye.

The story of Nero is, perhaps, the part most familiar of all to the modern reader. This might seem a reason for choosing some other part, some part more novel, to be presented here. But the evil tale of Nero is the most familiar, because it is the most interesting. We should commit a mistake, to be deterred from it by that very fact about it which proves it the most attractive. Let us, then, undoubtingly, make choice of Nero for the hero of what we draw here from the Annals of Tacitus. There will be found, by intelligent readers, a considerable compensation for the sense of familiarity experienced, in the satisfaction they will derive from the consciousness of having now to do with an original source of information on the subject treated.

NERO AS APOLLO.

The story of Nero, as told by Tacitus, is a long story. Let us take a plunge at once into the midst of things. There are three associate personages of the plot, to share, almost equally with Nero, the interest of the reader. These three are

Burrus, Seneca, and, above all, A-grip-pi'na, the emperor's mother. Of A-fra'ni-us Burrus and An-næ'us Seneca—this is the famous philosopher—Tacitus says:

> These two men guided the emperor's youth with a unity of purpose seldom found where authority is shared, and though their accomplishments were wholly different, they had equal influence. Burrus, with his soldier's discipline and severe manners, Seneca, with lessons of eloquence and a dignified courtesy, strove alike to confine the frailty of the prince's youth, should he loathe virtue, within allowable indulgences. They had both alike to struggle against the domineering spirit of Agrippina.

One of the earliest among the public acts of the youthful emperor Nero, was to pronounce a funeral oration on his predecessor, Claudius. Tacitus's account of this, with characteristic comment of his own interspersed, lets out some secrets of Nero's disposition and of the current temper of the time—not less, perhaps, also, of the historian's own individual humor:

> On the day of the funeral the prince pronounced Claudius's panegyric, and while he dwelt on the antiquity of his family and on the consulships and triumphs of his ancestors, there was enthusiasm both in himself and his audience. The praise of his graceful accomplishments, and the remark that during his reign no disaster had befallen Rome from the foreigner, were heard with favor. When the speaker passed on to his foresight and wisdom, no one could refrain from laughter, though the speech, which was composed by Seneca, exhibited much elegance, as indeed that famous man had an attractive genius which suited the popular ear of the time. Elderly men, who amuse their leisure with comparing the past and the present, observed that Nero was the first emperor who needed another man's eloquence. The dictator Cæsar rivaled the greatest orators, and Augustus had an easy and fluent way of speaking, such as became a sovereign. Tiberius, too, thoroughly understood the art of balancing words, and was sometimes forcible in the expression of his thoughts, or else intentionally obscure. Even Caius Cæsar's disordered intellect did not wholly mar his faculty of speech. Nor did Claudius, when he spoke with preparation, lack elegance. Nero from early boyhood turned his lively genius in other directions; he carved, painted, sang, or practiced the management of horses, occasionally composing verses which showed that he had the rudiments of learning.

Nero began apparently well. He promised to restore to the senate something of its ancient prerogative, and Tacitus says he was true to his word. But the evil presiding spirit of his mother resisted the young emperor. It is almost incredible, but, according to Tacitus, the senators used to be summoned to the imperial palace in order that she, Agrippina, "might stand close to a hidden door behind them screened by a curtain which was enough to shut her out of sight but not out of hearing." Nero was scarcely more than seventeen years of age. It seems a cruelty of fortune that, at such an age, still under the tuition of such a mother, this pampered boy should have been forced into the most dangerous and the most conspicuous position in the world. The passions of a young man were of course not wanting to a young emperor. He fell in love with a freedwoman and got two fashionable young fellows to act as his panders. What Tacitus tells of this, and of Nero's relation to his mother, is fraught with sad instruction:

Without the mother's knowledge, then in spite of her opposition, they [the two young fellows just referred to] had crept into his favor by debaucheries and equivocal secrets, and even the prince's older friends did not thwart him, for here was a girl who without harm to any one gratified his desires, when he loathed his wife Octavia, high born as she was, and of approved virtue, either from some fatality, or because vice is overpoweringly attractive. . . .

Agrippina, however, raved with a woman's fury about having a freedwoman for a rival, a slave girl for a daughter-in-law, with like expressions. Nor would she wait till her son repented or wearied of his passion. The fouler her reproaches, the more powerfully did they inflame him, till, completely mastered by the strength of his desire, he threw off all respect for his mother, and put himself under the guidance of Seneca, one of whose friends, Annæus Serenus, had veiled the young prince's intrigue in its beginning by pretending to be in love with the same woman, and had lent his name as the ostensible giver of the presents secretly sent by the emperor to the girl. Then Agrippina, changing her tactics, plied the lad with various blandishments, and even offered the seclusion of her chamber for the concealment of indulgences which

youth and the highest rank might claim. She went further; she pleaded guilty to an ill-timed strictness, and handed over to him the abundance of her wealth, which nearly approached the imperial treasures, and from having been of late extreme in her restraint of her son, became now, on the other hand, lax to excess. The change did not escape Nero; his most intimate friends dreaded it, and begged him to beware of the arts of a woman who was always daring and was now false.

But mother and son were equally, for both of them were supremely, selfish, and they could not be solidly reconciled with each other. The breach between them soon became open and wide. The mother bethought herself of a resource against her son. There was Claudius's son, Bri-tan'nicus, younger step-brother to Nero. Britannicus had the blood of a Cæsar in his veins. Nero was Agrippina's son by a former husband, not by Claudius. He was, therefore, not natural heir to the empire. Tacitus relates:

Agrippina rushed into frightful menaces, sparing not the prince's ears her solemn protest "that Britannicus was now of full age, he who was the true and worthy heir of his father's sovereignty, which a son, by mere admission and adoption, was abusing in outrages on his mother. She shrank not from an utter exposure of the wickedness of that ill-starred house, of her own marriage, to begin with, and of her poisoner's craft. All that the gods and she herself had taken care of was that her stepson was yet alive; with him she would go to the camp, where on one side should be heard the daughter of Germanicus; on the other, the crippled Burrus and the exile Seneca, claiming, forsooth, with disfigured hand, and a pedant's tongue, the government of the world." As she spoke, she raised her hand in menace and heaped insults on him, as she appealed to the deified Claudius, to the infernal shades of the Silani, and to those many fruitless crimes.

The "fruitless crimes" were crimes of Agrippina's own committing—fruitless, since the obstinacy of her own boy balked her of her purpose in committing them. She had meant to be empress of the world. But Nero unexpectedly had developed a liking for the game, as well as the name, of emperor. He now, stung by the taunts and threats of his

mother, entered headlong on his unparalleled career of crime. Tacitus:

Nero was confounded at this, and as the day was near on which Britannicus would complete his fourteenth year, he reflected, now on the domineering temper of his mother, and now again on the character of the young prince, which a trifling circumstance had lately tested, sufficient however to gain for him wide popularity. During the feast of Saturn, amid other pastimes of his playmates, at a game of lot-drawing for king, the lot fell to Nero, upon which he gave all his other companions different orders, and such as would not put them to the blush; but when he told Britannicus to step forward and begin a song, hoping for a laugh at the expense of a boy who knew nothing of sober, much less of riotous, society, the lad with perfect coolness commenced some verses which hinted at his expulsion from his father's house and from supreme power. This procured him pity, which was the more conspicuous, as night with its merriment had stripped off all disguise. Nero saw the reproach and redoubled his hate. Pressed by Agrippina's menaces, having no charge against his brother and not daring openly to order his murder, he meditated a secret device and directed poison to be prepared through the agency of Julius Pollio, tribune of one of the prætorian cohorts, who had in his custody a woman under sentence for poisoning, Locusta by name, with a vast reputation for crime. That every one about the person of Britannicus should care nothing for right or honor, had long ago been provided for. He actually received his first dose of poison from his tutors and passed it off his bowels, as it was either rather weak or so qualified as not at once to prove deadly. But Nero, impatient at such slow progress in crime, threatened the tribune and ordered the poisoner to execution for prolonging his anxiety while they were thinking of the popular talk and planning their own defense. Then they promised that death should be as sudden as if it were the hurried work of the dagger, and a rapid poison of previously tested ingredients was prepared close to the emperor's chamber.

It was customary for the imperial princes to sit during their meals with other nobles of the same age, in the sight of their kinsfolk, at a table of their own, furnished somewhat frugally. There Britannicus was dining, and as what he ate and drank was always tested by the taste of a select attendant, the following device was contrived, that the usage might not be dropped or the crime betrayed by the death of both prince and attendant. A cup as yet harmless, but extremely hot and already tasted, was handed to Britannicus; then, on his refusing it because of

its warmth, poison was poured in with some cold water, and this so penetrated his entire frame that he lost alike voice and breath. There was a stir among the company; some, taken by surprise, ran hither and thither, while those whose discernment was keener, remained motionless, with their eyes fixed on Nero, who, as he still reclined in seeming unconsciousness, said that this was a common occurrence, from a periodical epilepsy, with which Britannicus had been afflicted from his earliest infancy, and that his sight and senses would gradually return. As for Agrippina, her terror and confusion, though her countenance struggled to hide it, so visibly appeared, that she was clearly just as ignorant as was Octavia, Britannicus's own sister. She saw, in fact, that she was robbed of her only remaining refuge, and that here was a precedent for parricide. Even Octavia, notwithstanding her youthful inexperience, had learned to hide her grief, her affection, and indeed every emotion. And so after a brief pause the company resumed its mirth.

"Of all things human," remarks Tacitus, "the most precarious and transitory is a reputation for power which has no strong support of its own." This he says on occasion of the disgrace of Agrippina, whom her son now sent away from the palace and deprived of her military guard. The wretched woman, in her weakness, did not fail of enemies to accuse her to her son. One accusation, naturally to her son the heaviest, was that she was plotting against his emperorship. A certain Plautus, so the accusation ran, was encouraged by Agrippina to pretend to the throne of the Cæsars. Against him and the emperor's mother, one Paris was found a willing informer. Tacitus now (let readers not miss the indications incidentally dropped by the historian, as to his method in treating his authorities):

Night was far advanced and Nero was still sitting over his cups, when Paris entered, who was generally wont at such times to heighten the emperor's enjoyments, but who now wore a gloomy expression. He went through the whole evidence in order, and so frightened his hearer as to make him resolve not only on the destruction of his mother and of Plautus, but also on the removal of Burrus from the command of the guards, as a man who had been promoted by Agrippina's interest, and was now showing his gratitnde. We have it on the authority of Fabius

Rusticus that a note was written to Cæ-ci'na Tuscus, intrusting to him the charge of the prætorian cohorts, but that through Seneca's influence that distinguished post was retained for Burrus. According to Plinius and Cluvius, no doubt was felt about the commander's loyalty. Fabius certainly inclines to the praise of Seneca, through whose friendship he rose to honor. Proposing as I do to follow the consentient testimony of historians, I shall give the differences in their narratives under the writers' names. Nero, in his bewilderment and impatience to destroy his mother, could not be put off till Burrus answered for her death, should she be convicted of the crime, but "any one," he said, "much more a parent, must be allowed a defense. Accusers there were none forthcoming; they had before them only the word of a single person from an enemy's house, and this the night with its darkness and prolonged festivity and every thing savoring of recklessness and folly, was enough to refute."

Having thus allayed the prince's fears, they went at day-break to Agrippina, that she might know the charges against her, and either rebut them or suffer the penalty. Burrus fulfilled his instructions in Seneca's presence, and some of the freedmen were present to witness the interview. Then Burrus, when he had fully explained the charges with the authors' names, assumed an air of menace. Instantly Agrippina, calling up all her high spirit, exclaimed, "I wonder not that Silana, who has never borne offspring, knows nothing of a mother's feelings. Parents do not change their children as lightly as a shameless woman does her paramours. . . . Only let the man come forward who can charge me with having tampered with the prætorian cohorts in the capital, with having sapped the loyalty of the provinces, or, in a word, with having bribed slaves and freedmen into any wickedness. Could I have lived with Britannicus in the possession of power? And if Plautus or any other were to become master of the State so as to sit in judgment on me, accusers forsooth would not be forthcoming to charge me not merely with a few incautious expressions prompted by the eagerness of affection, but with guilt from which a son alone could absolve me."

There was profound excitement among those present, and they even tried to soothe her agitation, but she insisted on an interview with her son. Then, instead of pleading her innocence, as though she lacked confidence, or her claims on him by way of reproach, she obtained vengeance on her accusers and rewards for her friends.

The impudent viciousness of Agrippina enjoyed its momentary triumph. But its dreadful doom was only postponed.

Nero was well on the downward road. *Facilis descensus*, and the rate of descent already was swift. Read the record (remember that still there was the titular consulship, and that still, as of old, the years of the empire were reckoned by the names of the consuls):

> In the consulship of Quintus Vo-lu'si-us and Publius Scipio, there was peace abroad, but a disgusting licentiousness at home on the part of Nero, who in a slave's disguise, so as to be unrecognized, would wander through the streets of Rome, to brothels and taverns, with comrades, who seized on goods exposed for sale and inflicted wounds on any whom they encountered, some of these last knowing him so little that he even received blows himself and showed the marks of them in his face. When it was notorious that the emperor was the assailant, and the insults on men and women of distinction were multiplied, other persons, too, on the strength of a license once granted under Nero's name, ventured with impunity on the same practices, and had gangs of their own, till night presented the scenes of a captured city.
>
> Julius Mon-ta'nus, a senator, but one who had not yet held any office, happened to encounter the prince in the darkness, and because he fiercely repulsed his attack and then on recognizing him begged for mercy, as though this was a reproach, was forced to destroy himself. Nero was for the future more timid, and surrounded himself with soldiers and a number of gladiators, who, when a fray began on a small scale and seemed a private affair, were to let it alone, but, if the injured persons resisted stoutly, they rushed in with their swords.

"Was forced to destroy himself." Compulsory suicide became the favorite form of executing a capital sentence issuing from the arbitrary will of the emperor. Tacitus is full of instances which vary the monotony of imperial murder with every conceivable permutation of incident. Pathetically instructive it is, to come, as one glances along these pages dense with tragedy, upon occasional sentences like the following: "Still there yet remained some shadow of a free State." Again, disdaining to do more than merely mention the erection of a great amphitheater, Tacitus says: "We have learned that it suits the dignity of the Roman people to reserve history for great achievements, and to leave such details

to the city's daily register." Such expressions as the preceding from Tacitus strikingly reveal the character of their author.

POPPÆA.

The climax of Nero's wickedness, as the general opinion rates it, was his conspiracy to murder his mother. This crime is now near at hand. A woman was the immediate cause. That woman was the infamous Pop-pæ'a. Let Tacitus sketch her for us:

> Poppæa had every thing but a right mind. Her mother, who surpassed in personal attractions all the ladies of her day, had bequeathed to her alike fame and beauty. Her fortune adequately corresponded to the nobility of her descent. Her conversation was charming and her wit any thing but dull. She professed virtue, while she practiced laxity. Seldom did she appear in public, and it was always with her face partly veiled, either to disappoint men's gaze or to set off her beauty. Her character she never spared, making no distinction between a husband and a paramour, while she was never a slave to her own passion or to that of her lover. Wherever there was a prospect of advantage, there she transferred her favors.

Poppæa was married and had a son, but this did not prevent her intriguing, and intriguing successfully, for the hand of Otho, that favorite of Nero's. She now had what she needed in order to get what she wanted, which was—power over Nero. Through Otho, used as tool or as accomplice, she got access to the emperor. Her shameless arts of seduction, and her cool triangulation toward her object, are thus described by Tacitus:

> Poppæa won her way by artful blandishments, pretending that she could not resist her passion and that she was captivated by Nero's person. Soon as the emperor's love grew ardent she would change and be supercilious, and, if she were detained more than one or two nights, would say again and again that she was a married woman and could not give up her husband attached as she was to Otho by a manner of life which no one equaled. "His ideas and his style were grand; at his house every thing worthy of the highest fortune was ever before

her eyes. Nero, on the contrary, with his slave-girl mistress, tied down by his attachment to Acte, had derived nothing from his slavish associations but what was low and degrading."

Tacitus incessantly interrupts his narrative of Nero in relation to his mistresses, his favorites, and his mother, with accounts of various contemporary civil and military transactions, important to the completeness of the history, but not of interest to modern readers. It is, however, worth remarking that the historian, with judicial impartiality, makes commendatory note of certain equitable measures adopted by Nero for the administration of the empire, adding that they "for a short time were maintained and were subsequently disregarded." It seems to have been Tacitus's feeling that Nero should have—he certainly needed—all the credit that belonged to good attempts on his part, of any kind, however momentary.

The fourteenth book of the Annals covers a period of three years, from 59 A. D. to 62. The beginning of the book is occupied with narration and description too absorbingly interesting to be either abridged or interrupted. We transfer a long passage, which will not seem long, to these pages. (We need to forewarn readers that here, as occasionally elsewhere in Tacitus, they will come upon things said and suggested by the historian which, for an exercise of reading aloud in a mixed company, would require to be touched upon very lightly. Such things we should gladly have omitted; but we could not, omitting them altogether, even hint, adequately, what Tacitus is, and what is the dreadful story that Tacitus had it for his mission to tell. It will be noted that he always describes vice after the manner of a man strongly siding with virtue.)

In the year of the consulship of Caius Vip-sta'nus and Caius Fon-te'i-us, Nero deferred no more a long-meditated crime. Length of power had matured his daring, and his passion for Poppæa daily grew more ardent. As the woman had no hope of marriage for herself or of Octavia's

divorce while Agrippina lived, she would reproach the emperor with incessant vituperation and sometimes call him in jest a mere ward who was under the rule of others, and was so far from having empire that he had not even his liberty. "Why," she asked, "was her marriage put off? Was it, forsooth, her beauty and her ancestors, with their triumphal honors, that failed to please; or her being a mother, and her sincere heart? No; the fear was that as a wife at least she would divulge the wrongs of the Senate, and the wrath of the people at the arrogance and rapacity of his mother. If the only daughter-in-law Agrippina could bear was one who wished evil to her son, let her be restored to her union with Otho. She would go anywhere in the world, where she might hear of the insults heaped on the emperor, rather than witness them, and be also involved in his perils."

These and the like complaints, rendered impressive by tears and by the cunning of an adulteress, no one checked, as all longed to see the mother's power broken, while not a person believed that the son's hatred would steel his heart to her murder.

Cluvius relates that Agrippina in her eagerness to retain her influence went so far that more than once at midday, when Nero, even at that hour, was flushed with wine and feasting, she presented herself attractively attired to her half-intoxicated son. . . . When kinsfolk observed wanton kisses and caresses, portending infamy, it was Seneca who sought a female's aid against a woman's fascinations, and hurried in Acte, the freed girl, who alarmed at her own peril, and at Nero's disgrace, told him that the incest was notorious, as his mother boasted of it, and that the soldiers would never endure the rule of an impious sovereign. Fabius Rusticus tells us that it was not Agrippina, but Nero who lusted for the crime, and that it was frustrated by the adroitness of that same freed-girl. Cluvius's account, however, is also that of all other authors, and popular belief inclines to it, whether it was that Agrippina really conceived such a monstrous wickedness in her heart, or perhaps because the thought of a strange passion seemed comparatively credible in a woman, who in her girlish years had allowed herself to be seduced by Lepidus in the hope of winning power, had stooped with a like ambition to the lust of Pallas, and had trained herself for every infamy by her marriage with her uncle.

Nero accordingly avoided secret interviews with her, and when she withdrew to her gardens or to her estates at Tusculum and Antium, he praised her for courting repose. At last, convinced that she would be too formidable, wherever she might dwell, he resolved to destroy her, merely deliberating whether it was to be accomplished by poison, or by

the sword, or by any other violent means. Poison at first seemed best, but, were it to be administered at the imperial table, the result could not be referred to chance after the recent circumstances of the death of Britannicus. Again, to tamper with the servants of a woman who, from her familiarity with crime, was on her guard against treachery, appeared to be extremely difficult, and then, too, she had fortified her constitution by the use of antidotes. How again the dagger and its work were to be kept secret, no one could suggest, and it was feared too that whoever might be chosen to execute such a crime would spurn the order.

An ingenious suggestion was offered by An-i-ce'tus, a freedman, commander of the fleet at Mi-se'num, who had been tutor to Nero in boyhood and had a hatred of Agrippina which she reciprocated. He explained that a vessel could be constructed, from which a part might by a contrivance be detached, when out at sea, so as to plunge her unawares into the water. "Nothing," he said, "allowed of accidents so much as the sea, and should she be overtaken by shipwreck, who would be so unfair as to impute to crime an offense committed by the winds and waves? The emperor would add the honor of a temple and of shrines to the deceased lady, with every other display of filial affection."

Nero liked the device, favored as it also was by the particular time, for he was celebrating Minerva's five days' festival at Bai'æ. Thither he enticed his mother by repeated assurances that children ought to bear with the irritability of parents and to soothe their tempers, wishing thus to spread a rumor of reconciliation and to secure Agrippina's acceptance through the feminine credulity, which easily believes what gives joy. As she approached, he went to the shore to meet her (she was coming from Antium), welcomed her with outstretched hand and embrace, and conducted her to Bauli. This was the name of a country house, washed by a bay of the sea, between the promontory of Misenum and the lake of Baiæ. Here was a vessel distinguished from others by its equipment, seemingly meant, among other things, to do honor to his mother; for she had been accustomed to sail in a trireme, with a crew of marines. And now she was invited to a banquet, that night might serve to conceal the crime. It was well known that somebody had been found to betray it, that Agrippina had heard of the plot, and in doubt whether she was to believe it, was conveyed to Baiæ in her litter. There some soothing words allayed her fear; she was graciously received, and seated at table above the emperor. Nero prolonged the banquet with various conversation, passing from a youth's playful familiarity to an air of constraint, which seemed to indicate serious thought, and then, after protracted fes-

tivity, escorted her on her departure, clinging with kisses to her eyes and bosom, either to crown his hypocrisy or because the last sight of a mother on the eve of destruction caused a lingering even in that brutal heart.

A night of brilliant starlight with the calm of a tranquil sea was granted by heaven, seemingly, to convict the crime. The vessel had not gone far, Agrippina having with her two of her intimate attendants, one of whom, Cre-pe-re'ius Gallus, stood near the helm, while A-cer-ro'ni-a, reclining at Agrippina's feet as she reposed herself, spoke joyfully of her son's repentance and of the recovery of the mother's influence, when at a given signal the ceiling of the place, which was loaded with a quantity of lead, fell in, and Crepereius was crushed and instantly killed. Agrippina and Acerronia were protected by the projecting sides of the couch, which happened to be too strong to yield under the weight. But this was not followed by the breaking up of the vessel; for all were bewildered, and those too, who were in the plot, were hindered by the unconscious majority. The crew then thought it best to throw the vessel on one side and so sink it, but they could not themselves promptly unite to face the emergency, and others, by counteracting the attempt, gave an opportunity of a gentler fall into the sea. Acerronia, however, thoughtlessly exclaiming that she was Agrippina, and imploring help for the emperor's mother, was dispatched with poles and oars, and such naval implements as chance offered. Agrippina was silent and was thus the less recognized; still, she received a wound in her shoulder. She swam, then met with some small boats which conveyed her to the Lucrine lake, and so entered her house.

There she reflected how for this very purpose she had been invited by a lying letter and treated with conspicuous honor, how also it was near the shore, not from being driven by winds or dashed on rocks, that the vessel had in its upper part collapsed, like a mechanism any thing but nautical. She pondered too the death of Acerronia; she looked at her own wound, and saw that her only safeguard against treachery was to ignore it. Then she sent her freedman A-ger-i'nus to tell her son how by heaven's favor and his good fortune she had escaped a terrible disaster; that she begged him, alarmed, as he might be, by his mother's peril, to put off the duty of a visit, as for the present she needed repose. Meanwhile, pretending that she felt secure, she applied remedies to her wound, and fomentations to her person. She then ordered search to be made for the will of Acerronia, and her property to be sealed, in this alone throwing off disguise.

Nero, meantime, as he waited for tidings of the consummation of the

deed, received information that she had escaped with the injury of a slight wound, after having so far encountered the peril that there could be no question as to its author. Then, paralyzed with terror and protesting that she would show herself the next moment eager for vengeance, either arming the slaves or stirring up the soldiery, or hastening to the Senate and the people, to charge him with the wreck, with her wound, and with the destruction of her friends, he asked what resource he had against all this, unless something could be at once devised by Burrus and Seneca. He had instantly summoned both of them, and possibly they were already in the secret. There was a long silence on their part; they feared they might remonstrate in vain, or believed the crisis to be such that Nero must perish, unless Agrippina were at once crushed. Thereupon Seneca was so far the more prompt as to glance back on Burrus, as if to ask him whether the bloody deed must be required of the soldiers. Burrus replied "that the prætorians were attached to the whole family of the Cæsars, and remembering Ger-man'i-cus would not dare a savage deed on his offspring. It was for Anicetus to accomplish his promise."

Anicetus, without a pause, claimed for himself the consummation of the crime. At those words, Nero declared that that day gave him empire, and that a freedman was the author of this mighty boon. "Go," he said, "with all speed and take with you the men readiest to execute your orders." He himself, when he had heard of the arrival of Agrippina's messenger, Agerinus, contrived a theatrical mode of accusation, and, while the man was repeating his message, threw down a sword at his feet, then ordered him to be put in irons, as a detected criminal, so that he might invent a story how his mother had plotted the emperor's destruction; and in the shame of discovered guilt had, by her own choice, sought death.

Meantime, Agrippina's peril being universally known and taken to be an accidental occurrence, every body, the moment he heard of it, hurried down to the beach. Some climbed projecting piers; some the nearest vessels; some, again, stood with outstretched arms, while the whole shore rung with wailings, with prayers and cries, as different questions were asked and uncertain answers given. A vast multitude streamed to the spot with torches, and as soon as all knew that she was safe, they at once prepared to wish her joy, till the sight of an armed and threatening force scared them away. Anicetus then surrounded the house with a guard, and having burst open the gates, dragged off the slaves who met him, till he came to the door of her chamber, where a few still stood, after the rest had fled in terror at the attack. A small lamp was in the

room, and one slave-girl with Agrippina, who grew more and more anxious, as no messenger came from her son, not even Agerinus, while the appearance of the shore was changed, a solitude one moment, then sudden bustle and tokens of the worst catastrophe. As the girl rose to depart, she exclaimed, "Do you, too, forsake me?" and looking round saw Anicetus, who had with him the captain of the trireme, Her-cu-le'-ius and O-bar'i-tus, a centurion of marines. "If," said she, "you have come to see me, take back word that I have recovered, but if you are here to do a crime, I believe nothing about my son; he has not ordered his mother's murder."

AGRIPPINA.

The assassins closed in round her couch, and the captain of the trireme first struck her head violently with a club. Then, as the centurion bared his sword for the fatal deed, presenting her person, she exclaimed, "Smite my womb," and with many wounds she was slain.

So far our accounts agree. That Nero gazed on his mother after her death and praised her beauty some have related, while others deny it. Her body was burned that same night on a dining-couch, with a mean funeral; nor, as long as Nero was in power, was the earth raised into a mound, or even decently closed. Subsequently she received from the solicitude of her domestics, a humble sepulcher on the road to Misenum, near the country-house of Cæsar the Dictator, which from a great height commands a view of the bay beneath. As soon as the funeral pile was lighted one of her freedmen, surnamed Monester, ran himself through with a sword, either from love of his mistress or from the fear of destruction.

Many years before Agrippina had anticipated this end for herself, and had spurned the thought. For when she consulted the astrologers about Nero, they replied that he would be emperor and kill his mother. "Let him kill her," she said, "provided he is emperor."

But the emperor, when the crime was at last accomplished, realized its portentous guilt. The rest of the night, now silent and stupefied, now and still oftener starting up in terror, bereft of reason, he awaited the dawn as if it would bring with it his doom. He was first encouraged to hope by the flattery addressed to him, at the prompting of Burrus, by the centurions and tribunes, who again and again pressed his hand and congratulated him on his having escaped an unforeseen danger and his mother's daring crime. Then his friends went to the temples, and, an example having once been set, the neighboring towns of Campania testified their joy with sacrifices and deputations. He himself, with an apposite phase of hypocrisy, seemed sad, and almost angry at his own deliverance, and shed tears over his mother's death. But as the aspects of places change not, as do the looks of men, and as he had ever before his eyes the dreadful sight of that sea with its shores (some, too, believed that the notes of a funeral trumpet were heard from the surrounding heights, and wailings from the mother's grave), he retired to Neapolis, and sent a letter to the Senate, the drift of which was that Agerinus, one of Agrippina's confidential freedmen, had been detected with the dagger of an assassin, and that in the consciousness of having planned the crime she had paid its penalty.

He even revived the charges of a period long past, how she had aimed at a share of empire, and at inducing the prætorian cohorts to swear obedience to a woman, to the disgrace of the Senate and people; how, when she was disappointed, in her fury with the soldiers, the Senate, and the populace, she opposed the usual donative and largess, and organized perilous prosecutions against distinguished citizens. What efforts had it cost him to hinder her from bursting into the Senate-house and giving answers to foreign nations! He glanced, too, with indirect censure at the days of Claudius, and ascribed all the abominations of that reign to his mother, thus seeking to show that it was the State's good fortune which had destroyed her. For he actually told the story of the shipwreck; but who could be so stupid as to believe that it was accidental, or that a shipwrecked woman had sent one man with a weapon to break through an emperor's guards and fleets? So now it was not Nero, whose brutality was far beyond any remonstrance, but Seneca, who was in ill repute, for having written a confession in such a style.

Still there was a marvelous rivalry among the nobles in decreeing

thanksgivings at all the shrines, and the celebration with annual games of Minerva's festival, as the day on which the plot had been discovered; also, that a golden image of Minerva, with a statue of the emperor by its side, should be set up in the Senate-house, and that Agrippina's birthday should be classed among the inauspicious days. Thrasea Pætus, who had been used to pass over previous flatteries in silence or with brief assent, then walked out of the Senate, thereby imperiling himself, without communicating to the other senators any impulse toward freedom.

There occurred, too, a thick succession of portents, which meant nothing. A woman gave birth to a snake, and another was killed by a thunder-bolt in her husband's embrace. Then the sun was suddenly darkened and the fourteen districts of the city were struck by lightning. All this happened quite without any providential design; so much so, that for many subsequent years Nero prolonged his reign and his crimes.

Can any thing be conceived of more incredible than such wickedness as Nero's? Yes. The baseness exhibited in view of Nero's wickedness, by the senate, and by the people of Rome, was more incredible still. Tacitus:

While Nero was lingering in the towns of Campania, doubting how he should enter Rome, whether he would find the Senate submissive and the populace enthusiastic, all the vilest courtiers, and of these never had a court a more abundant crop, argued against his hesitation, by assuring him that Agrippina's name was hated, and that her death had heightened his popularity. "He might go without a fear," they said, "and experience in his person men's veneration for him." They insisted at the same time on preceding him. They found greater enthusiasm than they had promised, the tribes coming forth to meet him, the Senate in holiday attire, troops of their children and wives arranged according to sex and age, tiers of seats raised for the spectacle, where he was to pass, as a triumph is witnessed. Thus elated and exulting over his people's slavery, he proceeded to the Capitol, performed the thanksgiving, and then plunged into all the excesses, which, though ill-restrained, some sort of respect for his mother had for awhile delayed.

"Some sort of respect for his mother" surviving in Nero, seems a rather fanciful reason for Tacitus to assign, in explaining any part of the emperor's conduct. There follows

immediately now from the hand of Tacitus as dreadful a picture of omnipotent and frolicsome despotism as ever was drawn. It is almost an adequate punishment of the infamy, to have the infamy thus pitilessly damned to everlasting contempt:

He had long had a fancy for driving a four-horse chariot, and a no less degrading taste for singing to the harp, in a theatrical fashion, when he was at dinner. This he would remind people was a royal custom, and had been the practice of ancient chiefs; it was celebrated too in the praises of poets and was meant to show honor to the gods. Songs, indeed, he said, were sacred to Apollo, and it was in the dress of a singer that that great and prophetic deity was seen in Roman temples as well as in Greek cities. He could no longer be restrained, when Seneca and Burrus thought it best to concede one point that he might not persist in both. A space was inclosed in the Vatican valley where he might manage his horses, without the spectacle being public. Soon he actually invited all the people of Rome, who extolled him in their praises, like a mob which craves for amusements and rejoices when a prince draws them the same way. However, the public exposure of his shame acted on him as an incentive instead of sickening him, as men expected. Imagining that he mitigated the scandal by disgracing many others, he brought on the stage descendants of noble families, who sold themselves, because they were paupers. As they have ended their days, I think it due to their ancestors not to hand down their names. And indeed the infamy is his who gave them wealth to reward their degradation rather than to deter them from degrading themselves. He prevailed too on some well-known Roman knights, by immense presents, to offer their services in the amphitheater; only pay from one who is able to command, carries with it the force of compulsion.

Still, not yet wishing to disgrace himself on a public stage, he instituted some games under the title of "juvenile sports," for which people of every class gave in their names. Neither rank nor age nor previous high promotion hindered any one from practicing the art of a Greek or Latin actor, and even stooping to gestures and songs unfit for a man. Noble ladies too actually played disgusting parts, and in the grove, with which Augustus had surrounded the lake for the naval fight, there were erected places for meeting and refreshment, and every incentive to excess was offered for sale. Money too was distributed, which the respectable had to spend under sheer compulsion and which the profligate gloried in squandering. Hence a rank growth of abominations and of

all infamy. Never did a more filthy rabble add a worse licentiousness to our long corrupted morals. Even, with virtuous training, purity is not easily upheld; far less amid rivalries in vice could modesty or propriety or any trace of good manners be preserved. Last of all, the emperor himself came on the stage, tuning his lute with elaborate care and trying his voice with his attendants. There were also present, to complete the show, a guard of soldiers with centurions and tribunes, and Burrus, who grieved and yet applauded. Then it was that Roman knights were first enrolled under the title of Augustani, men in their prime and remarkable for their strength, some from a natural frivolity, others from the hope of promotion. Day and night they kept up a thunder of applause, and applied to the emperor's person and voice the epithets of deities. Thus they lived in fame and honor, as if on the strength of their merits.

Nero however, that he might not be known only for his accomplishments as an actor, also affected a taste for poetry, and drew round him persons who had some skill in such compositions, but not yet generally recognized. They used to sit with him, stringing together verses prepared at home, or extemporized on the spot, and fill up his own expressions, such as they were, just as he threw them off. This is plainly shown by the very character of the poems, which have no vigor or inspiration, or unity in their flow.

He would also bestow some leisure after his banquets on the teachers of philosophy, for he enjoyed the wrangles of opposing dogmatists. And some there were who liked to exhibit their gloomy faces and looks, as one of the amusements of the court.

It is some relief to the long monotony of shame which draws out in Tacitus the story of Nero, to read of distant wars and expeditions that meanwhile continued the great career of the empire. Cor'bu-lo is a Roman general, destined to a tragical end, who, till near the close of Nero's reign, figured conspicuously as conqueror in the East. We have here no room for more than this mere mention of Corbulo's name. The name of London, scarcely disguised as Londinium, catches the eye. The place is spoken of as "much frequented by a number of merchants and trading vessels." Little did the Roman historian dream that, one day, his history would be read by Londoners who could justly claim

that their town was a city greater than Rome at its height ever was. The British queen, Bo-ä-di-ce'a, careers for a moment into the pages of Tacitus:

> Boädicea, with her daughters before her in a chariot, went up to tribe after tribe, protesting that it was indeed usual for Britons to fight under the leadership of women. "But now," she said, "it is not as a woman descended from noble ancestry, but as one of the people, that I am avenging lost freedom, my scourged body, the outraged chastity of my daughters. Roman lust has gone so far that not our very persons, nor even age or virginity, are left unpolluted. But heaven is on the side of a righteous vengeance; a legion which dared to fight has perished; the rest are hiding themselves in their camp, or are thinking anxiously of flight. They will not sustain even the din and the shout of so many thousands, much less our charge and our blows. If you weigh well the strength of the armies, and the causes of the war, you will see that in this battle you must conquer or die. This is a woman's resolve; as for men, they may live and be slaves."

Tennyson, among his "Experiments," so-called, has a powerful poem, in a peculiar measure, entitled "Boädicea." This will be read with interest, as explained and illustrated by the full text of Tacitus—which full text we have not room for, but which will be found in the fourteenth book, chapters 29–35, of the Annals. Tennyson's "Boädicea" is, in fact, a poet's paraphrase and amplification of the brave and touching story of the British queen, as told by the ancient historian. Tennyson puts into the speech of Boädicea matter related by Tacitus in paragraphs of his history preceding that which we quote above. This is picturesque, as Tennyson knows how to produce the picturesque:

> So the Queen Boädicea, standing loftily charioted,
> Brandishing in her hand a dart and rolling glances lioness-like,
> Yelled and shrieked between her daughters in her fierce volubility,
> Till her people all around the royal chariot agitated,
> Madly dashed the darts together, writhing barbarous lineäments,
> Made the noise of frosty woodlands, when they shiver in January,
> Roared as when the rolling breakers boom and blanch on the precipices,
> Yelled as when the winds of winter tear an oak on a promontory.

Burrus makes his figure in the pages of Tacitus, rather through the praises bestowed upon him by the historian, than through any recital of things that he achieved. His end was not without accompaniment of tragedy. The tale is, with that suggestion of pathos so characteristic of Tacitus, and in him so effective, thus briefly told by the historian :

> While the miseries of the State were daily growing worse, its supports were becoming weaker. Burrus died, whether from illness or from poison was a question. It was supposed to be illness from the fact that from the gradual swelling of his throat inwardly and the closing up of the passage he ceased to breathe. Many positively asserted that by Nero's order his throat was smeared with some poisonous drug under the pretense of the application of a remedy, and that Burrus, who saw through the crime, when the emperor paid him a visit, recoiled with horror from his gaze, and merely replied to his question, "I indeed am well." Rome felt for him a deep and lasting regret, because of the remembrance of his worth, because too of the merely passive virtue of one of his successors and the very flagrant iniquities of the other.

The fall from power of Seneca was as graceful, decorous, and dignified a piece of acting, as a scene well presented out of the French classic drama of the seventeenth century. Readers will think of Wolsey and King Henry the Eighth. Tacitus:

> The death of Burrus was a blow to Seneca's power, for virtue had not the same strength when one of its champions, so to say, was removed, and Nero too began to lean on worse advisers. They assailed Seneca with various charges, representing that he continued to increase a wealth which was already so vast as to be beyond the scale of a subject, and was drawing to himself the attachment of the citizens, while in the picturesqueness of his gardens and the magnificence of his country-houses he almost surpassed the emperor. They further alleged against him that he claimed for himself alone the honors of eloquence, and composed poetry more assiduously, as soon as a passion for it had seized on Nero. "Openly inimical to the prince's amusements, he disparaged his ability in driving horses, and ridiculed his voice whenever he sang. When was there to be an end of nothing being publicly admired but what Seneca was thought to have originated! Surely Nero's boyhood

was over, and he was all but in the prime of youthful manhood. He ought to shake off a tutor, furnished as he was with sufficiently noble instructors in his own ancestors."

Seneca meanwhile, aware of these slanders, which were revealed to him by those who had some respect for merit, coupled with the fact that the emperor more and more shunned his intimacy, besought the opportunity of an interview. This was granted, and he spoke as follows:

"It is fourteen years ago, Cæsar, that I was first associated with your prospects, and eight years since you have been emperor. In the interval you have heaped on me such honors and riches that nothing is wanting to my happiness but a right use of it. I will refer to great examples taken not from my own but from your position. Your great-grandfather Augustus granted to Marcus Agrippa the calm repose of Mit-y-le'ne, to Caius Mæcenas what was nearly equivalent to a foreign retreat in the capital itself. One of these men shared his wars; the other struggled with many laborious duties at Rome; both received rewards which were indeed splendid, but only proportioned to their great merits. For myself, what other recompense had I for your munificence than a culture nursed, so to speak, in the shade of retirement, and to which a glory attaches itself, because I thus seemed to have helped on the early training of your youth, an ample reward for the service.

"You on the other hand have surrounded me with vast influence and boundless wealth, so that I often think within myself, Am I, who am but of an equestrian and provincial family, numbered among the chief men of Rome? Among nobles who can show a long succession of glories, has my new name become famous? Where is the mind once content with an humble lot? Is this the man who is building up his garden terraces, who paces grandly through the suburban parks, and revels in the affluence of such broad lands and such widely spread investments? Only one apology occurs to me, that it would not have been right in me to have thwarted your bounty.

"And yet we have both filled up our respective measures, you in giving as much as a prince can bestow on a friend, and I in receiving as much as a friend can receive from a prince. All else only fosters envy, which, like all things human, sinks powerless beneath your greatness, though on me it weighs heavily. To me relief is a necessity. Just as I should implore support if exhausted by warfare or travel, so in this journey of life, old as I am and unequal even to the lightest cares, since I cannot any longer bear the burden of my wealth, I crave assistance. Order my property to be managed by your agents and to be included in your estate. Still I shall not sink myself into poverty, but having surrendered

the splendors which dazzle me, I will henceforth again devote to my mind all the leisure and attention now reserved for my gardens and country houses. You have yet before you a vigorous prime, and that on which for so many years your eyes were fixed, supreme power. We, your older friends, can answer for our quiet behavior. It will likewise redound to your honor that you have raised to the highest places men who could also bear moderate fortune."

Nero's reply was substantially this: "My being able to meet your elaborate speech with an instant rejoinder is, I consider, primarily your gift, for you taught me how to express myself not only after reflection but at a moment's notice. My great grandfather Augustus allowed Agrippa and Mæcenas to enjoy rest after their labors, but he did it at an age carrying with it an authority sufficient to justify any boon, of any sort, he might have bestowed. But neither of them did he strip of the rewards he had given. It was by war and its perils they had earned them; for in these the youth of Augustus was spent. And if I had passed my years in arms, your sword and right hand would not have failed me. But, as my actual condition required, you watched over my boyhood, then over my youth, with wisdom, counsel, and advice. And indeed your gifts to me will, as long as life holds out, be lasting possessions; those which you owe to me, your parks, investments, your country houses, are liable to accidents. Though they seem much, many far inferior to you in merit have obtained more. I am ashamed to quote the names of freedmen who parade a greater wealth. Hence I actually blush to think that, standing as you do at first in my affections, you do not as yet surpass all in fortune.

"Yours too is still a vigorous manhood, quite equal to the labors of business and to the fruit of those labors; and, as for myself, I am but treading the threshold of empire. But perhaps you count yourself inferior to Vitellius, thrice a consul, and me to Claudius. Such wealth as long thrift has procured for Volusius, my bounty, you think, cannot fully make up to you. Why not rather, if the frailty of my youth goes in any respect astray, call me back and guide yet more zealously with your help the manhood which you have instructed? It will not be your moderation, if you restore me your wealth, not your love of quiet, if you forsake your emperor, but my avarice, the fear of my cruelty, which will be in all men's mouths. Even if your self-control were praised to the utmost, still it would not be seemly in a wise man to get glory for himself in the very act of bringing disgrace on his friend."

To these words the emperor added embraces and kisses; for he was formed by nature and trained by habit to veil his hatred under delusive

flattery. Seneca thanked him, the usual end of an interview with a despot. But he entirely altered the practices of his former greatness; he kept the crowds of his visitors at a distance, avoided trains of followers, seldom appeared in Rome, as though weak health or philosophical studies detained him at home.

It is quite impossible, within the space at our command, to make anything like an adequate impression of the dreadful and shameful tragedy that drags itself interminably along, through all the pages of Tacitus that tell the story of Nero. Shame after shame, crime after crime, file before your eyes in ghastly procession. You shudder, but you are fascinated to gaze.

Marie Antoinette had in some respects her ancient counterpart in Octavia, the fair young wife of Nero. Poppæa was intolerant of any rival to her claim of absolute power over the emperor. Octavia must be driven from Nero's side, that Poppæa may marry him. For this purpose, an infamous accusation of intrigue on her part with a slave, is brought against Octavia. Her slave-girls were tortured to make them swear against their mistress. But one of them bravely swore that her mistress's person was purer than the mouth of the man who accused her. Octavia could not be condemned; but the emperor could divorce her. Divorced she was, and banished. The common people muttered dangerously in her favor, and the coward tyrant was fain to take her back. But the populace proved imprudent friends to Octavia. They flung down the statues of Poppæa and decked the images of the empress. They even rioted into the palace, with menacing shouts of joy. The soldiers dispersed them thence. But the popular triumph had already been carried too far. The reaction was fatal to Octavia.

A new crime was charged upon her. The emperor summoned Anicetus, the man that before had helped make away with his mother, and suborned him to confess an intrigue with Octavia. He should be secured from evil consequence and

be well rewarded; if he refused, he should die. Anicetus was not wanting to the emperor's wish. Tacitus, with that condensed pessimistic sarcasm of his, simply adds: "He [Anicetus] was then banished to Sardinia, where he endured exile without poverty and died a natural death." One is reminded of Juvenal's kindred remark concerning an infamous exile, prospering in spite of his crimes, that he "basked in the wrath of heaven."

Octavia was branded adulteress by the false husband's own perjury, and sent in exile to an obscure island. Tacitus, with noble restrained pathos, says:

> No exile ever filled the eyes of beholders with tears of greater compassion. Some still remembered Agrippina, banished by Tiberius, and the yet fresher memory of Julia, whom Claudius exiled, was present to men's thoughts. But they had life's prime for their stay; they had seen some happiness, and the horror of the moment was alleviated by recollections of a better lot in the past. For Octavia, from the first, her marriage-day was a kind of funeral, brought, as she was, into a house where she had nothing but scenes of mourning, her father and, an instant afterward, her brother, having been snatched from her by poison; then, a slave-girl raised above the mistress; Poppæa married only to insure a wife's ruin, and, to end all, an accusation more horrible than any death.

The brief sequel is unspeakably sad:

OCTAVIA.

> And now the girl, in her twentieth year, with centurions and soldiers around her, already removed from among the living by the forecast of doom, still could not reconcile herself to death. After an interval of a few days she received an order that she was to die, although she protested that she was now a widow and only a sister, and appealed to their common ancestors, the Germanici, and finally to the name of Agrippina, during whose life she had endured a marriage, which was miserable enough indeed, but not fatal. She was then tightly bound with cords, and the veins of every limb were opened; but as her blood was congealed by terror and flowed too slowly, she was killed outright by the steam of an intensely hot bath. To this was added the

yet more appalling horror of Poppæa beholding the severed head which was conveyed to Rome.

If there were wanting any thing to complete the shame and horror of such deeds, the servile senate supplied the deficiency. Tacitus, now, speaking with a scorn too scornful to condescend to express itself explicitly:

And for all this offerings were voted to the temples. I record the fact with a special object. Whoever would study the calamities of that period in my pages or those of other authors, is to take it for granted that as often as the emperor directed banishments or executions, so often was there a thanksgiving to the gods, and what formerly commemorated some prosperous event, was then a token of public disaster. Still, if any decree of the Senate was marked by some new flattery, or by the lowest servility, I shall not pass it over in silence.

Foils to the indescribable baseness of the senate, and reliefs to the indescribable depravity of the emperor, are provided by Tacitus, not only in the names of Burrus and Seneca, but also in the name of now and then a solitary example of surviving Roman virtue, like Memmius, Reg'u-lus, Thra-se'a. The whole effect resulting is scarcely more than to deepen a little the dark of the picture by contrast of bright. Corbulo likewise moves with the air of antique Roman grandeur, through that part of the imperial drama which meantime is enacted in the East. The reverberation of his wars reaches Rome like the sound of "thunder heard remote." We have no space in these pages to introduce the nobler background against which, on the canvas of Tacitus, Nero's effeminacy and depravity show conspicuous with a shame the more fatal to his memory. But consider in mercy —what boy ever came to "that heritage of woe," supreme despotic power, under auspices blacker than those which frowned on the youth of this imperial wretch?

The following extract from Tacitus will indicate what expedients of legislation were adopted to encourage among degenerate Romans the propagation of children, for the re-

juvenating and strengthening of the enfeebled state; and what tricks, too, of private practice were resorted to for evasion of the laws:

A very demoralizing custom had at this time become rife, of fictitious adoptions of children, on the eve of the elections or of the assignment of the provinces, by a number of childless persons, who, after obtaining along with real fathers prætorships and provinces, forthwith dismissed from paternal control the sons whom they had adopted. An appeal was made to the Senate under a keen sense of wrong. Parents pleaded natural rights and the anxieties of nurture against fraudulent evasions and the brief ceremony of adoption. "It was," they argued, "sufficient reward for the childless to have influence and distinction, every thing, in short, easy and open to them, without a care and without a burden. For themselves, they found that the promises held out by the laws, for which they had long waited, were turned into mockery, when one who knew nothing of a parent's solicitude or of the sorrows of bereavement could rise in a moment to the level of a father's long deferred hopes."

On this, a decree of the Senate was passed that a fictitious adoption should be of no avail in any department of the public service, or even hold good for acquiring an inheritance.

The destruction of Pom-pei'i is thus briefly narrated:

An earthquake too demolished a large part of Pompeii, a populous town in Campania.

Nero had a daughter born to him by Poppæa. The little creature's life happily was brief, but the eager servility of the senate, and the drunken pride of the despot, alike at her birth and at her death, appear in strong colors. Tacitus:

The place of Poppæa's confinement was the colony of Antium, where the emperor himself was born. Already had the Senate commended Poppæa's safety to the gods, and had made vows in the State's name, which were repeated again and again and duly discharged. To these was added a public thanksgiving, and a temple was decreed to the goddess of fecundity, as well as games and contests after the type of the ceremonies commemorative of Actium, and golden images of the two Fortunes were to be set up on the throne of Jupiter of the Capitol. Shows too of the circus were to be exhibited in honor of the Claudian and Domitian

families at Antium, like those at Bo-vil'læ in commemoration of the Ju'li-i. Transient distinctions all of them, as within four months the infant died. Again there was an outburst of flattery, men voting the honors of deification, of a shrine, a temple, and a priest.

The emperor, too, was as excessive in his grief as he had been in his joy. It was observed that when all the Senate rushed out to Antium to honor the recent birth, Thrasea was forbidden to go, and received with fearless spirit an affront which foreboded his doom. Then followed, as rumor says, an expression from the emperor, in which he boasted to Seneca of his reconciliation with Thrasea, on which Seneca congratulated him. And now henceforth the glory and the peril of these illustrious men grew greater.

There still recur at intervals those interludes of distant thunder muttered on the frontier of the empire, in the warlike operations of Corbulo. Frequently the eye is caught with dense and weighty sayings of the historian, which the temptation is great to transfer to these pages. But the effect would be, of course, much impaired by removal from the setting in which they originally appear. Of Corbulo's manner in public discourse Tacitus—himself, let it be remembered, of the highest repute as an orator—says, "He spoke with much impressiveness, which in him, as a military man, was as good as eloquence." Macaulay might have said that of the Duke of Wellington.

Nero took the pleasures of empire with a boyish delight that was not far off from malignity. It was perhaps an emotion as much malicious as insane, the gratification he experienced in making the proud patricians of Rome applaud him while he disgraced himself in their eyes by appearing, in private and in public, as a singer. But even Nero exercised his caution, in trying what the Roman public would bear in their emperor. It was now the year 64, and Nero was a young fellow of about twenty-six. Tacitus:

A yet keener impulse urged Nero to show himself frequently on the public stage. Hitherto he had sung in private houses or gardens, during the Juvenile games, but these he now despised, as being but little

frequented, and on too small a scale for so fine a voice. As, however, he did not venture to make a beginning at Rome, he chose Neapolis, because it was a Greek city. From this as his starting-point he might cross into Achaia, and there, winning the well known and sacred garlands of antiquity, evoke, with increased fame, the enthusiasm of the citizens.

But Tacitus says of Nero, that "even amid his pleasures there was no cessation to his crimes." It is only because the limits of our space forbid, that we omit to tell how instance after instance occurs of Romans the most conspicuous for virtue forced under imperial pressure to make away with themselves by suicide—the preferred method of which suicide was to open the veins, or the arteries, and bleed to death.

Here is something told whose very incredibleness vouches for its reality. For, had it not actually occurred, how could an historian like Tacitus have related it? The horror of it will be an antiseptic to its impurity. It may most appropriately be read by each reader alone:

Nero, to win credit for himself of enjoying nothing so much as the capital, prepared banquets in the public places, and used the whole city, so to say, as his private house. Of these entertainments the most famous for their notorious profligacy were those furnished by Tig-el-li'nus, which I will describe as an illustration, that I may not have again and again to narrate similar extravagance. He had a raft constructed on Agrippa's lake, put the guests on board and set it in motion by other vessels towing it. These vessels glittered with gold and ivory; the crews were arranged according to age and experience in vice. Birds and beasts had been procured from remote countries, and sea monsters from the ocean. On the margin of the lake were set up brothels crowded with noble ladies, and on the opposite bank were seen naked prostitutes with obscene gestures and movements. As darkness approached, all the adjacent grove and surrounding buildings resounded with song and shone brilliantly with lights. Nero, who polluted himself by every lawful or lawless indulgence, had not omitted a single abomination which could heighten his depravity, till a few days afterward he stooped to marry himself to one of that filthy herd, by name Pythagoras, with all the forms of regular wedlock. The bridal veil was put over the emperor; people

saw the witnesses of the ceremony, the wedding dower, the couch and the nuptial torches; every thing, in a word, was plainly visible, which, even when a woman weds, darkness hides.

And now follows the famous infamy of the burning of Rome under Nero, with its horrible sequel:

A disaster followed, whether accidental or treacherously contrived by the emperor, is uncertain, as authors have given both accounts, worse, however, and more dreadful than any which have ever happened to this city by the violence of fire. It had its beginning in that part of the circus which adjoins the Palatine and Cælian hills, where, amid the shops containing inflammable wares, the conflagration both broke out and instantly became so fierce and so rapid from the wind that it seized in its grasp the entire length of the circus. For here there were no houses fenced in by solid masonry, or temples surrounded by walls, or any other obstacle to interpose delay. The blaze in its fury ran first through the level portions of the city, then rising to the hills, while it again devastated every place below them, it outstripped all preventive measures; so rapid was the mischief and so completely at its mercy the city, with those narrow winding passages and irregular streets, which characterized old Rome. Added to this were the wailings of terror-stricken women, the feebleness of age, the helpless inexperience of childhood, the crowds who sought to save themselves and others, dragging out the infirm or waiting for them, and by their hurry in the one case, by their delay in the other, aggravating the confusion. Often, while they looked behind them, they were intercepted by flames on their side or in their face. Or if they reached a refuge close at hand, when this too was seized by the fire, they found, that even places which they had imagined to be remote, were involved in the same calamity. At last, doubting what they should avoid or whither betake themselves, they crowded the streets or flung themselves down in the fields, while some who had lost their all, even their very daily bread, and others out of love for their kinsfolk, whom they had been unable to rescue, perished, though escape was open to them. And no one dared to stop the mischief, because of incessant menaces from a number of persons who forbade the extinguishing of the flames, because again others openly hurled brands, and kept shouting that there was one who gave them authority, either seeking to plunder more freely, or obeying orders.

Nero at this time was at Antium, and did not return to Rome until the fire approached his house, which he had built to connect the palace with the gardens of Mæcenas. It could not, however, be stopped from

devouring the palace, the house, and every thing around it. However, to relieve the people, driven out homeless as they were, he threw open to them the Campus Martius and the public buildings of Agrippa, and even his own gardens, and raised temporary structures to receive the destitute multitude. Supplies of food were brought up from Ostia and the neighboring towns, and the price of corn was reduced to three sesterces a peck. These acts, though popular, produced no effect, since a rumor had gone forth every-where that, at the very time that the city was in flames, the emperor appeared on a private stage and sang of the destruction of Troy, comparing present misfortunes with the calamities of antiquity.

At last, after five days, an end was put to the conflagration at the foot of the Esquiline hill, by the destruction of all buildings on a vast space, so that the violence of the fire was met by clear ground and open sky. But before people had laid aside their fears, the flames returned, with no less fury this second time, and especially in the spacious districts of the city. Consequently, though there was less loss of life, the temples of the gods, and the porticoes which were devoted to enjoyment, fell in a yet more wide-spread ruin. And to this conflagration there attached the greater infamy because it broke out on the Æmilian property of Tigellinus, and it seemed that Nero was aiming at the glory of founding a new city and calling it by his name. Rome, indeed, is divided into fourteen districts, four of which remained uninjured, three were leveled to the ground, while in the other seven were left only a few shattered, half-burnt relics of houses.

Tacitus relates that Nero "availed himself of his country's desolation, and erected a mansion in which the jewels and gold, long familiar objects, quite vulgarized by our extravagance, were not so marvelous as the fields and lakes, with woods on one side to resemble a wilderness, and, on the other, open spaces and extensive views." Many audacious public works were undertaken, some of them in absolute defiance of the laws of nature. The city was splendidly rebuilt, and the gods were elaborately propitiated—in vain. Tacitus says—and here occurs the sole mention deemed necessary by the historian to be made, of a certain religious sect, destined, however little he dreamed it, to multiply, and to endure, untold centuries after that imperial Rome of which

he wrote should have become a name and a memory— Tacitus says:

All human efforts, all the lavish gifts of the emperor, and the propitiations of the gods, did not banish the sinister belief that the conflagration was the result of an order. Consequently, to get rid of the report, Nero fastened the guilt and inflicted the most exquisite tortures on a class hated for their abominations, called Christians by the populace. Christus, from whom the name had its origin, suffered the extreme penalty during the reign of Tiberius at the hands of one of our procurators, Pon'ti-us Pi-la'tus, and a most mischievous superstition, thus checked for the moment, again broke out not only in Judæa, the first source of the evil, but even in Rome, where all things hideous and shameful from every part of the world find their center and become popular. Accordingly, an arrest was first made of all who pleaded guilty; then, upon their information, an immense multitude was convicted, not so much of the crime of firing the city, as of hatred against mankind. Mockery of every sort was added to their deaths. Covered with the skins of beasts, they were torn by dogs and perished, or were nailed to crosses, or were doomed to the flames and burnt, to serve as a nightly illumination, when daylight had expired.

Nero offered his gardens for the spectacle, and was exhibiting a show in the circus, while he mingled with the people in the dress of a charioteer or stood aloft on a car. Hence, even for criminals who deserved extreme and exemplary punishment, there arose a feeling of compassion; for it was not, as it seemed, for the public good, but to glut one man's cruelty, that they were being destroyed.

The world now was ransacked and plundered to glut the passion of the emperor for profuse expenditure. The temples of the gods did not escape. Seneca felt that his own person was in danger, should he stick at committing sacrilege at the beck of the emperor. He, therefore—"it was said," as Tacitus cautiously relates it—:

To avert from himself the obloquy of sacrilege, begged for the seclusion of a remote rural retreat, and, when it was refused, feigning ill health, as though he had a nervous ailment, would not quit his chamber. According to some writers, poison was prepared for him at Nero's command by his own freedman, whose name was Cleonnicus. This Seneca avoided through the freedman's disclosure, or his own apprehension,

while he used to support life on the very simple diet of wild fruits, with water from a running stream when thirst prompted.

Wantonness of despotism, such as Nero's, could not but provoke conspiracy against the despot. Tacitus gives a circumstantial account of a plot which, having gone near to success, failed, at the critical point, through the perfidy of a freedman. The fidelity unto death of a freedwoman affords a striking contrast. Tacitus thus admiringly describes this woman's conduct:

Nero, meanwhile, remembering that E-pich'a-ris was in custody on the information of Vo-lu'si-us Proc'u-lus, and assuming that a woman's frame must be unequal to the agony, ordered her to be torn on the rack. But neither the scourge nor fire, nor the fury of the men as they increased the torture that they might not be a woman's scorn, overcame her positive denial of the charge. Thus the first day's inquiry was futile. On the morrow, as she was being dragged back on a chair to the same torments (for with her limbs all dislocated she could not stand), she tied a band, which she had stript off her bosom, in a sort of noose to the arched back of the chair, put her neck in it, and then straining with the whole weight of her body, wrung out of her frame its little remaining breath. All the nobler was the example set by a freedwoman at such a crisis in screening strangers and those whom she hardly knew, when freeborn men, Roman knights, and senators, yet unscathed by torture, betrayed, every one, his dearest kinsfolk.

Following the exposure of the plot, comes a sickening list of horrors in revenge, enacted under order of Nero. These involve the doom, now no longer to be postponed, of Seneca, the philosopher. Seneca was not a convicted conspirator. He was, perhaps, not even seriously suspected of conspiring. But Nero hated him, and would at all cost be rid of him. Seneca was reported to have said, ambiguously and darkly, concerning a man involved in the plot: "I will not talk with him, but my own safety is bound up in his." This was enough. Seneca was given the opportunity, at his option, to acknowledge or to repudiate the language attributed to him. He answered proudly and bravely. Nero, on receiv-

ing the report of his answer, asked, "Is he meditating suicide?" The officer said he saw in Seneca no signs of fear and no signs of low spirits. He was bidden go back and tell Seneca to make away with himself. Now Tacitus:

> Seneca, quite unmoved, asked for tablets on which to inscribe his will, and, on the centurion's refusal, turned to his friends, protesting that as he was forbidden to requite them, he bequeathed to them the only, but still the noblest, possession yet remaining to him, the pattern of his life, which, if they remembered, they would win a name for moral worth and steadfast friendship. At the same time [braced, beyond doubt, by the remembered example of Socrates], he called them back from their tears to manly resolution, now with friendly talk, and now with the sterner language of rebuke. "Where," he asked again and again, "are your maxims of philosophy, or the preparation of so many years' study against evils to come? Who knew not Nero's cruelty? After a mother's and a brother's murder, nothing remains but to add the destruction of a guardian and a tutor."
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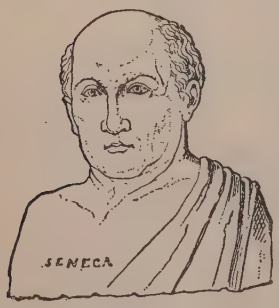
> Having spoken these and like words, meant, so to say, for all, he embraced his wife; then softening awhile from the stern resolution of the hour, he begged and implored her to spare herself the burden of perpetual sorrow, and, in the contemplation of a life virtuously spent, to endure a husband's loss with honorable consolations. She declared, in answer, that she too had decided to die, and claimed for herself the blow of the executioner. Thereupon Seneca, not to thwart her noble ambition, from an affection too which would not leave behind him for insult one whom he dearly loved, replied: "I have shown you ways of smoothing life; you prefer the glory of dying. I will not grudge you such a noble example. Let the fortitude of so courageous an end be alike in both of us, but let there be more in your decease to win fame."
>
> Then by one and the same stroke they sundered with a dagger the arteries of their arms. Seneca, as his aged frame, attenuated by frugal diet, allowed the blood to escape but slowly, severed also the veins of his legs and knees. Worn out by cruel anguish, afraid too that his sufferings might break his wife's spirit, and that, as he looked on her tortures, he might himself sink into irresolution, he persuaded her to retire into another chamber. Even at the last moment his eloquence failed him not; he summoned his secretaries, and dictated much to them which, as it has been published for all readers in his own words, I forbear to paraphrase.

Seneca's wife was not thus to die with her husband. She must survive him; and must so incur a reaction of suspicion against herself, that will cloud the fame of her courage. Nero, not hating her, and not wishing to aggravate with the people the odium of his cruelty, forbade her to die. Tacitus again:

> At the soldiers' prompting, her slaves and freedmen bound up her arms, and stanched the bleeding, whether with her knowledge is doubtful. For as the vulgar are ever ready to think the worst, there were persons who believed that, as long as she dreaded Nero's relentlessness, she sought the glory of sharing her husband's death, but that after a time, when a more soothing prospect presented itself, she yielded to the charms of life. To this she added a few subsequent years, with a most praiseworthy remembrance of her husband, and with a countenance and frame white to a degree of pallor which denoted a loss of much vital energy.

The historian returns to finish the slow suicide of Seneca:

> Seneca meantime, as the tedious process of death still lingered on, begged Sta'ti-us An-næ'us, whom he had long esteemed for his faithful friendship and medical skill, to produce a poison with which he had some time before provided himself, the same drug which extinguished the life of those who were condemned by a public sentence of the people of Athens. It was brought to him and he drank it in vain, chilled as he was throughout his limbs, and his frame closed against the efficacy of the poison. At last he entered a pool of heated water, from which he sprinkled the nearest of his slaves, adding the exclamation, "I offer this liquid as a libation to Jupiter the Deliverer." He was then carried into a bath, with the steam of which he was suffocated, and he was burned without any of the usual funeral rites. So he had directed in a codicil of his will, when even in the height of his wealth and power he was thinking of his life's close.



SENECA.

Rumor could not fail to breed plentifully in the teeming ferment of such crime and such tragedy. Subrius Flavus

was a chief conspirator from among the soldiers of Nero, while Piso was the figure-head put forward as pretender to the empire in Nero's room. Now let Tacitus give us, in his own words, a popular rumor affecting these two men, in connection with Seneca:

> There was a rumor that Subrius Flavus had held a secret consultation with the centurions, and had planned, not without Seneca's knowledge, that when Nero had been slain by Piso's instrumentality, Piso also was to be murdered, and the empire handed over to Seneca, as a man singled out for his splendid virtues by all persons of integrity. Even a saying of Flavus was popularly current, "that it mattered not as to the disgrace if a harp-player were removed and a tragic actor succeeded him." For as Nero used to sing to the harp, so did Piso in the dress of a tragedian.

Subrius Flavus did not escape. But he died at last with a scornful bravery that has immortalized his fame. Tacitus:

> Questioned by Nero as to the motives which had led him on to forget his oath of allegiance, "I hated you," he replied; "yet not a soldier was more loyal to you while you deserved to be loved. I began to hate you when you became the murderer of your mother and your wife, a charioteer, an actor, and an incendiary." I have given the man's very words, because they were not, like those of Seneca, generally published, though the rough and vigorous sentiments of a soldier ought to be no less known.
>
> Throughout the conspiracy nothing, it was certain, fell with more terror on the ears of Nero, who was as unused to be told of the crimes he perpetrated as he was eager in their perpetration. The punishment of Flavus was intrusted to Ve-ia'ni-us Niger, a tribune. At his direction, a pit was dug in a neighboring field. Flavus, on seeing it, censured it as too shallow and confined, saying to the soldiers around him, "Even this is not according to military rule." When bidden to offer his neck resolutely, "I wish," said he, "that your stroke may be as resolute." The tribune trembled greatly, and having only just severed his head at two blows, vaunted his brutality to Nero, saying that he had slain him with a blow and a half.

The opportunity seemed favorable to Nero for clearing off at once the score of his personal hatreds. Ves-ti'nus, the

consul, could not be brought under any show of suspicion. But the emperor hated him as a boon companion "who often bantered him with that rough humor which [an observation showing the historian wise in human nature], when it draws largely on facts, leaves a bitter memory behind it." Nero used his imperial reserve of outright and peremptory despotism, for the destruction of Vestinus. The soldiers came upon the consul in the midst of a banquet, at which he was entertaining friends in his own house. The tribune announced his sentence. Now Tacitus:

> He rose without a moment's delay, and every preparation was at once made. He shut himself into his chamber; a physician was at his side; his veins were opened; with life still strong in him, he was carried into a bath, and plunged into warm water, without uttering a word of pity for himself. Meanwhile the guards surrounded those who had sat at his table, and it was only at a late hour of the night that they were dismissed, when Nero, having pictured to himself and laughed over their terror at the expectation of a fatal end to their banquet, said that they had suffered enough punishment for their consul's entertainment.

The poet Lucan, author of the "Pharsalia," an epic poem on the civil war between Cæsar and Pompey, was another victim. He died at twenty-seven years of age, with theatric circumstance well befitting the type of his genius. Tacitus:

> As the blood flowed freely from him, and he felt a chill creeping through his feet and hands, and the life gradually ebbing from his extremities, though the heart was still warm and he retained his mental power, Lu-ca'nus recalled some poetry he had composed in which he had told the story of a wounded soldier dying a similar kind of death, and he recited the very lines. These were his last words.

Exactly what lines they were that Lucan, dying, tragically repeated, is not known. Two different passages are pointed out as likely, either one of them, to have been declaimed on the occasion. We give them both. They will serve very well to indicate the quality of Lucan's ambitious poem. The translator, Nicholas Rowe, has, by the turgid swell of his English

heroics, been true to the grandiose style of his original. The celebrated English essayist, John Foster, was an admirer of Lucan. In his essay on the Aversion of Men of Taste to Evangelical Religion, he has some very striking incidental remarks, appreciating what he felt to be the moral elevation and the eloquent poetry of this gifted young Roman. Lucan was a nephew of the philosopher Seneca.

The first of the two passages to be given occurs in the third book of the "Pharsalia." It describes an incident represented as taking place in the sea-fight before Marseilles, Cæsar laying siege to that city:

> On Lycidas a steely grappling struck;
> Struggling he drags with the tenacious hook,
> And deep had drowned beneath the greedy wave,
> But that his fellows strove their mate to save;
> Clung to his legs, they clasp him all they can,
> The grappling tugs, asunder flies the man.
> No single wound the gaping rupture seems,
> Where trickling crimson wells in slender streams;
> But from an opening horrible and wide
> A thousand vessels pour the bursting tide:
> At once the winding channel's course was broke,
> Where wandering life her mazy journey took;
> At once the currents all forgot their way,
> And lost their purple in the azure sea.
> Soon from the lower parts the spirits fled,
> And motionless the exhausted limbs lay dead:
> Not so the nobler regions, where the heart,
> And heaving lungs, their vital powers exert;
> There lingering late, and long-conflicting, life
> Rose against fate, and still maintained the strife:
> Driven out at length, unwillingly and slow,
> She left her mortal house, and sought the shades below.

The last eight lines foregoing certainly make a very good match with Lucan's case as described by Tacitus. There can, we think, be little doubt that this was the identical passage recited.

The second (less likely) passage is found in the ninth book. The war had now gone into Africa. Some lines here, in the original text, are of doubtful meaning. Rowe chooses a certain sense, and gives that without question. We begin our own quotation far enough back to include an interesting reference to luxurious practices observed at Rome in the displays of the amphitheatre:

> But fertile Lib'y-a still new plagues supplies,
> And to more horrid monsters turns their eyes,
> Deeply the fierce Hæmor'rho-is impressed
> Her fatal teeth on Tullus' valiant breast,
> The noble youth, with virtue's love inspired,
> Her, in her Cato, followed and admired;
> Moved by his great example, vowed to share
> With him, each change of that disastrous war.
> And as when mighty Rome's spectators meet
> In the full theater's capacious seat,
> At once, by secret pipes and channels fed,
> Rich tinctures gush from every antique head;
> At once ten thousand saffron currents flow,
> And rain their odors on the crowd below:
> So the warm blood at once from every part
> Ran purple poison down and drained the fainting heart.
> Blood falls for tears, and o'er his mournful face
> The ruddy drops their tainted passage trace:
> Where'er the liquid juices find a way
> There streams of blood, there crimson rivers stray;
> His mouth and gushing nostrils pour a flood;
> And ev'n the pores ooze out the trickling blood;
> In the red deluge all the parts lie drowned,
> And the whole body seems one bleeding wound.

Lucan, if he had lived longer, and if he had fallen on days more propitious to poetical achievement, might perhaps, outgrowing the faults of his youth, have conquered for himself a place among the greatest poets of Rome. We have been glad to present, in passing, some slight hint at least—hint, comparatively speaking, sufficient—of what work he

could do while he was still a very young man. Lucan is seldom or never studied in the school or college class-room.

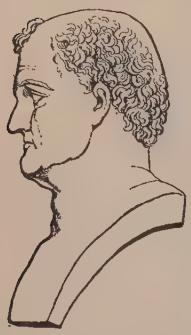
The abjectness of Rome amid this carnival of blood passes belief. "One after another," so Tacitus relates, "on the destruction of a brother, a kinsman, or a friend, would return thanks to the gods, deck his house with laurels, prostrate himself at the knees of the emperor, and weary his hand with kisses."

The rewards distributed by the emperor to informers and favorites were on a scale commensurate with the magnitude of the cruelties wreaked on the victims of imperial hatred or imperial suspicion. Every common soldier received a present of nearly a hundred dollars in money, together with his rations of grain.

Nero had established, after a fashion of the Greeks, a quinquennial contest of eloquence and song. The occasion was now approaching. The senate hoped to forestall the emperor's disgraceful exhibition of himself as competitor, by decreeing to him, in advance of the festival, the palm of victory in both music and oratory. Let Tacitus tell how well they succeeded:

> Nero, however, repeatedly declared that he wanted neither favor nor the Senate's influence, as he was a match for his rivals, and was certain, in the conscientious opinion of the judges, to win the honor by merit. First, he recited a poem on the stage; then, at the importunate request of the rabble that he would make public property of all his accomplishments (these were their words), he entered the theater, and conformed to all the laws of harp-playing, not sitting down when tired, nor wiping off the perspiration with any thing but the garment he wore, or letting himself be seen to spit or clear his nostrils. Last of all, on bended knee, he saluted the assembly with a motion of the hand, and awaited the verdict of the judges with pretended anxiety. And then the city populace, who were wont to encourage every gesture even of actors, made the place ring with measured strains of elaborate applause. One would have thought they were rejoicing, and perhaps they did rejoice, in their indifference to the public disgrace.
>
> All, however, who were present from remote towns, and still retained

the Italy of strict morals and primitive ways; all too who had come on embassies or on private business from distant provinces, where they had been unused to such wantonness, were unable to endure the spectacle or sustain the degrading fatigue, which wearied their unpracticed hands, while they disturbed those who knew their part, and were often struck by soldiers, stationed in the seats, to see that not a moment of time passed with less vigorous applause or in the silence of indifference. It was a known fact that several knights, in struggling through the narrow approaches and the pressure of the crowd, were trampled to death, and that others while keeping their seats day and night were seized with some fatal malady. For it was still worse danger to be absent from the show, as many openly and many more secretly made it their business to scrutinize names and faces, and to note the delight or the disgust of the company. Hence came cruel severities, immediately exercised on the humble, and resentments, concealed for the moment, but subsequently paid off, toward men of distinction. There was a story that Ves-pa'sian was insulted by Phœbus, a freedman, for closing his eyes in a doze, and that having with difficulty been screened by the intercessions of the well disposed, he escaped imminent destruction through his grander destiny.



VESPASIAN.

The "grander destiny" awaiting Vespasian was, in due time, to be emperor. The games over, "Poppæa died," so Tacitus relates, "from a casual outburst of rage in her husband, who felled her with a kick when she was pregnant." Nero eulogized her publicly from the rostra.

We break into the gloomy catalogue of imperial crimes recounted by Tacitus, to give the story, surpassing in tragedy, of the threefold associate death of Lucius Vetus, of Sextia, his mother-in-law, and of Pollutia, his daughter. Pollutia was the widow of a man formerly murdered by Nero. She interceded in vain with the emperor on her father's behalf. Tacitus says:

He was at the same time informed that judicial proceedings in the Senate and a dreadful sentence were hanging over him. Some there

were who advised him to name the emperor as his chief heir, and so secure the remainder for his grandchildren. But he spurned the notion, and unwilling to disgrace a life which had clung to freedom by a final act of servility, he bestowed on his slaves all his ready money, and ordered each to convey away for himself whatever he could carry, leaving only three couches for the last scene. Then in the same chamber, with the same weapon, they sundered their veins, and speedily hurried into a bath, covered each, as delicacy required, with a single garment, the father gazing intently on his daughter, the grandmother on her grandchild, she again on both, while with rival earnestness they prayed that the ebbing life might have a quick departure, each wishing to leave a relative still surviving, but just on the verge of death. Fortune preserved the due order; the oldest died first, then the others according to priority of age. They were prosecuted after their burial, and the sentence was that "they should be punished in ancient fashion." Nero interposed his veto, allowing them to die without his interference. Such were the mockeries added to murders already perpetrated.

Storms accompanied, and pestilence, to signalize, more gloomily still, this year of shameful human deeds. Tacitus interrupts himself, amid his narrative of horrible things, to say:

> Even if I had to relate foreign wars and deaths encountered in the service of the State with such a monotony of disaster, I should myself have been overcome by disgust, while I should look for weariness in my readers, sickened as they would be by the melancholy and continuous destruction of our citizens, however glorious to themselves. But now a servile submissiveness and so much wanton bloodshed at home fatigue the mind and paralyze it with grief. The only indulgence I would ask from those who will acquaint themselves with these horrors is, that I be not thought to hate men who perished so tamely. Such was the wrath of heaven against the Roman State that one may not pass over it with a single mention, as one might the defeat of armies and the capture of cities. Let us grant this privilege to the posterity of illustrious men, that just as in their funeral obsequies such men are not confounded in a common burial, so in the record of their end they may receive and retain a special memorial.

A singular case of gay and gallant greeting to compulsory death occurred—without mention of which, our picture of the

time would want something of proper contrast to make it complete. Of this incident, Caius Pe-tro'ni-us was the hero. A certain literary interest attaches to the name of Petronius. He was putative author of a phrase that is one of the most familiar commonplaces of literature—"curious felicity," as it is transferred, rather than translated, from the original Latin, *curiosa felicitas*. The words thus combined were meant to express the idea of that perfection in phrase which is the result of great care, joined to excellent good luck, in the choice of language to match your thought. Tacitus says:

With regard to Caius Petronius, I ought to dwell a little on his antecedents. His days he passed in sleep, his nights in the business and pleasures of life. Indolence had raised him to fame, as energy raises others, and he was reckoned not a debauchee and spendthrift, like most of those who squander their substance, but a man of refined luxury. And indeed his talk and his doings, the freer they were and the more show of carelessness they exhibited, were the better liked, for their look of a natural simplicity. Yet as proconsul of Bithynia, and soon afterward as consul, he showed himself a man of vigor and equal to business. Then falling back into vice, or affecting vice, he was chosen by Nero to be one of his few intimate associates, as a critic in matters of taste, while the emperor thought nothing charming or elegant in luxury unless Petronius had expressed to him his approval of it. Hence jealousy on the part of Tigellinus, who looked on him as a rival and even his superior in the science of pleasure. And so he worked on the prince's cruelty, which dominated every other passion, charging Petronius with having been the friend of Scæ-vi'nus, bribing a slave to become informer, robbing him of the means of defense, and hurrying into prison the greater part of his domestics.

It happened at the time that the emperor was on his way to Campania, and that Petronius, after going as far as Cumæ, was there detained. He bore no longer the suspense of fear or hope. Yet he did not fling away life with precipitate haste, but having made an incision in his veins and then, according to his humor, bound them up, he again opened them, while he conversed with his friends, not in a serious strain or on topics that might win for him the glory of courage. And he listened to them as they repeated, not thoughts on the immortality of the soul or on the theories of philosophers, but light poetry and playful verses. To some of his slaves he gave liberal presents, a flogging to others. He dined,

indulged himself in sleep, that death, though forced on him, might have a natural appearance. Even in his will he did not, as did many in their last moments, flatter Nero or Tigellinus or any other of the men in power. On the contrary, he described fully the prince's shameful excesses, with the names of his male and female companions and their novelties in debauchery, and sent the account under seal to Nero. Then he broke his signet-ring, that it might not be subsequently available for imperiling others.

One cannot help indulging a transient admiration of something in the dying of this Roman exquisite, of an evil time, that goes toward redeeming the ignoble of his life.

Thrasea is almost as much the chosen historical favorite of Tacitus, as William of Orange notoriously was of Macaulay. Now comes the story of the end of this "noblest Roman of them all." The historian begins it with this impressive preface: "Nero, after having butchered so many illustrious men, at last aspired to extirpate virtue itself by murdering Thrasea Pætus and Ba-re'a So-ra'nus."

An officious informer charged Thrasea to the emperor, in a strain of which the following may serve as a specimen. Tacitus:

"The country, in its eagerness for discord is now talking of you, Nero, and of Thrasea, as it talked once of Caius Cæsar and Marcus Cato. Thrasea has his followers or rather his satellites, who copy, not indeed as yet the audacious tone of his sentiments, but only his manners and his looks, a sour and gloomy set, bent on making your mirthfulness a reproach to you. He is the only man who cares not for your safety, honors not your accomplishments. The prince's prosperity he despises. Can it be that he is not satisfied with your sorrows and griefs? It shows the same spirit not to believe in Poppæa's divinity as to refuse to swear obedience to the acts of the divine Augustus and the divine Julius."

"All Rome," Tacitus says, rushed out on a certain occasion of imperial display, to do honor to the emperor, but Thrasea was ominously forbidden to appear. Thrasea, undismayed, wrote a firm letter to Nero demanding to know the

charges brought against him. The coward emperor responded by summoning his subservient senate. Now Tacitus:

> Thrasea then consulted his most intimate friends whether he should attempt or spurn defense. Conflicting advice was offered. Those who thought it best for him to enter the senate-house said that they counted confidently on his courage, and were sure that he would say nothing but what would heighten his renown. . . .
>
> Those, on the other hand, who thought that he ought to wait at home, though their opinion of him was the same, hinted that mockeries and insults were in store for him. . . .
>
> Present at this deliberation was Rusticus Ar-u-le'nus, an enthusiastic youth, who, in his ardor for renown, offered, as he was tribune of the people, to protest against the sentence of the Senate. Thrasea checked his impetuous temper, not wishing him to attempt what would be as futile and useless to the accused, as it would be fatal to the protester. "My days," he said, "are ended, and I must not now abandon a scheme of life in which for so many years I have persevered. You are at the beginning of a career of office, and your future is yet clear. Weigh thoroughly with yourself beforehand, at such a crisis as this, the path of political life on which you enter." He then reserved for his own consideration the question whether it became him to enter the Senate.

The senate listened to an address from the emperor, read by his quæstor. The cue supplied in this address was eagerly caught up by the emperor's senatorial flatterers. There followed fierce servility of invective against the two impleaded men. The conclusion was foregone. Tacitus pregnantly says, "Thrasea, Soranus, and Servilia [daughter to Soranus] were allowed the choice of death." How Thrasea died is thus related by Tacitus:

> As evening approached, the consul's quæstor was sent to Thrasea, who was passing his time in his garden. He had had a crowded gathering of distinguished men and women, giving special attention to Demetrius, a professor of the Cynic philosophy. With him, as might be inferred from his earnest expression of face and from words heard when they raised their voices, he was speculating on the nature of the soul and on the separation of the spirit from the body, till Domitius Cæ'cilia'nus, one of his intimate friends, came to him and told him in detail what the Senate had decided. When all who were present wept and

bitterly complained, Thrasea urged them to hasten their departure and not mingle their own perils with the fate of a doomed man. Arria too who aspired to follow her husband's end and the example of Arria, her mother, he counseled to preserve her life, and not rob the daughter of their love of her only stay.

Then he went out into a colonnade, where he was found by the quæstor, joyful rather than otherwise, as he had learned that Helvid'i-us, his son-in-law, was merely excluded from Italy. When he heard the Senate's decision, he led Helvidius and Demetrius into a chamber, and having laid bare the arteries of each arm, he let the blood flow freely, and, as he sprinkled it on the ground, he called the quæstor to his side and said: "We pour out a libation to Jupiter the Deliverer. Behold, young man, and may the gods avert the omen, but you have been born into times in which it is well to fortify the spirit with examples of courage." Then as the slowness of his end brought with it grievous anguish, turning his eyes on Demetrius. . . .

The "Annals" of Tacitus, as they exist to moderns, end abruptly thus, on a sentence unfinished, with Thrasea in the unfinished act of dying. The rest of Nero's reign, a period of two years, we lose from the incomparable record of Tacitus. That living bulwark of the empire, Corbulo, fell a victim to the jealousy of the emperor, being met at Corinth on his return from the East with the imperial sentence to suicide. In A. D. 68, Nero, risen against by his subjects, and himself now under sentence of death from the senate, died wretchedly at last by his own hand.

CORBULO.

NERO.

A Rome how different from the Rome of Livy, is the Rome that Tacitus describes! But the degeneracy, so great, of later Rome was, after all, only a ripeness in the fruit, of a disease that lurked from the first in the heart of the flower.

III.

PLAUTUS AND TERENCE.

The national history which, in the pages preceding, we have, by description and specimen, presented, may be considered to constitute in some sense a portrait of Rome drawn by her own hand. Of this great picture, a few leading features at least now lie under the eyes of our readers.

But Latin history is not the only autograph portrait that the Roman people drew, and transmitted to succeeding times. The serious and severe Roman genius had its fits of turning aside, in literature, from heroic historical portraying of itself, to indulge also in humorsome and rallying delineation of the national life and manners. There was Roman comedy as well as Roman history. The intent and intense quality of the Roman character might seem likely to have turned the literary mind of the nation naturally toward the production of tragedy. But the Roman spirit, while perhaps sufficiently theatric, was, if we may make such a distinction in words, very little dramatic. The drama never enjoyed a greatly flourishing existence at Rome. And as for tragedy, nothing in this kind really considerable was ever created or imported by the Romans. Their history itself, as it grew from year to year under their eyes, was perhaps a full contentment to their desire for scenic representation. That history formed, indeed, for them, as for all mankind, a continuous spectacular tragedy, at once exhibited and beheld by themselves, with the whole world for theater, and with nations for actors—Rome always herself the mighty protagonist in every act and in every scene of the ever-unfolding drama. Rome might well dispense with using her left hand to write tragedy, while she was incessantly so busy making tragedy with her right hand.

Scipio (Scipio Africanus Minor, not the conqueror of Hannibal, but the destroyer of Carthage) gave the weight of his example and influence to encourage Greek studies at Rome; and especially to encourage the importation and domestication among his countrymen, of the comedy of Greek Menander and of his compatriot fellows in authorship. It was even reported that this stately and aristocratic patrician had deigned to write Roman comedy himself, letting his production appear under the name of Terence as author. But, in the history of comedy at Rome, a little earlier than Terence, came Plautus. Plautus created the wake in which Terence, coming close after him, found it comparatively easy to follow.

We put Plautus and Terence together in treatment, both because we have not room to treat them separately, and because they are naturally associated, as being to us the two sole surviving representatives of the ancient Roman drama. Plautus, as we have said, was the elder. Plautus, in fact, is the very eldest Roman writer known to moderns by any complete work remaining from his hand. He was not many years before Terence; but Terence, by something more modern in his manner, seems two or three literary generations nearer to our time.

Plautus as well as Terence borrowed freely from the Greek. By a curious fortune in survival, the Greek Menander lives now only, or almost only, in the reproductions of his works proceeding from these two Roman borrowers. Menander was a very different writer of comedy from Aristophanes. The colossal drollery, the personal hard-hitting, the illimitable freedom, of Aristophanes, were in Menander exchanged for something much nearer to that decent raillery at current morals and manners which is the prevailing character of modern comedy. The "New Comedy," Menander's school was called, to distinguish it from the school of Aristophanes, which was called the "Old," in con-

trast. We have in part to guess how much Plautus and Terence owed to Menander. It seems clear that, as between the two, Plautus contributed more than did Terence, of the personal, and more, likewise, of the national, element, to qualify his adaptations from the Greek. In both cases alike, however, the result is a mixed product, rather puzzling to our natural sense of fitness and consistency. The Roman play had its scene laid somewhere in Hellas, the names of persons were chiefly Greek, the life represented was rather Greek than Roman; and yet Roman civil institutions and Roman traits of manners were introduced, quite as if the comic writer were unconscious of unkindly mixing things that differed; or else as if this very mixing itself were trusted to by him for enhancing his comic effect. Probably both writer and spectator were sufficiently uncritical, neither, on the one hand, to be disturbed by the incongruity, nor, on the other hand, distinctly to enjoy the incongruity, as an element of humor. We know from Terence that his audience was difficult; but it was by no means to their being over-critical that the difficulty of his audience was due. Quite to the contrary. They were childish and frisky to a degree. Terence, in one of his comedies, begs his audience to give him a chance with them. They had, it would seem, those half-civilized Romans, a reprehensible habit of flinging out of the play-house upon occasion, in the midst of the play—if, for example, they happened to hear the sound outside of any thing going forward (boxing, it might be, rope-dancing, a gladiatorial show, a procession in the street) that promised diversion at less cost to them of brain than the comedy in progress required. So the comedist of Terence's time had his trials.

Plautus was of the people. Terence was cultivated somewhat away from the people. There is a considerably stronger smack of real Roman character and life in Plautus than in Terence. Plautus lived to old age, and produced a good many plays. Terence died young, and brought out only six

plays in all. Plautus had to work for his daily bread. Terence became the favorite of the great and lived very much at his ease. Neither poet was native Roman. Plautus was of the district of Umbria, in Italy. Terence is said to have been a Carthaginian. Plautus is a nickname, meaning "flat-foot." The name Terence—Te-ren'tius is the Latin form—was probably given to the bearer from the name of his patron, the Roman patrician that freed him. For Terence was either born slave, or else had become slave by fortune of war. Titus Mac'ci-us Plautus was the full name of the one—Publius Terentius A'fer [African] of the other.

Plautus was a natural dramatist. He is full of movement and life. There is in his comedies an incessant bustle of change going forward. Every thing is spectacle with Plautus. He does not rest to moralize or reflect. True, progress is not uniformly made toward the end to be reached. But though the plot may stand still, the play does not. There is at least activity, if there is no action. Your attention is never suffered for a moment to flag.

Terence, on the other hand, depends more upon what the eye cannot see. There is an element of reflection introduced. Terence, herein, as we guess, more nicely responds, than does Plautus, to the genius and method of their common Greek original, Menander. Both writers are sufficiently coarse; but Plautus, as more Roman, is coarser than Terence. Neither seems to care for any moral lesson to be enforced. Each seeks to amuse, not at all to amend, his audience. There can be little doubt that the practical tendency of both alike was to deprave the moral tone of Roman character. The influence exerted for bane by such importations from Greece as Plautus and Terence purveyed for the amusement of Rome, may be likened to the influence exerted by licentious French ballets and licentious French operas, working, through English adaptations, to debauch the taste and morals of England or America. It was an evil hour for Rome, when

she began to be accustomed to see reverend old age flouted in the comic theater, and to laugh there at trickeries and knaveries, practiced at the expense of every thing that was holy in home life and in the conjugal relation. It is a sad lesson in enlightened pagan manners, the lesson that we learn from Plautus and Terence. The canker is in them somewhat opened to view, that secretly worked beneath the gallant show of full-flowering Roman life and character.

It is one of the traditions of the famous Westminster School, in England, to present annually, about Christmas time, some select Latin play. The tradition, indeed, is something more than mere tradition. The Westminster School is under ancient charter obligation to pay such tribute to the Roman comedy. For these classic entertainments, Terence is the favorite source of supply.

Animated, perhaps, by the English example, the students of the University of Michigan, two or three years ago, presented, with much circumstance, and with success to correspond, a play of Terence, in his original Latin. The lady students of Washington University, in St. Louis, were not to be outdone. They followed almost immediately with a play of Plautus. Going beyond their peers at Ann Arbor, these ladies took the trouble to make a translation into English prose of Plautus's text, and furnished this in a libretto for the convenience of such spectators of the play as might chance to have grown rusty in their familiarity with comic Latin. It ought to be said that, as might properly be expected, the diction, and, to some extent, the syntax, of Latin comedy, differ from the standard of classic prose. We have in the comedy more familiarity, more idiom, more conversational slipshod. This character in their original, the St. Louis translators reproduced in their version. (The verse of Latin comedy is not dactylic, but iambic, with trochees intermingled—a free and easy meter suited to the use to which it was put. Archaic forms are frequent.)

We are limited in our choice from among the works of Plautus and Terence, by the inseparable moral character of their comedies. Hardly, indeed, could any single play out of the whole number be presented here entire. We must use care in choosing, and then we must also expurgate with care. On the whole, we shall go pretty safely, if, for Plautus, we take the play selected by the young ladies of Washington University. This is "Rudens," or "The Shipwreck," as the name sometimes is given. *Rudens* means "rope." A fisherman's rope plays an important part in the action. A violent tempest at sea occurs, whence the title "Shipwreck." One almost ventures to be reminded of The Tempest, of Shakespeare.

Plautus usually began his plays with a prologue. The idea of the prologue, with him, was to explain somewhat beforehand to spectators the plot of the play. The prologue of Rudens is, in distinction from the body of the play, versified by the young ladies of Washington University. Considered as translation, their verse is very free; but it is spirited. The translators, through the whole comedy, abridge their original. Their form of the prologue we give entire; it will be found to serve its explanatory purpose very well. (By permission, we use the Washington University translation, throughout the play.)

The speaker of the prologue is Arc-tu'rus, a star, supposed to bode wind and storm. Probably the actor who personated Arcturus displayed a decoration in the form of a brilliant star. The appointments of the comic theater in Rome were simple and rude. In the time of Plautus and Terence, there was not even a permanent building devoted to theatric representation. A wooden structure, hastily thrown together, and temporary in its design, was made to answer the purpose. Not until Pompey's time was there a durable theater of stone. Imagine, then, an actor designated and illustrated with a star, perhaps on his forehead, appearing before the

expectant audience, and, at the beginning of the representation, delivering himself of the following prologue:

Splendid and glowing, a subject am I
Of the king of the bright constellations,
Rising as pleases my own sovereign will,
Both on earth and above in the heavens.
Nightly I shine in the clear azure sky,
And there with celestials hold converse;
Daily I walk midst the dwellings of men,
And am worshiped on earth as Arcturus.
Now I will show you the reason I came,
And will tell you the plot of this story.
Diph'i-lus wished that the name of this town
(To the right of you here) be Cyrene.
Here in this villa o'erlooking the sea,
Dwells one Dæmones, exiled from Athens.
Not on account of his own wicked deeds,
But through services rendered to others,
Lost he his fortune and lost he his home,
And grows gray here in want and in sorrow.
Once a young daughter had smoothed from his brow
Every wrinkle that care might have wrought there;
She in her youth had been stolen away,
And been sold to a wicked slave-dealer.
Fate had ordained that the girl should be brought
To this town near the home of her father.
Here, while returning one day from her school,
She was seen by the youth Ples-i-dip'pus;
Beauty and grace gave her wonderful charms,
And in haste to her master he hurried,
Purchased the girl for himself with bright gold,
And bound with an oath the slave-dealer.
This one, however, did shame to his trade,
If he cared e'en a straw for his pledges.
He had a guest, a Sicilian old man,
Who had fled from his home, Ag-ri-gen'tum:
This one declares that the place in the world,
Which is best for his host and his business,
Sicily, home of his youth and his crime,
Is the market for slaves and slave-dealers.

Soon he obtains the vile master's consent,
And they hire a ship, but in secret;
That which is needed by night they convey
To the ship, and make ready for starting.
Vows to the temple of Venus, he says
To the youth, are the cause of his going.
(This is the temple at which he pretends
He is going to pay his devotions.)
Thither he asks that the youth will soon come,
And invites him to join him at breakfast.
Others make clear to the youth what this means,
That the scoundrel has only deceived him.
He, when he comes to the harbor, perceives
That the ship is quite lost in the distance.
I, since I know that the girl has by fraud
Been taken away from Cyrene,
Raise a great storm that both brings her swift aid,
And destruction at once to her master.
He and his guest are thrown out by the waves,
And barely escape death by swimming.
She and a hand-maid leap into a skiff,
And are driven ashore by the tempest,
Here by the house of her father unknown,
Whose tiling the storm-wind has injured.
This is his slave who is just coming out,
And the youth Plesidippus, the lover,
Soon will appear. Fare you well, and be strong,
That your enemies all may be vanquished.

The "Argument" prefixed to the play is further helpful to the understanding of the dramatic design:

"A fisherman drew up from the sea with his net a wallet, which contained the trinkets of his master's daughter, who, having been stolen in her youth, was now owned by a slave-dealer. Thrown ashore in a shipwreck, she came, without her knowledge, under the protection of her own father. She was recognized and married to her lover, Ples-i-dip'pus."

Sce-par'nio is a slave of Dæ'mon-es. Dæmones is the man to whom the lost girl of the play will be restored, as his daughter. Sceparnio, with Dæmones, stands on the

shore watching the fortunes of a skiff struggling in the surf. His description of what he sees is life-like. It is a very good specimen of dramatic vision. "What is it you see?" asks Dæmones. Sceparnio replies:

Sceparnio. Two women seated alone in a skiff! Poor wretches! how they are tossed about! Well done! Well done! First-rate! The wave has turned the skiff from the rock toward the shore! No pilot could have done better. I never saw higher waves. They're all right, if they avoid those waves. Now! now, look out! See how one of them is thrown out! But she's in shallow water. She will easily swim out. Well done! She's all right. She has got out of the water. Now she's on the shore. The other one has jumped from the skiff into the water. See her fall on her knees in the water! There, she is up! If she turns this way, she's safe. If she goes to the right, she'll be badly off! She'll wander around to-day, I guess.

Dæmones. What difference does it make to you, Sceparnio?

Sc. If she falls down from that rock whither she is going, she'll shorten her wandering.

Dæ. If you're going to dine with them to-day, Sceparnio, look after them, of course; but if you are going to eat with me, I wish you'd attend to me.

Sc. That's only fair.

Dæ. Then follow me.

Sc. All right.

The cool indifference exhibited by the master Dæmones is well contrasted against the lively interest, of sympathy, or of curiosity, shown by the slave Sceparnio. If readers find provincialisms in the English rendering, such provincialisms they may take to represent the unconventional freedom of the original Latin.

The two women—one of whom is Pa-læs'tra, the lost daughter, still claimed by the slave-dealer La'brax as his property—finally get safe to land, but separately, each thinking the other is drowned. The coming together of the two must have been a very amusing representation, as managed by the playwright and the scene-master between them. A ledge or cliff of rock kept the two women from seeing each

other, while still they could hear each the other's voice. The audience, meantime, could see both the two persons of the action. Each has been soliloquizing aloud, within hearing of the other—when Palæstra speaks:

Palæstra. Whose voice sounds near me?

Ampelisca. I am afraid; who is talking here?

Pa. Good Hope, I beg you come to my aid.

Am. It is a woman; a woman's voice reaches my ears. Wont you free me, wretch that I am, from this dread?

Pa. Surely it's a woman's voice I hear. Is it Am-pe-lis'ca, pray?

Am. Do I hear you, Palæstra?

Pa. Why don't I call her by her name, so that she'll know me? Ampelisca!

Am. Hem! Who is it?

Pa. It is I.

Am. Is that you, Palæstra?

Pa. Yes.

Am. Where are you?

Pa. By Pollux, in the greatest evil.

Am. I'm no better off myself. But I long to see you.

Pa. And I you.

Am. Let's follow the voice with the footsteps. Where are you?

Pa. Here I am. Come this way.

Am. I'm coming as well as I can.

Pa. Give me your hand.

Am. Here it is.

Pa. Are you alive? Speak, pray.

Am. You make me want to live, now that I have you. I can scarcely believe that I do have you. Embrace me, my love. How you relieve me of all my troubles.

Pa. That was what I was going to say.

The humor of the foregoing passage, of course, lies in the situation rather than in the dialogue. The success of it with an audience would depend upon the scenery and the acting. Still the merit of the conception—whatever that merit may be—belongs to the original inventor. Who the original inventor was, nobody knows. Perhaps Plautus himself, perhaps Menander, Diph'i-lus, or some other Greek now nameless.

The two girls make their way to a temple of Venus not far off, where they are kindly welcomed by the priestess.

There are some gaps in the text of Plautus, and, besides this, the translators whom we follow, very judiciously make, as we have said, omissions here and there. The scene now to be given is on the border-line between proper and improper; but it will afford an instructive hint of what Roman comedists purveyed for their audience. Ampelisca, Palæstra's companion in shipwreck and in hair-breadth escape, has been dispatched by the priestess of Venus to fetch water from the house of Dæmones. She raps at the door and is answered by our friend the slave Sceparnio.

Sceparnio. Who's making such a racket at our door?

Ampelisca. I am.

Sc. Ha! What good fortune is this? By Pollux, what a pretty woman!

Am. Good morning, young man.

Sc. You're welcome, my lady.

Am. I'm coming to your house.

Sc. I'll receive you hospitably; but what do you want, my pretty one?

Am. O, you're too familiar. (*He chucks her under the chin.*)

Sc. Immortal gods! she's the very image of Venus! What lovely eyes! What a pretty figure! She's quite dark—I mean to say, a handsome brunette.

Am. I'm no dish for the village. Take your hands off me!

Sc. Can't one touch you prettily, my pretty one?

Am. At another time I'll give you opportunity for a flirtation. Now I'd like you to say yes or no to the errand I'm sent on.

Sc. What do you want?

Am. Any one with good sense would know by what I carry.

Sc. And any one with good sense would know my errand by my attire.

Am. The priestess of Venus told me to ask for water here.

Sc. But I'm of royal descent, and wont give you a drop unless you beg me. We dug this well at our own risk and with our own tools. You wont get a drop from me without a great deal of coaxing.

Am. Why are you so stingy with your water, which even an enemy gives an enemy?

Sc. And why are you so stingy with your love, which a citizen gives a citizen?

Am. Well, my darling, I'll do every thing you wish.

Sc. Good! I'm all right now; she calls me her darling. I'll give you water; you sha'n't love me in vain; give me your pitcher.

Am. Take it. Hasten, pray, and bring it back.

Sc. Wait; I'll soon be back, my dear. (*Exit Sceparino.*)

While Sceparnio is gone for the water—to Ampelisca's dismay, Labrax, the slave-dealer, appears on the shore. Ampelisca had thought he was happily drowned and out of the way. She runs off, and Sceparnio coming back finds her gone. He had been chuckling to himself over his luck in having a chance to flirt with Ampelisca. When he reappears with the water, he is speaking aloud:

Sc. O, immortal gods! I never believed there was so much pleasure in drawing water; with how much delight I drew it. The well never seemed so shallow; why, I got it up without a bit of trouble. Haven't I been a fool never to have fallen in love before! Here's your water, my beauty. There, I want you to carry it off with as much pleasure as I bring it; so that you may please me. But where are you, my dear? Take this water, if you please. Where are you? I believe she's in love with me! She's hiding. Where are you? Wont you take this pitcher? Where are you? (*Gets more earnest.*) You play nicely, but now really be serious. Wont you take the pitcher? (*Begins to get angry.*) Where in the world are you? I don't see her anywhere; by Hercules, she's making game of me! (*In a rage.*) I'll put this pitcher right down in the middle of the road. (*Starts off but comes back slowly, reflecting.*) But what if some one should carry off this sacred urn of Venus? It might get me into trouble. By Hercules, I fear lest this woman has laid some plot that I may be caught with the sacred urn of Venus in my possession. The officers would, very justly, make me die in prison, if any one should see me have this. (*Examines it more closely.*) For here's an inscription on it; this tells whose it is! Now, by Hercules, I'll call the priestess of Venus out of doors to take the pitcher. (*Goes up and knocks at the temple.*) Halloo! Ptol-e-mo-cra'tia! If you please, come and take this pitcher. Some woman or other brought it to me. It must be carried in. (*Aside.*) I have found work enough, if I'm to carry water in to them. (*Goes into the temple.*)

One can hear the roars of Roman laughter with which this scene would be greeted. The drollery is broad enough to

be appreciated by every body, as the acting would bring the points sharply out.

There is a scene now between Labrax, the slave-dealer, and his friend Char'mi-des. These worthies, having lost every thing, bemoan themselves and chide each other. Labrax had had a wallet that contained all his valuables. This is gone now, and the two pretty slave-girls are gone. Labrax is wretched. Slave-dealer we have called this fellow, but he in truth was slave-dealer of a particular sort, a sort especially infamous even with the ancients. He was a procurer.

Sceparnio, coming out of the temple, meets Labrax and Charmides. There is some racy talk between him and them, in which Sceparnio vents his ill-humor amusingly at their expense. But he lets out the secret that Labrax's slave-girls are in sanctuary within.

We have thus got through two acts of the comedy. The third act introduces another set of characters. Plesidippus, Palæstra's lover, a young Athenian, appears upon the scene—first, however, by proxy, in the person of his confidential slave Tra-cha'lio. Trachalio raises an uproarious hue and cry in the street. Cyrenians all are adjured to render help. The incoherent alarum of his outcry engages the attention of Dæmones. Very diverting is the back and forth between these two, while Dæmones tries to learn from Trachalio what the pother is all about. The upshot is that several slaves of Dæmones rush into the temple to rescue the girls and to thrash Labrax. The sound of this is heard outside. The girls meantime issue from the temple and Trachalio seeks to reassure them. There follows a long scene of brisk dialogue, with Dæmones, Trachalio, and Labrax for interlocutors. It is a triangular contest of menace, abuse, and braggadocio. The frank brutality of it would no doubt be highly refreshing to the groundlings of the ancient comic theater. The flavor is rich and strong. Of course, Labrax

has, on the whole, the worst of it. He gives up getting his slave property by force.

Plesidippus is now at hand in person. Labrax, in vain imploring help, spurned as he is from every quarter, is dragged off to be tried for fraud committed by him in taking earnest-money from Plesidippus for Palæstra, and then running off with her to sea. The lively dialogue through which the foregoing result is reached, brings out contrasted character admirably. Plautus is a true dramatist.

The fourth act hints the approaching denouement. Gripus, fisherman, makes his appearance. Gripus has fished up Labrax's lost wallet with its valuable contents. This wallet will turn out to contain the keepsake trinkets proving Palæstra the long-lost daughter of Dæmones. Gripus is in the act of hiding his treasure-trove, all the while purring aloud to himself over his good luck, when Trachalio comes up. There is an amusing confabulation between the two men, too long drawn out for us to print here, but animated and very racy of character. The result is that Trachalio, having caught sight of Gripus's find, succeeds, by dint of threat and persistency, in getting that fisherman to submit the question of ownership in the wallet to Dæmones, as convenient arbiter. Gripus is well content to have it so—Dæmones, although the other does not know this, being Gripus's indulgent master. The scene that ensues, when the matter is referred to Dæmones, has interest enough, both of dramatic dialogue and of dramatic development, to be shown our readers. It will very well illustrate the lively bustle of movement that fills a comedy of Plautus. The cruel relation of master and slave has a grateful relief—probably true to many instances of real life—in the representation of Gripus's freedom of manner with Dæmones. The kindliness happily then as now inborn in some natures, was not always quite spoiled by the evil influence of despotic power, such as the master possessed over his slave.

Dæmones is just answering the appeal of the shipwrecked girls, as the fourth scene of the fourth act opens. At the self-same moment, the contestants, Gripus and Trachalio, arrive. It is a duel between these two, which of them shall get the ear of Dæmones. Now the text of the play, condensed:

Gr. Hail, master!
Dæ. Hail, what's going on?
Tr. Is this fellow your slave?
Gr. He's not ashamed of it.
Tr. I'm not talking to you.
Gr. Then go away from here, I beg.
Tr. Pray, answer, old gentleman, is this your slave?
Dæ. He is.

. . . . . .

Gr. Really, if you had any shame, you'd go away from here.
Dæ. Gripus, pay attention, and be silent.
Gr. And he speak first?
Dæ. (*To Gripus*) Listen. (*To Trachalio*) You speak.
Gr. Will you let another's slave speak before your own?
Tr. Pshaw! how hard it is to check that fellow. As I began to say, this one has the wallet of the slave-dealer whom you thrust out of the temple of Venus a short time ago.
Gr. If I caught it in the sea with my net, how is it more yours than mine?
Tr. Until the first speaker gets through, silence this fellow, pray, if he's yours.
Gr. What, you wish that inflicted on me which your master is accustomed to administer to you? If he's used to checking you that way, not so my master.
Dæ. He's got ahead of you in that speech. What do you want now? Tell me.
Tr. There is in that wallet a little casket belonging to this woman, who, I lately said, had been free. . . . Those trinkets, which she had long ago as a child, are in the casket. That slave of yours has no use for this, and it will afford help to that wretched girl, if he will give her that by which she may find her parents.
Dæ. I'll make him give it up; be quiet.
Gr. By Hercules, I'm not going to give any thing to him.
Tr. I demand nothing but the casket and the trinkets.

Gr. What, if these are golden?

Tr. What is that to you? Gold will be given for gold, silver for silver.

Gr. Let me see the gold; then I'll let you see the casket.

Dæ. (*To Gripus*) Take care and hold your tongue. (*To Trachalio*) You proceed as you began.

Tr. I ask of you one thing, that you pity this woman, if this is the wallet of that slave-dealer, as I suspect. I do not affirm this as a certainty, but I think it is.

Gr. Do you see how the villain is laying his snares?

Tr. Permit me to speak, as I began. If this wallet belongs to that rascal whom I have named, the articles can be identified; order him to show them to these girls.

Gr. What do you say? To show them?

Dæ. He asks but what is just—that the wallet be shown.

Gr. Nay, by Hercules, it is flagrantly unjust.

Dæ. Why, pray?

Gr. Because, if I show it, straightway they will declare that they recognize it.

Tr. Source of villainy, do you judge all men by yourself? Fount of perjury!

Gr. I can grin and bear your abuse, if only my master sides with me.

Tr. But now he's on the other side; he will get the truth out of the wallet.

Dæ. (*To Gripus*) Gripus, pay attention. (*To Trachalio*) State briefly what you want.

Tr. I have said truly; but if you didn't understand I'll say it again. Both of these girls, as I said a short time ago, ought to be free. This maiden, when a child, was stolen from Athens.

. . . . . .

Gr. May Jupiter and the gods destroy you! What are you saying, hangman? What, are those girls dumb, that they can't speak for themselves? . . . (*To Dæmones*) Pray, am I to talk at all to-day?

Dæ. If you say one word more, I'll break your head.

Tr. As I began to say, old gentleman, I beg you would order this slave to return the casket to them. If he asks any reward for this, it shall be given. Whatever else there is in it he can have for himself.

Gr. Now, at length, you say that, since you see it is my right. A while ago you claimed half.

Dæ. Can't I check you without a beating?

Gr. If he is silent, I will be silent; if he speaks, let me speak in my own behalf.

Dæ. Give me now the wallet, Gripus.

Gr. I will trust it to you, but on the condition that if none of those things are in it, it shall be returned.

Dæ. It shall be returned.

Gr. Take it. (*He gives Dæmones the wallet.*)

Dæ. Hear now, Palæstra and Ampelisca, what I say: Is this the wallet in which he said your casket was?

Pa. I will easily make this thing clear to you. There must be in this matter a wooden casket. I will call over the name of every thing therein; you will show nothing to me. If I shall speak falsely, I shall speak to no purpose. Then you will have for yourself whatever there is in it. But if I speak the truth, then I beg you, that my property may be returned to me.

Dæ. That pleases me. I think you speak fairly.

Gr. By Hercules, I think she speaks very unfairly. What, if she is a sorceress or a witch, and shall mention truly the names of all things therein? Shall the witch have it?

Dæ. She'll not take it off, unless she speaks the truth. She'll act the witch in vain. Open the wallet, then, that as soon as possible I may know the truth.

Gr. He has it; it is open. Ah, I am lost! I see the casket.

Dæ. Is this it? (*Dæmones takes out the casket.*)

Pa. It is. O, my parents, here I hold you inclosed. Here I have my hope and means of finding you stored away.

Gr. Then the gods should be angry with you, whoever you are, for having boxed your parents up in such a narrow place.

Dæ. Gripus, come here; your interests are at stake. You, maiden, tell from where you are, what is within this, and of what appearance it is; mention everything. If, by Hercules, you shall make a mistake, you'll not be able hereafter to rectify it; you will lose your labor in the attempt.

Gr. You ask simple justice.

Tr. (*To Gripus*) By Pollux, he doesn't ask it of you, for you are unjust.

Dæ. Speak now, girl. Gripus, pay attention and be quiet.

Pa. There are trinkets in it.

Dæ. Yes, I see them.

Gr. I am killed by the first shot; hold on, don't show them.

Dæ. Of what sort are they? answer in order.

Pa. First, a little golden sword engraved with letters.

Dæ. Tell me now what letters are on that sword.

Pa. The name of my father. Next was a small two-edged battle-ax, likewise golden, and also engraved. On the little ax was my mother's name.

Dæ. Stay. Tell me, what is the name of your father on this sword.

Pa. Dæmones.

Dæ. Immortal gods, where are my hopes?

Gr. Nay, rather, by Pollux, where are mine?

Dæ. Continue, I beg you, at once.

Gr. Softly, or go to perdition.

Dæ. Speak, what is your mother's name on the little battle-ax?

Pa. Dædalis.

Dæ. The gods desire my safety.

Gr. But my destruction.

Dæ. This must be my daughter, Gripus.

Gr. She may be, for all I care. (*To Trachalio*) May the gods destroy you who saw me to-day, and myself, fool that I was, not to look around a hundred times to take care that none saw me, before I drew this from the water.

Pa. Then a little silver sickle and two little hands joined, and a windlass.

Gr. Confound you with your pigs and swine.

Pa. And a golden bulla that my father gave me on my birthday.

Dæ. It is she, truly. I cannot be restrained from embracing her. Hail, my daughter! I am your father; I am Dæmones; and here within is your mother, Dædalis.

Pa. Hail, my unlooked-for father!

Dæ. Hail! with what pleasure I embrace you.

Tr. It is pleasant that your piety has met its reward.

Dæ. Come, Trachalio, carry in the wallet.

Tr. See the knavery of Gripus; since you've had bad luck, I congratulate you, Gripus.

Dæ. Come, my daughter, let us go to your mother. She can more minutely examine the matter, for she took care of you, and knows all about you.

Tr. Let us all go within, since we give joint assistance.

Pa. Follow me, Ampelisca.

Am. It is a pleasure to me that the gods befriend you.

The fifth act has little to do but to wind up the play, with the happiest results accruing all around to the parties concerned. Gripus learns that his master is minded to restore

the wallet to the slave-dealer. Here is a bit of the colloquy about it between master and slave:

Gr. That's the reason you're poor, because you're too awfully honest.

Dæ. O, Gripus, Gripus! shall I conceal what's brought to me, when I know it belongs to somebody else? Our Dæmones can't do that sort of thing anyhow. It is proper for wise men always to look out for this, not to be partners in guilt with their slaves. I care nothing for money, except when I'm gaming.

Gr. I've seen actors in just that very way get off wise saws and be applauded, when they recommended these fine morals to the people. But when afterwards everybody went home, no one acted in the way they advised.

Dæ. Go into the house; don't be bothersome; hold your tongue, I'll not give you any thing; don't you be mistaken.

Gr. Then I pray the gods, that whatever there is in that wallet, whether gold or silver, it may all go to the dogs.

This free-spoken slave had, for the purpose at least of that petulant moment, a low opinion of the teaching power of the drama. His petulance did not, perhaps, in this case lead him widely astray.

Gripus is by no means at the end of his shifts to make something yet out of that wallet. He meets Labrax and drives with him a sharp bargain, according to which, for a handsome consideration in gold, he on his own part engages to get the lost wallet restored to its owner; Gripus will thus profit by his master's declared purpose to make the restitution. He binds Labrax by a tremendous oath to make the promised payment of money. Labrax, however, though he swore with his lips, kept his mind unsworn. Having got back his wallet and, in voluntary requital to Dæmones, relinquished all claim on Palæstra, he snaps his fingers at Gripus, refusing to pay that party in interest any fraction of what he had promised. Dæmones overhears the two bandying words in altercation, and intervenes to get justice done. The way in which all is accomplished affords good dramatic opportunity for entertaining dialogue and lively exhibition of char-

acter. Gripus is kept in suspense, but even he says "All right" at last:

Dæ. Did you promise money to this slave?

La. I confess, I did.

Dæ. What you promised my slave ought to belong to me. Slave-dealer, don't you think you can use a slave-dealer's faith here; you can't do it.

Gr. Now do you think you have found a man whom you can cheat? Good money must be paid to me; I'll give it over to this one right off, that he may set me free.

Dæ. Inasmuch, therefore, as I have been liberal to you, and these things have been saved to you through my aid—

Gr. Nay, by Hercules, through mine, don't you say yours!

Dæ. (*Aside to Gripus*) If you're sharp, you'll keep still. (*To Labrax*) Then it is only fair for you to be liberal to me, well deserving it.

La. Are you forsooth seeking my rights?

Dæ. It's a wonder I don't seek from you your rights at your own peril.

Gr. I'm safe, the rascal's wavering; I foresee my freedom.

Dæ. This one here found your wallet; he is my slave. Furthermore, I have preserved this for you with a great sum of money.

La. I am grateful to you; and as for that talent which I swore to this fellow here, there's no reason but that you should have it.

Gr. Here you, give it to me, then, if you're wise.

Dæ. Will you keep still or not?

Gr. You are just pretending to plead my suit. By Hercules, you sha'n't cheat me out of this, if I did have to lose the rest of the find.

Dæ. You shall have a beating if you add another word.

Gr. By Hercules, you may kill me! I'll never be silenced in any other way than by a talent.

La. (*To Gripus*) Indeed, he is aiding you, keep still.

Dæ. Come this way, slave-dealer.

La. All right.

Gr. Do this business openly now, I don't want any muttering nor whispering.

Dæ. Tell me, how much did you pay for that other little woman of yours, Ampelisca?

La. A thousand didrachms.

Dæ. Are you willing for me to make you a handsome offer?

La. Certainly.

Dæ. I'll divide a talent—

La. All right.

Dæ. And you keep half for this other woman, that she may be free, and give half to this boy here.

La. Very good. (*Pays Dæmones a half talent.*)

Dæ. For that half I'll free Gripus, through whom you found your wallet, and I my daughter.

La. You do well, I thank you much.

Gr. How soon, then, is the money going to be given to me?

Dæ. The affair is settled, Gripus, I've got the money.

Gr. Yes, I know you've got it, but I want it, by Hercules!

Dæ. Nothing of this goes to you, and don't expect it. I want that you should give him a release from his oath.

Gr. By Hercules, I'm done for! Unless I hang myself, I'm lost. Never shall you cheat me again after this day.

Dæ. Sup here to-day, slave-dealer.

La. All right; I'm delighted with the invitation.

Dæ. Follow me within. Spectators, I would invite you also to supper, if I had any thing to give, and there was enough at home for a feast, and I did not believe you had been invited elsewhere to supper. But if you are willing to give kind applause to this play, then do you all come and banquet with me sixteen years hence. You two shall sup here to-night.

Gr. All right.

All. Farewell, dear friends, now give applause,
And happy live by fate's fixed laws.

A very satisfactory upshot to the action of the comedy, we are sure all readers will admit.

The time of Plautus is well marked in his play of "Pœnulus" ("The Young Carthaginian"). This piece was written during the Second Punic War. It introduces some Carthaginian characters, treating them on the whole with a degree of respect which reflects credit on the love of fair play that must have been presumed by Plautus to inspire his audience. It contains a philological curiosity. This is a short passage (some fifteen lines) purporting, whether humorously or not, to be in the Carthaginian language. If such be really its character, it constitutes the sole specimen surviv-

ing of that perished speech. Learned authorities have widely differed as to the true way of regarding this curious bit of jargon. Some have insisted that it is modified Hebrew; others that it is Chinese, Persian, Coptic. More skeptical scholars, endowed with a wise sense of humor, have found it an ingenious invention of Plautus's own. The lines, whatever their linguistic significance, are put into the mouth of Hanno, the Carthaginian. Would our readers like to exercise their own wits on the puzzle? Here are the first three lines, given according to the text of this passage found in the celebrated "Delphin Classics"; in different editions, important variations occur:

> Ythalonim, vualonuth si chorathisima comsyth,
> Chym lachchunyth mumys thalmyctibari imisci
> Lipho canet hyth bymithii ad ædin bynuthii.

Of Terence very brief presentation must suffice. Let us take for our specimen the play exhibited by the Ann Arbor students —"The Brothers," so entitled. For this play, we have the good fortune to possess a translation in verse by George Colman the elder. Though now near a hundred years old, it is free from archaic quality, and it runs off with smoothness and ease. The Ann Arbor young men printed it in parallel pages with the original text, in a neat libretto, for the use of their audience.

TERENCE.

The prologue is a signally honest piece of writing. The frank-spokenness of it propitiates one. The author, who outright thus proclaims his own borrowing, is at least no sneak of a plagiarist. It will be observed that Terence's prologue differs from Plautus's in not explaining, as that did, the plot of the play. The anonymous allusion to Scipio, as reported

collaborator with Terence in production of comedy, will not escape the attention of the reader:

> The bard, perceiving his piece cavill'd at
> By partial critics, and his adversaries
> Misrepresenting what we're now to play,
> Pleads his own cause: and you shall be the judges,
> Whether he merits praise or condemnation.
> The *Synapothnescontes* is a piece
> By Diphilus, a comedy which Plautus,
> Having translated, call'd COMMORIENTES.
> In the beginning of the Grecian play
> There is a youth, who rends a girl perforce
> From a procurer: and this incident,
> Untouch'd by Plautus, render'd word for word,
> Has our bard interwoven with his *Brothers*—
> The new piece which we represent to-day.
> Say then if this be theft, or honest use
> Of what remained unoccupied. For that
> Which malice tells, that certain noble persons
> Assist the bard, and write in concert with him;
> That which they deem a heavy slander, he
> Esteems his greatest praise: that he can please
> Those who please you, who all the people please;
> Those who in war, in peace, in council, ever
> Have rendered you the dearest services,
> And ever borne their faculties so meekly.
> Expect not now the story of the play:
> Part the old men, who first appear, will open;
> Part will in act be shown. Be favorable;
> And let your candor to the poet now
> Increase his future earnestness to write!

We give an explication of the plot, in the words of the "Introduction" to the Ann Arbor libretto:

"Its name, 'The Brothers,' is derived from the two pairs of brothers with whose fortunes the play is chiefly concerned; Mi'ci-o, a town-bred, good-natured old bachelor; De'me-a, a thrifty farmer and stern parent, and the two sons of the latter. One of these, Æs'chi-nus, adopted by Micio, had been al-

lowed by his indulgent uncle to fall into all kinds of excesses; the other, Ctes'i-pho, brought up on the farm, was believed by his rigorous father to be a pattern of all virtues, but had, in fact, fallen in love with a music-girl in the city. Æschinus, whose fondness for his brother is one of the happiest touches in the play, in order to put the girl in Ctesipho's possession and shield him from exposure, removes her by force from the slave-merchant's house. It is at this point of time that the play begins. Demea, who has just heard the story of the abduction, meets Micio and lays upon him the blame of Æschinus's misdeeds. At the same time Sostrata, hearing the rumor, infers that he has deserted her daughter Pamphila, whom he had promised to marry, and appeals to Hegio, an old friend of the family, to see that Æschinus is brought to a sense of his duty. Demea, on his way back to the farm, learns from Hegio of Æschinus's relations with Pamphila, and returning to find Micio, is sent on a fool's errand to various parts of the city by the cunning slave Syrus. Upon his return to the house of Micio he finds that the latter has given his consent to the marriage of Æschinus with Pamphila, and also discovers, to his great astonishment, that Ctesipho has outwitted him, and has been all the time at his uncle's. In the fifth act Demea becoming convinced that his brother is in the right, suddenly changes character, becomes the most indulgent of fathers, and the comedy ends, as all comedies should, with the marriage of the parties most interested."

We shall not be able here to follow the course of the action throughout. The play is pitched on a low key of morality. No doubt the fashion of its time is truly mirrored in it. The spirit in which the Greek authors wrote is that of easy-going, rather good-hearted, Epicureanism. The philosophy of life recommended is, 'Make the best of things about as they are; do not worry yourself trying to improve them.' Roman strictness was already in the way of sadly relaxing its tone, when it could contentedly listen and see, while such

maxims of conduct were set forth. We shall no doubt best serve our readers by presenting to them at once, with little retrenchment, the fifth, the closing, act of the comedy.

Demea, the country churl, of the two brothers, is represented as becoming at last an out-and-out convert to the smiling wisdom of Micio, the dweller in the city. The suddenness and the completeness of the conversion, but especially, too, the startlingly aggressive propagandist, or missionary, phase which the conversion takes on, are an essential element in the comic effect. Demea soliloquizes and resolves to adopt his popular brother's universal complaisance. Those who have grown used to only surliness from Demea, are amazed at the change. A sentence of very worldly wisdom from Micio seems to have done the business for Demea. 'Demea,' says Micio, in effect, 'the boys will come out right when they grow up. Spendthrift youth quite naturally becomes miserly old age. That is the law.'

> O my dear Demea, in all matters else
> Increase of years increases wisdom in us;
> This only vice age brings along with it;
> 'We're all more worldly-minded than there's need:'
> Which passion age, that kills all passions else,
> Will ripen in your sons, too.

Demea resists at the moment, but the words work in his mind, as seems to show the following soliloquy, opening the fifth act:

> Never did man lay down so fair a plan,
> So wise a rule of life, but fortune, age,
> Or long experience, made some change in it;
> And taught him, that those things he thought he knew
> He did not know, and what he held as best,
> In practice he threw by. . . .
> Striving to make a fortune for my sons,
> I have worn out my prime of life and health:
> And now, my course near finished, what return
> Do I receive for all my toil? Their hate.

Meanwhile, my brother, without any care,
Reaps all a father's comforts. Him they love.
—Well, then, let me endeavor in my turn
To teach my tongue civility, to give
With open-handed generosity,
Since I am challeng'd to 't!—and let me, too,
Obtain the love and reverence of my children!
And if 'tis bought by bounty and indulgence,
I will not be behindhand. Cash will fail:
What's that to me, who am the eldest born?

Demea has prompt opportunity to put his new scheme of conduct into operation. Syrus, the sly slave, who has, with his tricks, cost Demea so much bootless trouble, comes in, bringing a message from Micio to his brother. Demea swallows a great qualm of loathness and greets the knavish fellow fair:

Demea. Who's there?
What, honest Syrus! save you: how is 't with you?
How goes it?
Syrus. Very well, sir.
De. (*Aside*) Excellent!
Now for the first time I, against my nature,
Have added these three phrases, "Honest Syrus!
How is't?—How goes it!"—(*To Syrus*) You have proved yourself
A worthy servant. I'll reward you for it.
Sy. I thank you, sir.
De. I will, I promise you;
And you shall be convinc'd on 't very soon.

Geta, another slave, not Demea's own (as also Syrus was not), is the next surprised person. He has just respectfully saluted Demea, when, Demea replying, the following passage between them, spiced to spectators with asides from the strangely modified man, occurs:

De. Geta, I this day have found you
To be a fellow of uncommon worth:
For sure that servant's faith is well approv'd

Who holds his master's interest at heart,
As I perceived that you did, Geta! Wherefore,
Soon as occasion offers I'll reward you.
(*Aside*) I am endeavoring to be affable,
And not without success.
Ge. 'Tis kind in you
To think of your poor slave, sir.
De. (*Aside*) First of all,
I court the mob, and win them by degrees.

Æschinus, the scapegrace son of Demea—spoiled, as the father thinks, through the indulgence of the uncle who has brought him up—now takes his turn of being astonished at Demea's new humor. Æschinus is impatiently waiting to be married:

Æschinus. They murder me with their delays; and while
They lavish all this pomp upon the nuptials,
They waste the live-long day in preparation.
Demea. How does my son?
Æ. My father! Are you here?
De. Ay, by affection, and by blood your father,
Who love you better than my eyes. But why
Do you not call the bride?
Æ. 'Tis what I long for:
But wait the music and the singers.
De. Pshaw!
Will you for once be rul'd by an old fellow?
Æ. Well?
De. Ne'er mind singers, company, lights, music;
But tell them to throw down the garden wall,
As soon as possible. Convey the bride
That way, and lay both houses into one.
Bring, too, the mother, and whole family,
Over to us.
Æ. I will. O charming father!
De. (*Aside*) Charming! See there! he calls me *charming* now.
—My brother's house will be a thoroughfare;
Throng'd with whole crowds of people; much expense
Will follow; very much: what 's that to me?
I am called *charming*, and get into favor.
Ho! order Babylo immediately

To pay him twenty minæ. Prithee, Syrus,
Why don't you execute your orders?

Sy. What?

De. Down with the wall! (*Exit Syrus*)—You, Geta, go and bring
The ladies over.

Ge. Heaven bless you, Demea,
For all your friendship to our family! (*Exit Geta.*)

De. They're worthy of it.—What say you to this? (*to Æschinus.*)

Æ. I think it admirable.

De. 'Tis much better
Than for a poor soul, sick and lying-in,
To be conducted through the street.

Æ. I never
Saw any thing concerted better, sir.

De. 'Tis just my way.—But here comes Micio.

Perhaps the most wonder-stricken man of all, was Micio hearing of Demea's extravagant proposal for the nuptials. Micio is destined, however, to be still further impressed; for Demea, in the overflow of his vicarious universal benevolence, is even going to make his bachelor brother marry the mother of Æschinus's bride. The following scenes show this matrimonial charity successfully enforced upon Micio's consent (the lady in the case not being consulted at all), with a comic profusion of other kindnesses scattered freely about, at the instance of the whimsically altered Demea; wherewithal—the audience, be sure, sympathetically amused and delighted—the comedy ends:

Micio. (*At entering*) My brother order it, d'ye say? Where is he?
—Was this your order, Demea?

De. 'Twas my order;
And by this means, and every other way,
I would unite, serve, cherish, and oblige,
And join the family to ours!

Æ. (*To Micio*) Pray do, sir.

Mi. I don't oppose it.

De. Nay, but 'tis our duty.
First, there's the mother of the bride—

Mi. What then?

De. Worthy and modest.
Mi. So they say.
De. In years.
Mi. True.
De. And so far advanced that she is long
Past child-bearing, a poor lone woman too,
With none to comfort her.
Mi. What means all this?
De. This woman 'tis your place to marry, brother;
And yours (*to Æschinus*) to bring him to 't.
Mi. I marry her?
De. You.
Mi. I?
De. Yes, you, I say.
Mi. Ridiculous!
De. (*To Æschinus*) If you're a man, he'll do 't.
Æ. (*To Micio*) Dear father!
Mi. How!
Do you then join him, fool?
De. Nay, don't deny.
It can't be otherwise.
Mi. You've lost your senses!
Æ. Let me prevail upon you, sir!
Mi. You're mad.
Away!
De. Oblige your son.
Mi. Have you your wits?
I a new-married man at sixty-five!
And marry a decrepid poor old woman!
Is that what you advise me?
Æ. Do it, sir!
I've promis'd them.
Mi. You've promised them, indeed!
Prithee, boy, promise for yourself.
De. Come, come!
What if he asked still more of you?
Mi. As if
This was not even the utmost.
De. Nay, comply!
Æ. Be not obdurate!
De. Come, come, promise him.
Mi. Won't you desist?
Æ. No, not till I prevail.

Mi. This is mere force.
De. Nay, nay, comply, good Micio!
Mi. Though this appears to me absurd, wrong, foolish,
And quite repugnant to my scheme of life,
Yet, if you're so much bent on 't, let it be!
Æ. Obliging father, worthy my best love!
De. (*Aside*) What now? This answers to my wish. What more?
Hegio's their kinsman, (*to Micio*) our relation, too,
And very poor. We should do him some service.
Mi. Do what?
De. There is a little piece of ground,
Which you let out near town. Let's give it him
To live upon.
Mi. So little, do you call it?
De. Well, if 'tis large, let's give it. He has been
Father to her; a good man; our relation.
It will be given worthily. In short,
That saying, Micio, I now make my own,
Which you so lately and so wisely quoted:
"It is the common failing of old men,
To be too much intent on worldly matters:"
Let us wipe off that stain. The saying's true,
And should be practiced.
Mi. Well, well, be it so,
If he requires it. (*Pointing to Æschinus.*)
Æ. I beseech it, father.
De. Now you're indeed my brother, soul and body.
Mi. I'm glad to find you think me so.
De. (*Aside*) I foil him
At his own weapons.

SCENE VI.

(*To them Syrus.*)

Syrus. I have executed
Your orders, Demea.
De. A good fellow!—Truly,
Syrus, I think, should be made free to-day.
Mi. Made free! He?—Wherefore?
De. O, for many reasons.
Sy. O Demea, you're a noble gentleman,
I've taken care of both your sons from boys;

Taught them, instructed them, and given them
The wholesomest advice that I was able.

De. The thing's apparent: and these offices:
To cater;—bring a wench in, safe and snug;—
Or in midday prepare an entertainment;—
All these are talents of no common man.

Sy. O, most delightful gentleman!

De. Besides,
He has been instrumental, too, this day,
In purchasing the music-girl. He manag'd
The whole affair. We should reward him for it.
It will encourage others.—In a word,
Your Æschinus would have it so.

Mi. Do you
Desire it?

Æ. Yes, sir.

Mi. Well, if you desire it—
Come hither, Syrus!—Be thou free!

(SYRUS *kneels:* MICIO *strikes him, being the ceremony of manumission, or giving a slave his freedom.*)

Sy. I thank you:
Thanks to you all; but most of all, to Demea!

De. I'm glad of your good fortune.

Æ. So am I.

Sy. I do believe it; and I wish this joy
Were quite complete, and I might see my wife,
My Phrygia, too, made free, as well as I.

De. The very best of women!

Sy. And the first
That suckled my young master's son, your grandson.

De. Indeed! the first who suckled him!—Nay, then,
Beyond all doubt she should be free.

Mi. For what?

De. For that. Nay, take the sum, whate'er it be,
Of me.

Sy. Now all the powers above grant all
Your wishes, Demea.

Mi. You have thriv'd to-day
Most rarely, Syrus.

De. And besides this, Micio,
It would be handsome to advance him something,
To try his fortune with. He'll soon return it.

Mi. Not that. (*Snapping his fingers.*)
Æ. He's honest.
Sy. Faith, I will return it.
Do but advance it.
Æ. Do, sir.
Mi. Well, I'll think on 't.
De. (*To Syrus.*) I'll see that he shall do 't.
Sy. Thou best of men!
Æ. My most indulgent father!
Mi. What means this?
Whence comes this hasty change of manners, brother?
Whence flows all this extravagance? and whence
This sudden prodigality?
De. I'll tell you:
To show you that the reason why our sons
Think you so pleasant and agreeable,
Is not from your deserts, or truth, or justice,
But your compliance, bounty, and indulgence.
—Now, therefore, if I'm odious to you, son,
Because I'm not subservient to your humor,
In all things, right or wrong: away with care!
Spend, squander, and do what you will—but if,
In those affairs where youth has made you blind,
Eager, and thoughtless, you will suffer me
To counsel and correct—and in due season
Indulge you—I am at your service.
Æ. Father,
In all things we submit ourselves to you.
What's fit and proper, you know best.—But what
Shall come of my poor brother!
De. I consent
That he shall have her: let him finish there.
Æ. All now is as it should be. (*To the audience*) Clap your hands.

Readers will readily find in this play of Terence's a considerable advance from Plautus toward the modern type of the comedy.

Terence has contributed several sentences and phrases to the world's stock of familiar quotations. *Fortes Fortuna adjuvat* (Fortune favors the brave); *Homo sum; humani nihil a*

me alienum puto (Man am I; nothing that is human do I count foreign to myself), are examples. Let Plautus, too, have his credit on this score. *Quem Di diligunt adolescens moritur*, is Plautus's—in Latin form; the sentiment, however, had already been expressed by Menander in Greek. "Whom the gods love die young," Byron translated it; changing the grammatical number from singular to plural, for greater neatness of English phrase.

The glimpses that, through Roman adaptations, we catch of the New Comedy of Athens, make us feel how much we lost in losing the originals. As it is, modern comedy, best, no doubt, in the French language, has been not a little indebted to inspiration and example derived, through Plautus and Terence, from Menander and his peers. Ancient Greece reaches long hands in many directions, to mold for us the forms, and to dictate to us the spirit, of our literature and art.

IV.

LUCRETIUS.

An Epicurean, but an Epicurean very different in motive and in tone from merry-making Terence, was the grave, earnest, intent poet Lu-cre'tius. Dramatist, and scarce poet at all, though he wrote in verse, was Terence. Philosopher principally (or expounder of philosophy), but true poet, too—incidentally and as it were involuntarily—was Lucretius. The Lucretian philosophy—science call it rather, or attempted science—has perished utterly; the Lucretian poetry survives, to perish never. Such sport are we mortals of a power not ourselves, a power greater than we! What Lucretius mainly meant, has come to naught. What he at times hardly seems to have meant at all, is his chief title to living human praise.

A great poet he was, wrecked in seeking to be a great expounder of philosophy—a great poet, let us shortly say, who did not write a great poem.

Titus Lucretius Carus was a contemporary of Cæsar and of Cicero. But, except this bare fact of date, we know almost nothing of the man. He scarcely belonged to the age in which he lived. His sympathies were all with an earlier time. He felt the existing political order crumbling about him; but, though of knightly blood, he took no part in shaping the new political order that should succeed. Roman in character, he seems somehow not to have been Roman in aim and scheme of life. He made philosophy—that is, science—his chief motive. This was not Roman. The Roman course would have been to choose politics for the chief thing, and let philosophy take its chance as a thing incidental.

But nobody can separate himself completely from his times. And Lucretius, though insular, was yet in the sea. The sea around Lucretius was irreligion, skepticism, atheism. Olympianism was, indeed, still a ritual; but it was no longer a creed. The prevailing unbelief involved Lucretius. Nay, unbelief is not the word to describe the state of this man's mind. He was not an unbeliever, he was a disbeliever. He was a vehement disbeliever. What in others was an apathy, in him was a passion. He disbelieved in the gods so intensely, that he almost rehabilitated the gods, that he might hate them the better.

Voltaire launched once at hierarchical imposture a phrase which acquired an evil renown, *Ecrasez l'infame.* Speaking in a spirit more noble than Voltaire's, because a spirit more earnest, more conscientious, more reverent of the truth, Lucretius too, of the verily damnable gods of Greece and Rome, in effect said, Let us crush, let us abolish the wretches. To make science triumph over religion, such as religion then was, to exalt reason above faith, to establish philosophy in the room of theology—may be said to have been the object of

the one incomplete poem by which Lucretius is known. It was an almost exact opposite to the object of the great poem of Milton. That object was to explore eternity and vindicate the ways of God to man. This object was to explore the universe and vindicate man against the ways of gods—gods that were no gods. The audacious sublimity, the sublime audacity, of their several attempts, seem to ally the two poets in genius, while separating them thus widely in aim.

The title of Lucretius's poem is De Rerum Natura, Concerning the Nature of Things. The scheme of the poem is as large as the vagueness of the title would seem to imply. The poet, as just said, attempts nothing less than to explain the universe. His motive ostensibly is didactic, not poetic. He will establish atheism upon an impregnable basis of strict science. His subject is not for the sake of a poem. His poem is severely for the sake of his subject; as, finally, his subject itself is for the sake of his object.

It is instantaneously evident that on such a theme as that of Lucretius, with such a motive as his inspiring the author, a great poem could not be produced. The De Rerum Natura is accordingly not a great poem. It is further instantaneously evident that no scientific treatise of permanent value for instruction in science, having the ambitious scope and pretension that Lucretius proposed to himself for his work, could possibly be written, whether in prose or in verse, in Lucretius's time. The De Rerum Natura is accordingly quite worthless as science. If, then, neither as a scientific treatise, nor as a poem, the work of Lucretius is to be accounted of value, on what ground, forsooth, you will ask, can it be worth our attention? We answer, The De Rerum Natura is poetically valuable, not, indeed, as constituting a poem, but as containing poetry; and scientifically valuable, not, indeed, as preserving a record of verified, or verifiable, science, but as preserving a highly interesting record of past

human opinion and speculation on scientific subjects. We proceed to set forth a few specimens of the treasures, in both these kinds, that are to be found in Lucretius's celebrated work.

It is constantly to be understood that, like his Roman literary brethren all, Lucretius was a copious borrower from the Greek. He does not pretend to be the inventor of the cosmical system that he expounds. He derives all from Epicurus, and he attributes all to Epicurus. He is devoutly loyal in his relation of disciple. Having first abolished the gods, he almost makes a god of Epicurus to supply their vacant room. Lucretius, indeed, in this one thing, goes beyond his master —that is, in denying the existence of the gods; Epicurus let the gods live, though he made them dwell apart, in a stirless quiet, taking no interest in human concerns. For our knowledge in detail of what Epicurus taught, we are largely indebted to Lucretius. The great master's own works, multifarious as these were, have nearly all perished.

Lucretius begins his poem rather curiously, for an atheist. He begins it with an ostensibly dutiful invocation of Venus. We are, of course, to suppose that he meant his Venus to be simply a poetical personification of the principle of fecundity and grace. This invocation is one of the most celebrated passages in Latin poetry. Mr. Lowell speaks, strongly, thus of it:

"The invocation of Venus, as the genetic force of nature, by Lucretius, seems to me the one sunburst of purely poetic inspiration which the Latin language can show."

So famous a passage must be shown our readers. Here it is, first in the consummately fine prose version of Mr. Munro, acknowledged the best English translator of Lucretius:

> Mother of the Aeneadae, darling of men and gods, increase-giving Venus, who beneath the gliding signs of heaven fillest with thy presence the ship-carrying sea, the corn-bearing lands, since through thee every kind of living things is conceived, rises up and beholds the light of the sun.

Before thee, goddess, flee the winds, the clouds of heaven ; before thee and thy advent ; for thee earth manifold in works puts forth sweet-smelling flowers ; for thee the levels of the sea do laugh and heaven propitiated shines with outspread light. For soon as the vernal aspect of day is disclosed, and the birth-favoring breeze of favonius unbarred is blowing fresh, first the fowls of the air, o lady, show signs of thee and thy entering in, throughly smitten in heart by thy power. Next the wild herds bound over the glad pastures and swim the rapid rivers : in such wise each made prisoner by thy charm follows thee with desire, whither thou goest to lead it on. Yes throughout seas and mountains and sweeping rivers and leafy homes of birds and grassy plains, striking fond love into the breasts of all thou constrainest them each after its kind to continue their races with desire. Since thou then art sole mistress of the nature of things, and without thee nothing rises up into the divine borders of light, nothing grows to be glad or lovely, I would have thee for a helpmate in writing the verses which I essay to pen on the nature of things for our own son of the Memmii, whom thou, goddess, hast willed to have no peer, rich as he ever is in every grace. Wherefore all the more, o lady, lend my lays an everliving charm. Cause meanwhile the savage works of war to be lulled to rest throughout all seas and lands ; for thou alone canst bless mankind with calm peace, seeing that Mavors lord of battle controls the savage works of war, Mavors who often flings himself into thy lap quite vanquished by the never-healing wound of love. . . . While, then, lady, he is reposing . . . shed thyself about him and above, and pour from thy lips sweet discourse, asking, glorious dame, gentle peace for the Romans. For neither can we in our country's day of trouble with untroubled mind think only of our work, nor can the illustrious offset of Memmius in times like these be wanting to the general weal.

In printing the preceding extract, we have followed exactly the peculiar typography adopted by Mr. Munro for his translation of Lucretius. The absence of punctuation, and of other distinctive marks, is no doubt designed by the translator to reproduce approximately, in effect to our eyes, the physiognomy of the ancient manuscripts in which the original Latin of the poem has been preserved. In the case of all Roman authors, the best Latin texts are of late generally printed in a style similar to that exemplified above.

For the interest of the comparison we now add a render-

ing in verse, taken from Mr. W. H. Mallock's volume on Lucretius in Ancient Classics for English Readers:

Mother and mistress of the Roman race,
Pleasure of gods and men, O fostering
Venus, whose presence breathes in every place,
Peopling all soils whence fruits and grasses spring,
And all the water's navigable ways,
Water and earth and air and every thing,
Since by thy power alone their life is given,
To all beneath the sliding signs of heaven;

Goddess, thou comest, and the clouds before thee
Melt, and the ruffian blasts take flight and fly;
The dædal lands, they know thee and adore thee,
And clothe themselves with sweet flowers instantly;
Whilst pouring down its largest radiance o'er thee,
In azure calm subsides the rounded sky,
To overarch thine advent; and for thee
A livelier sunlight laughs along the sea.

For lo, no sooner come the soft and glowing
Days of the spring, and all the air is stirred
With amorous breaths of zephyr freshly blowing,
Than the first prelude of thy power is heard
On all sides, in aërial music flowing
Out of the bill of every pairing bird;
And every songster feels, on every tree,
Its small heart pulsing with the power of thee.

Next the herds feel thee; and the wild fleet races
Bound o'er the fields, that smile in the bright weather,
And swim the streaming floods in fordless places,
Led by thy chain, and captive in thy tether.
At last through seas and hills, thine influence passes,
Through field and flood and all the world together,
And the birds' leafy homes; and thou dost fire
Each to renew his kind with sweet desire.

Wherefore, since thou, O lady, only thou
Art she who guides the world upon its way;
Nor can aught rise without thee anyhow
Up into the clear borders of the day,

Neither can aught without thee ever grow
Lovely and sweet—to thee, to thee I pray—
Aid and be near thy suppliant as he sings
Of nature and the secret ways of things.

The rest of our citations we shall take, where we can, from Mr. Mallock's metrical rendering. In his volume at least on Lucretius, his verse seems better than his prose. Judged simply from this particular work, he, to use Milton's phrase respecting himself, has but as it were the use of his left hand for writing prose. The foregoing stanzas, not indeed beyond criticism in minor points, are assuredly in general very fine: that they are as fine as the merit of the original demanded, would be much to say. ("Take flight and fly," is a curious pleonasm of identical repetition; and "anyhow" is a word that Mr. Mallock should have let no extremity of versifier's distress reduce him to use).

The following is the fashion in which Lucretius at the same time acknowledges his discipleship to Epicurus, and vents his hatred of religion, as religion was understood by the Romans:

When human life, a shame to human eyes,
Lay sprawling in the mire in foul estate,
A cowering thing without the strength to rise,
Held down by fell religion's heavy weight—
Religion scowling downward from the skies,
With hideous head, and vigilant eyes of hate—
First did a man of Greece presume to raise
His brows, and give the monster gaze for gaze.

Him not the tales of all the gods in heaven,
Nor the heaven's lightnings, nor the menacing roar
Of thunder daunted. He was only driven,
By these vain vauntings, to desire the more
To burst through Nature's gates, and rive the unriven
Bars. And he gained the day; and, conqueror,
His spirit broke beyond our world, and past
Its flaming walls, and fathomed all the vast.

> And back returning, crowned with victory, he
> Divulged of things the hidden mysteries,
> Laying quite bare what can and cannot be,
> How to each force is set strong boundaries,
> How no power raves unchained, and nought is free.
> So the times change; and now religion lies
> Trampled by us; and unto us 'tis given
> Fearless with level gaze to scan the heaven.

There is something of a Byronic quality to be felt in such writing as that. The example of Iph-e-ge-ni'a, offered in sacrifice, is cited in close sequel, as illustrating

> To what damned deeds religion urges men.

Lucretius lays it down as his great first principle, that "no object is ever divinely produced out of nothing." This might seem only to mean that there must have been matter, prior to any creative act of a divine being. But Lucretius means more than that. For he speaks presently of being able also to show "the manner in which all things are done without the hand of the gods." "The hand of the gods" being thus out of the question, the universe, since it now exists, must always have existed. Always, but not always in its present state. There was a first state different from the present. That first state consisted of particles, particles moving, particles moving in a vacuum. Such was the universe in the beginning. Imagine a universal snow-storm. The spectacle of those falling flakes of snow will very well represent the spectacle of the universe in its Lucretian primordial condition. How the infinitesimal ultimate atoms, supposed by Lucretius, came first to exist, he does not explain; as no more does he explain how those atoms came to be in motion. That such, however, was the primal state of things, he is quite sure. And he makes nothing of telling how, from the chaos of atoms moving in void, the present cosmos sprang into being. It is simply on this wise: One moving atom had some slight, very slight,

deflection—whence received, does not appear—from its straight course, and so, impinging on a fellow atom, adhered thereto—why adhered, is left unsaid—or else, bounding off repelled, attached itself to its neighbor on the other side. Thus at length by chance the infinite multitude of individual atoms arranged themselves into the existing order of the universe. "A fortuitous concourse of atoms," and no god, did the whole business for Lucretius then; as the great principle of "evolution," and no God, does the whole business now—for some. And of these two attempts to solve the problem of the universe, one perhaps is as truly philosophical as the other.

The affinities—it may in passing be said—by which the Lucretian or Epicurean atomic theory of the universe is allied with modern science, in some of its schools, are too obvious to need specific pointing out. Such affinities are, no doubt, in part apparent only, and in so far illusory. But it remains true that for philosophers, or scientists so-called, of the atheistic and materialistic sort, Lucretius—as philosopher, not poet—is well entitled to enjoy, after long neglect, his signal rehabilitation in acceptance and currency.

We cannot undertake to expound Lucretius in anything like fullness, even of abstract. The result of such an undertaking would by necessity be insufferably tedious and barren. Lucretius had a shrewd, sagacious, penetrative intelligence, but that intelligence sowed itself once for all on wind, when it accepted the Epicurean philosophy as the key to the mystery of being. A melancholy waste of intellect and genius misdirected—such, to thoughtful minds, seems the spectacle displayed in the De Rerum Natura of Lucretius.

By way of exemplifying, as we pass, the degree of poetic quality achieved by the Latin poet in the general tenor of his expository verse, we offer a single stanza of Mr. Mallock's translation, wherein, true to his original, the translator severely follows for once the line of mere hard definition and

statement. Readers will see from this how admirably bare of poetry very good didactic verse can be made:

> That is a property, which cannot be
> Disjoinéd from a thing and separate
> Without the said thing's death. Fluidity
> Is thus a property of water; weight
> Is of a stone. Whilst riches, poverty,
> Slavery, freedom, concord, war and hate,
> Which change, and not inhere in things of sense,
> We name not properties, but accidents.

That characteristically Roman sentiment, desire of deathless literary fame, is acknowledged by Lucretius, in the following strain of genuine, nay, of exquisite, poetry. The poet has been avowing his sense of the difficulty of his subject; "yet," he says:

> Yet my heart, smarting with desire for praise,
> Me urges on to sing of themes like these,
> And that great longing to pour forth my lays
> Constrains me, and the loved Pierides,
> Whose pathless mountain-haunts I now explore,
> And glades where no man's foot has fallen before.
>
> Ah sweet, ah sweet, to approach the untainted springs,
> And quaff the virgin waters cool and clear,
> And cull the flowers that have been unknown things
> To all men heretofore! and yet more dear
> When mine shall be the adventurous hand that brings
> A crown for mine own brows, from places where
> The Muse has deigned to grant a crown for none,
> Save for my favored brows, and mine alone.

Such a passage as that, presenting the writer in the character of conscious and confessed poetical aspirant—"garland and singing robes about him"—almost makes one give up holding that Lucretius was in aim and ambition pre-eminently philosopher. That passage at least reads quite like the authentic outburst of a distinctively and predominantly poetic aspiration pent up in the breast of the man.

Toward the end of book first, Lucretius reaches, in a kind of resumption of his argument, the following statement of his theory of atoms and void:

For blindly, blindly, and without design,
Did these first atoms their first meetings try;
No ordering thought was there, no will divine
To guide them; but through infinite time gone by
Tossed and tormented they essayed to join,
And clashed through the void space tempestuously,
Until at last that certain whirl began,
Which slowly formed the earth and heaven and man.

The second book opens with a celebrated passage. This is that reflection of Lucretius, promised our readers, on the pleasure with which one in safety on the shore sees a ship wrestling with storm in the sea. We give, along with the reflection itself, enough of the succeeding context to make plain the object which the reflection was introduced to serve:

'Tis sweet when tempests roar upon the sea
To watch from land another's deep distress
Amongst the waves—his toil and misery:
Not that his sorrow makes our happiness,
But that some sweetness there must ever be
Watching what sorrows we do not possess:
So, too, 'tis sweet to safely view from far
Gleam o'er the plains the savage ways of war.

But sweeter far to look with purgéd eyes
Down from the battlements and topmost towers
Of learning, those high bastions of the wise,
And far below us see this world of ours,
The vain crowds wandering blindly, led by lies,
Spending in pride and wrangling all their powers,
So far below—the pigmy toil and strife,
The pain and piteous rivalries of life.

O peoples miserable! O fools and blind!
What night you cast o'er all the days of man!
And in that night before you and behind
What perils prowl! But you nor will nor can

See that the treasure of a tranquil mind
  Is all that Nature pleads for, for this span,
So that between our birth and grave we gain
Some quiet pleasures, and a pause from pain.

In the following stanza, removed from those just quoted by only a short interval, a genuine feeling for the beauty of nature will be recognized, feeling such as was not common in the literary world before Lucretius—in fact, a modern-seeming sentiment, a quality almost Wordsworthian :

The grass is ours, and sweeter sounds than these,
  As down we couch us by the babbling spring,
And overhead we hear the branching trees
  That shade us, whisper ; and for food we bring
Only the country's simple luxuries.
  Ah, sweet is this, and sweetest in the spring,
When the sun goes through all the balmy hours,
And all the green earth's lap is filled with flowers !

The love of nature thus exemplified from Lucretius may be said to constitute in him almost a characteristic trait. Virgil might conceivably have written his descriptions from pictures of what he describes. Lucretius could not have written his descriptions otherwise than directly from nature herself.

But we should fail to make readers appreciate the relation in which these gleams of poetry shown stand to the general tenor of the text that contains them, if we did not at the same time exhibit at least a specimen or two of the scientific discussions and explanations composing the main tissue of Lucretius's work.

Our poet-philosopher applies his atomic theory to explain the origin and reason of different tastes to the palate. The different tastes are due to the different shapes of the atoms of which the sapid substances consist. Lucretius (according to Mr. Munro) :

The liquids honey and milk excite a pleasant sensation of tongue when held in the mouth ; but, on the other hand, the nauseous nature of

wormwood and of harsh centaury writhes the mouth with a noisome flavor; so that you may easily see that the things which are able to affect the senses pleasantly, consist of smooth and round elements; while all those, on the other hand, which are found to be bitter and harsh, are held in connexion by particles that are more hooked and for this reason are wont to tear open passages into our senses, and in entering in to break through the body.

Lucretius blithely undertakes to tell a great secret of the universe. "Let us now sing," he says—we make a long skip forward to the fifth book, to find this extract—"Let us now sing what causes the motions of the stars:"

In the first place, if the great sphere of heaven revolves, we must say that an air presses on the pole at each end and confines it on the outside and closes it in at both ends; and then that a third air streams above and moves in the same direction in which roll on as they shine the stars of the eternal world; or else that this third air streams below in order to carry up the sphere in the contrary direction; just as we see rivers turn wheels and water-scoops. It is likewise quite possible too that all the heaven remains at rest, while at the same time the glittering signs are carried on; either because rapid heats of ether are shut in and whirl round while seeking a way out and roll their fires in all directions through heaven's vast quarters; or else an air streaming from some part from another source outside drives and whirls the fires; or else they may glide on of themselves going whithersoever the food of each calls and invites them, feeding their flamy bodies everywhere throughout heaven. For which of these causes is in operation in this world, it is not easy to affirm for certain; but what can be and is done throughout the universe in various worlds formed on various plans, this I teach, and I go on to set forth several causes which may exist throughout the universe for the motions of stars; one of which however must in this world also be the cause that imparts lively motion to the signs; but to dictate which of them it is, is by no means the duty of the man who advances step by step.

Memmius, that friend of the poet to whom the poem is inscribed and addressed, must have felt embarrassingly free to choose, among so many proffered alternatives of explanation—all about equally good. If he was of a poetical turn, as there is grave reason to fear he was not, he probably pre-

ferred—we do, we confess—among the various conjectures proposed by Lucretius, the pleasing bucolic view of the case, the idea, namely, that the stars are at large in a kind of celestial pasture, that they "glide on of themselves, going whithersoever the food of each calls and invites them, feeding their flamy bodies everywhere throughout heaven."

The intrepid poet does not shrink from attacking, in the sixth book, the problem of thunder and lightning. He proceeds on an easier plan than that adopted so long after by Franklin. Instead of going out in a thunder-storm, to try, as Franklin did, a dangerous experiment with the clouds, Lucretius retires into the safe recesses of his own mind and evolves his explanation on *a priori* principles. If the facts of nature chanced not to correspond with the theory, why, so much the worse for the facts. In the case, however, of Lucretius, the poet's eye, in a fine frenzy rolling, must have seen things in the sky that perhaps escaped the ken of the more practical American philosopher. Otherwise, how could the poet have described, with such power as is displayed in the passage we are about to quote? (It is uniformly the incomparable prose translation of Munro, whenever the form is prose in which we present Lucretius.) One imagines Memmius "burning with high hope" of true enlightenment at last, as he reads the fair and fine promise of explanation, and no mistake this time, with which his poet-friend committed himself in the prefatory words now following:

> And now in what way these [thunderbolts] are begotten and are formed with a force so resistless as to be able with their stroke to burst asunder towers, throw down houses, wrench away beams and rafters, and cast down and burn up the monuments of men, to strike men dead, prostrate cattle far and near, by what force they can do all this and the like, I will make clear and will not longer detain you with mere professions.
>
> Thunderbolts we must suppose to be begotten out of dense clouds piled up high; for they are never sent forth at all when the sky is clear or when the clouds are of a slight density. . . .

I have shown above [in a passage not here reproduced] that hollow clouds have very many seeds of heat, and they must also take many in from the sun's rays and their heat. On this account when the same wind which happens to collect them into any one place, has forced out many seeds of heat and has mixed itself up with that fire, then the eddy of wind forces a way in and whirls about in the straitened room and points the thunderbolt in the fiery furnaces within; for it is kindled in two ways at once: it is heated by its own velocity and from the contact of fire. After that, when the force of the wind has been thoroughly heated and the impetuous power of the fire has entered in, then the thunderbolt fully forged, as it were, suddenly rends the cloud, and their heat put in motion is carried on traversing all places with flashing lights. Close upon it follows so heavy a clap that it seems to crush down from above the quarters of heaven which have all at once sprung asunder. Then a trembling violently seizes the earth and rumblings run through high heaven; for the whole body of the storm then without exception quakes with the shock and loud roarings are aroused. After this shock follows so heavy and copious a rain that the whole ether seems to be turning into rain and then to be tumbling down and returning to a deluge; so great a flood of it is discharged by the bursting of the cloud and the storm of wind, when the sound flies forth from the burning stroke. At times too the force of the wind aroused from without falls on a cloud hot with a fully forged thunderbolt; and when it has burst it, forthwith there falls down yon fiery eddying whirl which in our native speech we call a thunderbolt. . . .

The velocity of thunderbolts is great and their stroke powerful, and they run through their course with a rapid descent, because their force when aroused first in all cases collects itself in the clouds and gathers itself up for a great effort at starting; then when the cloud is no longer able to hold the increased moving power, their force is pressed out and therefore flies with a marvellous moving power, like to that with which missiles are carried when discharged from powerful engines. Then too the thunderbolt consists of small and smooth elements, and such a nature it is not easy for any thing to withstand; for it flies between and passes in through the porous passages; therefore it is not checked and delayed by many collisions, and for this reason it glides and flies on with a swift moving power. . . .

It passes too through things without injuring them, and leaves many things quite whole after it has gone through, because the clear bright fire flies through by the pores. And it breaks to pieces many things, when the first bodies of the thunderbolt have fallen exactly on the first bodies

of these things, at the points where they are intertwined and held together. Again it easily melts brass and fuses gold in an instant, because its force is formed of bodies minutely small and of smooth elements, which easily make their way in and when they are in, in a moment break up all the knots and untie the bonds of union.

It has gone with us much against the grain, to condense at all the powerful passage from which the foregoing extracts have been taken. Lucretius certainly had a genius for description more magnificent than Virgil could boast—more magnificent, perhaps, than any other ancient poet whatever. It must, we think, be evident to every reader, that the poet tends often to get the better of the philosopher, with Lucretius. The complacency, however, with which Lucretius regarded his treatment of the present matter considered as pure science, is unmistakable:

This is the way to see into the true nature of the thunderbolt and to understand by what force it produces each effect.

Through a page or so following, Lucretius laughs mercilessly at the idea of Jupiter's being launcher of thunderbolts —Jupiter, and his fellow-Olympians. "Why aim they at solitary places," he asks, "and spend their labor in vain? Or are they then practicing their arms and strengthening their sinews?" It reads not unlike Elijah chaffing the prophets of Baal. We wish we had room to give here the raking and riddling fire of sarcastic interrogation with which, at his leisure, Lucretius pursues and persecutes his afflicted theme. He triumphs and glories in jubilant atheism—more exactly, in rioting anti-Olympianism. Mr. Sellar, in his "Roman Poetry of the Republic" (and in his "Roman Poetry of the Empire," as well, comparing Virgil with Lucretius, and exploring the indebtedness of the former to the latter), gives large space to the discussion of the De Rerum Natura. We observe that Mr. Sellar is inclined, as we ourselves have been, to shrink from imputing positive atheism to Lucretius.

It is to "the gods," rather than to God, that Lucretius opposes himself so fiercely.

We could present explanations more whimsical, and therefore more amusing, than those which we have selected; but we have no disposition to make apparently ridiculous a writer inherently so worthy of respect, as is this great Roman poet. Atheist he was; but the gods whom he denied were the gods of Olympus. He hated religion; but the religion that he hated was the hateful religion of Greece and of Rome. Who can say how Lucretius might have borne himself toward the unknown God, had there, in his time, been the apostle Paul to declare to him that God; how Lucretius might have borne himself toward Christianity, could he have met, in Christianity, a system of doctrine not less intensely,—and so much more effectively!—hostile to Olympianism than was the Lucretian philosophy itself?

It is needless to say that Lucretius was a thorough-paced materialist. Death with him ended all. Powerful, and drearily powerful, not untouched with pathos, is the strain in which he announces and reasons this dreadful creed—as will amply show the following stanzas of translation by Mr. Mallock:

Death is for us then but a noise and name,
  Since the mind dies, and hurts us not a jot;
And as in bygone times when Carthage came
  To battle, we and ours were troubled not,
Nor heeded though the whole earth's shuddering frame
  Reeled with the stamp of armies, and the lot
Of things was doubtful, to which lords should fall
The land and seas and all the rule of all;

So, too, when we and ours shall be no more,
  And there has come the eternal separation
Of flesh and spirit, which, conjoined before;
  Made us ourselves, there will be no sensation;
We should not hear were all the world at war;
  Nor shall we, in its last dilapidation,

When the heavens fall, and earth's foundations flee:
We shall nor feel, nor hear, nor know, nor see.

That indestructible instinct in man, by virtue of which he divinely "doubts against the sense," and, in spite of appearance, still dreams of "soul surviving breath," Lucretius recognizes, and deals with, as follows:

Perplexed he argues, from the fallacy
Of that surviving self not wholly freed.
Hence he bewails his bitter doom—to die;
Nor does he see that when he dies indeed,
No second he will still remain to cry,
Watching its own cold body burn or bleed.
O fool! to fear the wild-beast's ravening claw,
Or that torn burial of its mouth and maw.

For lo! if this be fearful, let me learn
Is it more fearful than if friends should place
Thy decent limbs upon the pyre and burn
Sweet frankincense? or smother up thy face
With honey in the balm-containing urn?
Or if you merely lay beneath the rays
Of heaven on some cold rock? or damp and cold
If on thine eyelids lay a load of mold?

'Thou not again shalt see thy dear home's door,
Nor thy dear wife and children come to throw
Their arms round thee, and ask for kisses more,
And through thy heart make quiet comfort go:
Out of thy hands hath slipped the precious store
Thou hoardedst for thine own,' men say, 'and lo,
All thou desired is gone!' but never say,
'All the desire as well hath passed away.'

Ah, could they only see this, and could borrow
True words, to tell what things in death abide thee!
'Thou shalt lie soothed in sleep that knows no morrow,
Nor ever cark nor care again betide thee:
Friend, thou wilt say thy long good-bye to sorrow,
And ours will be the pangs, who weep beside thee,
And watch thy dear familiar body burn,
And leave us but the ashes and the urn.'

How different that from the "divine philosophy" of the In Memoriam of Tennyson!

We should be glad, did room permit, to present here, for our farewell extract from the Roman poet, the important passage in which Lucretius versifies the famous description given by Thucydides of the great plague at Athens. With this passage of translated realistic description, unfinished, the unfinished poem of Lucretius, advanced to near the close of its sixth book, abruptly ends. The description was introduced by way of illustrating the Lucretian theory of the propagation of disease by the diffusion of germs, seed-atoms —almost an anticipation of modern medical science on this subject—certainly a very natural application of the Lucretian atomic theory.

We just now suggested a contrast between Lucretius and Tennyson. But the real contrast lies less, perhaps, between the two poets themselves, than between the different environing moral and intellectual atmospheres in which the two poets lived and did their work. Indeed, Lucretius and Tennyson seem almost to be brethren in genius and temperament. Tennyson is perhaps the one living English mind who could, by exchange of time and place, conceivably have mingled poetry and philosophy, in a production like the De Rerum Natura of Lucretius.

With emphasis, in dismissing the subject of this chapter, we call attention to the remarkable poem, entitled "Lucretius," of Tennyson. For the full understanding of that poem, one needs to remember the tradition transmitted by St. Jerome, the Latin Christian father (the sole tradition extant concerning Lucretius's end), to the effect that his wife, jealous of him, for whatever reason—perhaps only because he made himself too much the bridegroom of his vocation as philosopher and poet—resorted to a professor of magic arts and procured a potion supposed of power to win for herself her husband's love. This love-philter, administered without the

poet's knowledge, worked a madness in his brain, under the influence of which, in the prime of manhood, at forty-seven years of age, he committed suicide. It may confidently be said that the man most deeply studied in Lucretius's own poetry, will be the man most deeply impressed with the marvelous truth and power of the English poet's work. Tennyson's whole poem is worthy of the most studious attention from those who would enter into the secret of Lucretius. To such inquirers, that poem will prove a master-key of interpretation for their author, supplied by a great and kindred genius.

V.

HORACE.

Horace is not one of the great poets of the world. But he is, emphatically, one of the best known. He does not overawe us with a vastness in his genius. But he satisfies us with far-sought perfection in his workmanship. If Homer, if Virgil, if Dante, if Milton, are each like a great statue, like a Phidian Jove—Horace is like an exquisite cameo, delighting us, not with mass, but with fineness, not with majesty, but with grace. His lines are not large, but they are clean and clear. You may use the microscope and discover no flaw. One must not look for the great thought that "strikes along the brain and flushes all the cheek." To this height Horace does not aspire. One must not even look for plenitude and variety of wisdom. Horace is wise, but he is narrowly, he is, as it were, penuriously, wise. He is worldly-wise. His reflections cling faithfully to the ground. Occasionally there is a bold stretch of wing, and a rising as if to try the eagle's flight. But the poet soon recollects himself, and descends, with conscious grace of self-control, to the safe lower level that he loves.

Horace's odes are, many of them, perhaps the most of them, occasional poems. Few escape the quality that thus naturally belongs to them as being done to order. They are works of labor, quite as much as works of love. But then Horace's genius was so well trained, so obedient to its owner's will, that there is no revolt at task-work apparent. Deliberateness almost becomes spontaneousness. The artist's delight in execution almost becomes equivalent to the poet's delight in conception. Art, in short, is nature, with Horace.

It follows from this character in Horace, that he suffers more than most other poets from translation. There is not, and there cannot be, any adequate transcript, in another language, of his verse. Thought, image, you can translate, but you cannot translate form. And form is more, than is any thing besides form, in Horace's odes. There is considerable monotony of topic and sentiment. And the sentiments that keep recurring are not very numerous, not very profound, not very novel. They are in truth the obvious, the commonplace itself, of pagan life. 'Life is short, is uncertain. Death ends all. It is not best to fret. Take things as they come. Be contented. Moderation is wisdom. Keep the golden mean. Wealth will not make you happy.' These ideas revolve constantly into view, as you read the odes of Horace. But you do not see them in this bareness and baldness. As in a kaleidoscope, they undergo various permutation of arrangement and they take on beauty, when Horace sings them for you in his verse. This magician in metre could go on repeating himself forever, and the repetition should never weary you. You would scarcely think of its being repetition—this continuous flow from form to form of the same ideas, in the shaken kaleidoscope of Horace's verse.

The experience we describe belongs, however, exclusively to the man reading the original Latin itself. No art of translation can make an equivalent experience possible to the

reader of Horace in English. The Latin scholar finds the very aspect of the Horatian verse a refection to the eye. It is like looking at the fine lines of a perfect medallion, or a gem exquisitely engraved. Not in the whole course of this series of volumes, has been encountered any author, from whom so great a proportion of his individual quality is lost, as is lost from Horace, in an English translation. A discouraging statement, do you say? Perhaps, say we in reply; but one obtains a truer impression of Horace by knowing this, to begin with, about him, than would be possible with any illusion in the mind of the contrary. What we have said applies, however, to the properly lyrical productions of Horace. His satires and his epistles are capable of being translated with less loss.

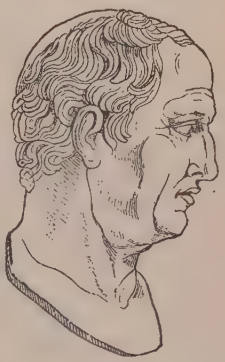
Horace is chiefly his own biographer. We know little, and there is little that we need to know, of his life, beyond what his writings reveal. Horace is a perfectly frank egotist, the best-bred and the most agreeable of the tribe. He does not scruple to write himself, anywhere it may happen, into his verse. His audience were almost all of them personally known to the poet. He met them familiarly, at the court of Augustus, or on the streets, and in the baths, of Rome. He held a well-established and a universally recognized position, as the laureate of the empire and the lyrist and the satirist of Roman society. His natural complaisance was well supported by an unperturbed complacency. He went smiling through his easy and fortunate experience of life, the happiest, or the least unhappy, of Romans. He was a courtier; but never was courtier compelled to pay less for what he enjoyed, than was Horace. To Horace's honor let it be also recorded, that never perhaps was successful courtier less inclined to pay any thing that could justly be judged misbecoming to himself. With apparently faultless suavity in manner, he maintained an entire manliness of bearing toward his patron Mæcenas and his emperor Augustus. It reflects

credit, almost equally, both upon patronizer and patronized, this admirable relation, steadfastly sustained on the one side, and scrupulously respected on the other, between the freedman bachelor poet and those two high-placed formidable friends of his.

Freedman, we say, but Horace was removed by one generation from the freedman's condition. It was his father that had once been a slave and from being a slave had been raised to a freedman. Horace praised his father with reason. The son owed much to the father. Freedman though he was, the elder Horace had ideas that became a Roman citizen. He gave his boy the best chance that Rome could supply. He tasked his own resources to situate him well and to educate him as if he were the son of a Roman knight. According to the easy ethical standard that prevailed at Rome, possibly above that standard, Horace's father and, after him, Horace, seem to have been both of them true and good men. This does not mean that bachelor Horace kept himself unspotted, either in life, or in his verse. No, he did things, and he wrote things, that only to mention would now be an offense. The world is already somewhat better, when it is under sense of compulsion to seem to be better. And Christianity, since Horace's time, has at least enforced on vice a heavy fine in the form of fair pretense. Vice must now put on, however loth, a mask of virtue.

Horace, as a young man, was not incapable of enthusiasm. He experienced an attack of such emotion, at the time when, Cæsar having been slain, there was a moment of promise that the Republic would be restored. He joined the republicans and fought on their side at Philippi. In one of his odes, he alludes, with not unthrifty humor, to his conduct on the occasion. He threw away his shield, he says, and ran for dear life. In such frank raillery at his own expense, he had perhaps his purpose. His republicanism, he would have it understood, was not serious enough to be either dangerous

or offensive to the conquerors. Horace left the ardor of enthusiasm behind him with his youth. Never, so far as we know, after that affair at Philippi, did he do any thing out of the safely moderate and regular. He did not cravenly fling away his spirit, but he kept his spirit in good training. He was, we say, a prosperous courtier; still he remained a man you could respect. If Mæcenas hinted to him that he did not show himself enough at Rome, Horace replied, with perfect temper, that he had his reasons, and that he would rather resign the bounty that he owed to the grace of the great minister, than leave the country for the city when those reasons forbade. Mæcenas had given him a modest estate of land in the Sabine country, for which Horace—he having, as republican, lost his all through confiscation — was properly grateful to his patron. He addressed Mæcenas in many appreciative and laudatory odes. He paid similar tribute to Augustus; but not through any gracious imperial condescension, did Augustus prevail to beguile the wary poet into one moment's perilous parting with the subject's safe and proper distance from the sovereign.



MÆCENAS.

Horace basked continuously and blessedly in the sunshine of court favor, never once pushed off for discipline into the outward cold, but also never once tempted too near into the scorching heat. The remaining incidents and relations of his life will sufficiently come out, by occasion, in connection with the pieces that we shall bring forward to illustrate his genius.

Horace's poems are classified as odes, epodes, satires, and epistles. ("Epode" is a name never used by Horace himself. Dr. Frieze, the learned professor of Latin in the University of Michigan, in a private note to the present writer, explains

that the manuscript-multipliers, after Quintilian's time, somewhat loosely gave the name of epodes to the whole series of Horace's satirical lyrics, from the general resemblance of these poems to the epodic poems of the Greek Archilochus, which latter were characterized by a metrical peculiarity consisting either of a short line [ἐπῳδός, "add-song or appended verse"] following a longer, or else of a mixed line following one purely iambic).

The odes are most of them very short. Those, for instance, of the first book (there are four books in all) average hardly more than five stanzas, four lines to the stanza, apiece. A book of Horace's odes would thus, for average length of the pieces contained in it, be somewhat like a volume of Watts's or Wesley's hymns as originally written. The stanza is prevailingly either Sapphic or Alcaic. Horace was like Roman writers generally in being open debtor to the Greek. He subdued the difficult metres he borrowed, with signal success, to his use.

The first ode is inscribed to Mæcenas. It is not boldly eulogistic, though, all the more agreeably, eulogy is implied. It simply says, 'Every man to his taste; I, for my part, like to make verses. Rank me thou, Mæcenas, among thy lyric bards, and I shall be supremely proud and happy.'

The second ode is a tribute to Cæsar Augustus. In it occurs the famous phrase, so familiar in quotation, *Serus in cœlum redeas!* ('Late return thou to the skies!') The emperor is begged by the poet indulgently to cherish a fondness for being styled father and prince to his people.

The third ode is addressed to the ship that was to bear Virgil setting out for Athens. The wind is charged to bring him safely home. It takes but two stanzas out of the ten composing the ode, to express adequately this sentiment of the poet's. The other eight stanzas are occupied with the suggested idea of the daring of man in attempting navigation of the dreadful sea. There is no return to what, from the

title of the ode, should seem the proper controlling motive to the poem. We venture to think the ode wanting in unity and consistency of interest. It breathes perhaps of Pindar, in its bold following of far suggestion. Here are the two opening stanzas, those in which alone there is allusion to Virgil. We give them in the version of Dr. Philip Francis, an admirable, and formerly a very popular, work:

> So may the Cyprian queen divine,
> And the twin stars with saving lustre shine;
> So may the father of the wind
> All others, but the western breezes, bind,
> As you, dear vessel, safe restore
> Th' intrusted pledge to the Athenian shore,
> And of my soul the partner save,
> My much-loved Virgil, from the raging wave.

Tennyson, in the In Memoriam, similarly apostrophizes the ship to which was consigned, for restoration to England, the dust of his dead friend, Arthur Henry Hallam. Readers will find the parallel interesting. The two poems finely illustrate the contrast between the characteristically modern, and the characteristically ancient, spirit in poetry. Wordsworth's noble sonnet of farewell to Walter Scott bound to Italy from Scotland, is another interesting parallel to this ode of Horace's.

Horace's odes have offered a subject always very tempting to translators. We doubt whether any English version of his works entire is, on the whole, superior to that of Dr. Francis. But every age has to do its own work in this kind. Fashions in literature are very changeful and fleeting. Already Dr. Francis is a little obsolete. Mr. Theodore Martin—Sir Theodore, we may call him now—has translated Horace's works, and done it well. But his version has the serious fault of diluting the characteristic concentration of the original poet. It has too, here and there, such technical faults as naturally attach—we may perhaps without offense in the

present case say it—to any workmanship but the highest in verse. For instance, in the first stanza of the ode just cited, it rhymes "Helen" with "quelling." Professor Conington, whose prose version, and whose version in verse, of Virgil are beyond praise admirable, has given us the odes of Horace in good translation—good, but by no means supremely felicitous. The satires and epistles he has not, we believe, translated. There is, besides, a translation of Horace from the versatile and industrious hand of Bulwer-Lytton. This, though highly creditable to the Englishman's scholarship and skill, is rather elaborate than successful. Its fatal lack is lack of rhythm and lyrical flow. On the whole, we shall adopt the plan of going about from English hand to hand, to cull the best that may be found for each particular case as it arises. There is, it should be added, a prose version, in purpose strictly literal (enriched with copious instructive notes from a different source) by Mr. Smart. This is accessible in a cheap American reprint from the press of the Harpers. It will serve to illustrate the mission that Horace, by eminence among all ancient poets, has fulfilled, in furnishing exercise and solace to cultivated minds the most variously placed, if we mention further a version here, a version in metre, of his odes, produced by Captain Henry Hubbard Pierce, U. S. A. This version was published posthumously, only last year, under the loyal supervision of the gifted author's wife. It adds to its own proper attractions the charm of a choicely written introductory letter to the translator, from his accomplished former instructor in Latin, Professor Henry S. Frieze. Professor Frieze congratulates his friend on achieving the "*first American translation*" of Horace's odes. There is not wanting a certain pathetic associative spell of remoteness, in the date which the translator affixes to his preface: "Head-quarters, Twenty-first Infantry, Vancouver Barracks, W. T."

The fourth ode furnishes one of those familiar quotations

of which Horace is a famously abundant source of supply to literature. There is a solemn roll, as of muffled drums, a solemn beat, as of slow footsteps keeping time, in the rhythm of the original verse, which no translation reproduces. We are not sure but plain prose translation, closely literal, will here be the best reflex of Horace's sense and sound: "Pale death, with equal foot, knocks at the cottages of the poor and at the palaces of kings." The sentiment indeed is commonplace, but the Horatian expression seems to the Latinist inimitable. Professor Tyler, in his incomparable "History of American Literature," cites from John Wise, forgotten Puritan minister of Mather's time, 1717,—forgotten, but most worthy, by his noble gift of utterance, to have been remembered and admired—a passage in which that great preacher evidently recalls his Horace. With fine rhetorical freedom of paraphrase, "Death," he says, "observes no ceremony, but knocks as loud at the barriers of the court as at the door of the cottage."

The next ode is one of Horace's amatory pieces. These, in general, are justly not very pleasing to the modern taste. Horace seemed to know nothing of women, except by the less favorable specimens of their sex. The fifth ode, however, is a comparatively innocent erotic effusion. It enjoys exceptional English fame from having been translated by Milton. Milton's Puritan conscience and imagination have unconsciously almost moralized the ode in rendering it. No English translator of Horace can ever pass this ode of his poet, without dipping his colors to Milton as he goes by. In his earlier editions, Professor Conington simply adopted Milton's rendering, without attempting any independent version of his own. Mr. Theodore Martin, incidentally in a note, calls Milton's rendering an "overrated" piece of work —a judgment, on his part, rather bold than wise. Here is Milton's version—a little difficult perhaps, but not more difficult than the original:

What slender youth, bedew'd with liquid odours,
Courts thee on roses in some pleasant cave,
Pyrrha? For whom bind'st thou
In wreaths thy golden hair,
Plain in thy neatness? O, how oft shall he
On faith and changéd gods complain, and seas
Rough with black winds, and storms
Unwonted, shall admire!
Who now enjoys thee credulous, all gold,
Who always vacant, always amiable
Hopes thee, of flattering gales
Unmindful. Hapless they
To whom thou untried seem'st fair! Me in my vow'd
Picture, the sacred wall declares to have hung
My dank and drooping weeds
To the stern god of sea.

Milton's version is remarkably close and literal. In dispensing with rhyme, it follows the original. Its observable similarity to the Latin, in metre and in stanza, is an illusion, but an effective illusion. It works its effect to the reader, through his eye, rather than through his ear.

We shall give later another specimen or two of Horace's erotic verse. We may here remark that one ode in particular, of this species, presents the writer in a light that is even hideously repulsive. It taunts a faded fair with the loss of her bloom, in a strain of brutality, not, we grieve to say, so peculiar to ancient Roman and pagan morals and manners, but that a parallel could be found in modern, and nominally Christian, English literature. The coarseness and the selfishness which disfigure this ancient poem, belong, we judge, to sensuality as sensuality, whatever may happen to be the age of the sensuality, or its race, or its surrounding atmosphere. Several pieces of Horace are so undisguisedly gross that the English translator, even be his conscience tolerably free from squeam, is obliged to omit them entirely.

Horace, with just self-judgment, disclaims aspiration to

epic dignity for his muse — as follows (Mr. Martin interpreter):

. . . . .

Such themes, Agrippa, never hath
My lyre essay'd, nor bold
Pelides' unrelenting wrath,
Nor artfullest Ulysses' path
O'er oceans manifold;

Nor woes of Pelops' fated line;
Such flights too soaring are!
Nor doth my bashful Muse incline,
Great Cæsar's eulogies and thine
With its thin notes to mar.

. . . . .

Heart-whole, or pierced by Cupid's sting,
In careless mirthfulness,
Of banquets we, and maidens sing,
With nails cut closely skirmishing,
When lovers hotly press.

Probably Horace here was consciously jocular, in part, at his own expense, writing with a sudden surprising turn or drop, at last, in tone, for humorous effect. "With nails cut closely," is a somewhat enigmatical phrase. Some take it for pure pleasantry, some as being metaphorically expressive of neat literary finish.

A parallel, interesting for coincidence as well as for contrast, is that between odes of invitation, like the ninth of Horace, first book (also the twelfth, fourth book), and the sonnets of invitation by Milton, inscribed respectively, "To Mr. Laurence" and "To Cyriack Skinner." Horace (according to Mr. Martin again):

. . . . .

Pile up fresh logs upon the hearth,
To thaw the nipping cold,
And forth from Sabine jar, to wing
Our mirth, the ruddy vine-juice bring
Four mellowing summers old.

. . . . .

Let not to-morrow's change or chance
Perplex thee, but as gain
Count each new day! Let beauty's glance
Engage thee, and the merry dance,
Nor deem such pleasures vain!

. . . . .

The other ode of invitation just mentioned is additionally interesting as being addressed to Virgil. Virgil and Horace were fast friends. Tennyson's epistolary poem to his friend, F. D. Maurice, may also be compared. Horace half-playfully, half in good earnest, conditions his invitation to Virgil. Virgil must bring some rare perfume, to pay for the rich wine that will be broached on the occasion at Horace's expense. The Romans were as fond of fragrance, as of flavor, at their feasts. Horace now (translated by Mr. Martin):

. . . . . .

Yes, a small box of nard from the stores of Sulpicius
A cask shall elicit, of potency rare
To endow with fresh hopes, dewy-bright and delicious,
And wash from our hearts every cobweb of care.

If you'd dip in such joys, come—the better the quicker!—
But remember the fee—for it suits not my ends,
To let you make havoc, scot-free, with my liquor,
As though I were one of your heavy-pursed friends.

To the winds with base lucre and pale melancholy!—
In the flames of the pyre these, alas! will be vain,
Mix your sage ruminations with glimpses of folly,—
'Tis delightful at times to be somewhat insane!

Milton unbends in a manner very different from the foregoing. His conscience never lets up even in his most relaxed literary moods. Horace did not keep a conscience. He was simply a man of honor, as the world went, the world of his day and place.

We shall not have room in this volume to make a separate presentation of the poet Catullus. ("No Latin writer is so

Greek," says Macaulay in his Journal.) We, therefore, with a sense of satisfaction in making some compensation for that unavoidable defect, give here a graceful bit of pleasantry, gracefully translated by Mr. Martin, out of Catullus's bright, but not too pure, poetic productions. It is a witty invitation to dinner, with the guest festively warned to bring his own fare:

You dine with me, dear Argentine,
On Friday next, at half past two;
And I can promise that you'll dine
As well as man need wish to do—
If you bring with you, when you come
A dinner of the very best,
And lots of wine, and mirth, and some
Fair girl, to give the whole a zest.
'Tis if you bring these—mark me now!
That you're to have the best of dinners,
For your Catullus' purse, I vow,
Has nothing in't but long-legged spinners.
But if you don't, you'll have to fast
On simple welcome and thin air;
And, as a sauce to our repast,
I'll treat you to a perfume rare;—
A perfume so divine, 'tis odds,
When you have smelt its fragrance, whether
You won't devoutly pray the gods,
To make you straight all nose together.

Another poem to Virgil, very different from the one last quoted, is the famous twenty-fourth ode of the first book—a lyric of sorrow and consolation, on occasion of the death of a common beloved friend. There is not, there cannot be, any adequate rendering of this fine ode. "What shame should there be, or limit, to the sense of loss indulged for so dear a head?"—thus Horace begins. "So then Quinctilius, the perpetual slumber plies!" "Quinctilius—to him, ah, when will Purity, and—sister she to Justice—inviolate Faith, and Truth unclad, find ever any equal?" How bald, how harsh,

the literal English of the consummate Latin looks! The charm dwells in the first perfect form. It is felt there by the scholar, but it is not, we suppose, transferable thence to any other than he. We have known an inimitably fine effect to be produced by apt quotation of the first two stanzas, untranslated, of this ode, for an occasion, the academic atmosphere of which made the classic Latin itself appropriate.

A very vengeful allusion to Cleopatra—vengeful, but relenting at last into Roman admiration of the spirit she displayed in her disaster, in daring suicidal death as preferable to the disgrace of being driven in triumph through the streets of Rome—occurs in the thirty-seventh of the first book of odes. It will remind our readers of Tennyson's stanzas on the same subject, in his Dream of Fair Women. Here are the concluding stanzas (according to Dr. Francis):

> With fearless hand she dared to grasp
> The writhings of the wrathful asp,
> And suck the poison through her veins,
> Resolved on death, and fiercer from its pains.
> Then scorning to be led the boast
> Of mighty Cæsar's naval host,
> And arm'd with more than mortal spleen,
> Defrauds a triumph, and expires a queen.

The monotone, of what we may paradoxically call the Horatian optimistic pessimism, comes out strikingly in an ode to Dellius, the third of the second book. 'Let the thought of death impending keep your mind even, between opposite extremes, of depression and elation,' is the sentiment of the poem. In reading the brief passage about to be given, one should remember that the ancient custom was to cast lots by placing the names of the persons concerned in a vessel and shaking them smartly together, until some name should leap out. The boat spoken of is the boat in which Charon ferried the dead across the river Styx to the land of "eternal exile." "We are all of us driven the one way (*Omnes eodem cog-*

imur); for us all, is shaken in the urn the lot sooner or later destined to issue forth and us for our eternal exile to embark upon the boat." But again it is the Horatian form, not the commonplace Horatian thought, that gives its value to the verse.

The tenth of the second book is too characteristic of the writer, too good in itself, too celebrated, and it has been by the poet Cowper too happily translated, not to be given by us here entire. It is a eulogy of the "golden mean":

Receive, dear friends, the truths I teach,
So shalt thou live beyond the reach
  Of adverse Fortune's power;
Not always tempt the distant deep,
Nor always timorously creep
  Along the treacherous shore.

He that holds fast the golden mean
And lives contentedly between
  The little and the great,
Feels not the wants that pinch the poor,
Nor plagues that haunt the rich man's door,
  Imbittering all his state.

The tallest pines feel most the power
Of wintry blasts; the loftiest tower
  Comes heaviest to the ground;
The bolts that spare the mountain's side
His cloud-capt eminence divide,
  And spread the ruin round.

The well-informed philosopher
Rejoices with a wholesome fear,
  And hopes in spite of pain;
If winter bellow from the north
Soon the sweet spring comes dancing forth,
  And Nature laughs again.

What if thine heaven be overcast?
The dark appearance will not last;

Expect a brighter sky.
The god that strings a silver bow
Awakes sometimes the Muses too,
And lays his arrows by.

If hindrances obstruct thy way,
Thy magnanimity display,
And let thy strength be seen:
But O! if Fortune fill thy sail
With more than a propitious gale,
Take half thy canvas in.

Christian Cowper was unable to translate so earth-bound a poetic philosophy of life as the foregoing, without being moved to monitory reflection. He moralizes, in a rhymed sequel, as follows:

And is this all? Can Reason do no more
Than bid me shun the deep and dread the shore?
Sweet moralist! afloat on life's rough sea,
The Christian has an art unknown to thee:
He holds no parley with unmanly fears;
Where duty bids he confidently steers,
Faces a thousand dangers at her call,
And, trusting in his God, surmounts them all.

In the eleventh of the second book of odes, appears a touch, a mere touch, on the topic of advancing old age, that reminds one, by subtle association, of our own half-Horatian American poet of occasions, Oliver Wendell Holmes. We all know the humorous-pathetic fondness of Dr. Holmes's verse for this theme. And then, besides, the convivial spirit here conjoined is not alien to the parallel. Horace (according to Mr. Martin):

. . . . . .

Say, why should we not, flung at ease 'neath this pine,
Or a plane-tree's broad umbrage, quaff gayly our wine,
While the odours of Syrian nard and the rose
Breathe sweet from locks tipp'd, and just tipp'd, with Time's snows.

There is not perhaps in literature any better brother to the genius of Horace than is the genius of Oliver Wendell Holmes. The same light touch, the same monotone of sentiment, the same variety of treatment, the same gay spirit sustaining the same capacity of sadness, the same curious felicity of word and phrase, the same finish of art, belong to both poets alike.

It was one of the fortunes of Horace's life to escape death, on a certain occasion, very narrowly, from the accidental falling of a tree. He makes the occurrence the subject of an ode, the thirteenth of the second book. The opening stanzas are maledictory. He thinks the planter of that tree must have been a man of many crimes, actual or potential. After an imaginary list of such, he says (Theodore Martin):

All this he must have done—or could—
I'm sure—the wretch, that stuck thee down,
Thou miserable stump of wood,
To topple on thy master's crown,
Who ne'er designed thee any harm,
Here on my own, my favorite farm.

A strain follows, of higher mood:

How nearly in her realms of gloom
I dusky Proserpine had seen,
Seen Æacus dispensing doom,
And the Elysian fields serene,
Heard Sappho to her lute complain
Of unrequited passion's pain:

Heard thee, too, O Alcæus, tell,
Striking the while thy golden lyre,
With fuller note and statelier swell,
The sorrows and disasters dire
Of warfare and the ocean deep,
And those that far in exile weep.

While shades round either singer throng,
And the deservéd tribute pay
Of sacred silence to their song,
Yet chiefly crowd to hear the lay

Of battles old to story known,
And haughty tyrants overthrown.

What wonder they, their ears to feast,
Should thickly throng, when by these lays
Entranced, the hundred-headed beast
Drops his black ears in sweet amaze,
And even the snakes are charmed, as they
Among the Furies' tresses play.

Nay even Prometheus, and the sire
Of Pelops, cheated of their pains,
Forget awhile their doom of ire
In listening to the wondrous strains;
Nor doth Orion longer care
To hunt the lynx or lion there.

Allusion to this nigh-fatal tree recurs often throughout the odes.

In the fifteenth of the second book of odes, Horace appears as upbraider of his own degenerate times. He inveighs against the growing luxury of private landscape gardening and architecture. Theodore Martin renders:

. . . . . .
It was not so when Romulus
Our greatness fostered in its prime,
Nor did our great forefathers thus,
In unshorn Cato's simple time.

Men's private fortunes then were low,
The public income great; in these
Good times no long-drawn portico
Caught for its lord the northern breeze.

Nor did the laws our sires permit
Sods dug at random to despise
As for their daily homes unfit;
And yet they bade our cities rise

More stately at the public charge,
And did, to their religion true,
The temples of the gods enlarge,
And with fair-sculptured stone renew.

There is a note struck here that rings in the sense like that querulous line of Wordsworth,

> Plain living and high thinking are no more!

The first ode of the third book, entitled "In Praise of Contentment," is in part a very fine variation of this. But the motive of the poem last alluded to—it is a motive familiar with Horace—is different. See the following extracts from Martin's rendering:

> Ye rabble rout, avaunt!
> Your vulgar din give o'er,
> Whilst I, the Muses' own hierophant,
> To the pure ears of youths and virgins chant
> In strains unheard before!
>
> . . . . .
>
> The fish are conscious that a narrower bound
> Is drawn the seas around
> By masses huge hurl'd down into the deep;
> There at the bidding of a lord, for whom
> Not all the land he owns is ample room,
> Do the contractor and his laborers heap
> Vast piles of stone, the ocean back to sweep.
> But let him climb in pride,
> That lord of halls unblest,
> Up to his lordly nest,
> Yet ever by his side
> Climb Terror and Unrest;
> Within the brazen galley's sides
> Care, ever wakeful, flits,
> And at his back, when forth in state he rides,
> Her withering shadow sits.
>
> If thus it fare with all;
> If neither marbles from the Phrygian mine
> Nor star-bright robes of purple and of pall
> Nor the Falernian vine,
> Nor costliest balsams, fetch'd from farthest Ind,
> Can soothe the restless mind;

Why should I choose
To rear on high, as modern spendthrifts use,
A lofty hall, might be the home for kings,
With portals vast, for Malice to abuse,
Or Envy make her theme to point a tale;
Or why for wealth, which new-born trouble brings,
Exchange my Sabine vale?

One of the happiest bits of Mr. Martin's workmanship chances to coincide with one of the most characteristic, and one of the best, felicities of the original master himself. We take a few stanzas out of the sixteenth of the second book of odes: . . . . . .

He lives on little, and is blest,
On whose plain board the bright
Salt-cellar shines, which was his sires' delight,
Nor terrors, nor cupidity's unrest,
Disturb his slumbers light.

Why should we still project and plan,
We creatures of an hour?
Why fly from clime to clime, new regions scour?
Where is the exile, who, since time began,
To fly from self had power?

Fell care climbs brazen galleys' sides;
Nor troops of horse can fly
Her foot, which than the stag's is swifter, ay,
Swifter than Eurus, when he madly rides
The clouds along the sky.

Careless what lies beyond to know,
And turning to the best
The present, meet life's bitters with a jest,
And smile them down; since nothing here below
Is altogether blest.

In manhood's prime Achilles died,
Tithonus by the slow
Decay of age was wasted to a show,
And Time may what it hath to thee denied
On me perchance bestow.

. . . . . .

To me a farm of modest size,
And slender vein of song,
Such as in Greece flowed vigorous and strong,
Kind fate hath given, and spirit to despise
The base, malignant throng.

There is Horace's philosophy of life, all of it summed up for you in a single ode.

The celebrated Warren Hastings was a man of sufficient classic and literary culture to amuse himself gracefully in turning an ode of Horace into English verse. Relieved against the somewhat lurid light with which the eloquent invective of impeachment has surrounded his fame, the following stanzas, from his rendering of the ode last shown our readers, possess a personal interest not without pathos. Hastings was on his home voyage from Bengal, in 1785, when he made this translation. He was coming unawares to the great trial that was so nearly to cost him his all. The translation was addressed to a friend of the author's, Mr. Shore:

Short is our span; then why engage
In schemes, for which man's transient age
Was ne'er by fate design'd?
Why slight the gifts of Nature's hand?
What wanderer from his native land
E'er left himself behind?

. . . . .

To ripen'd age Clive lived renown'd,
With lacs enrich'd, with honours crown'd,
His valour's well-earn'd meed.
Too long, alas! he lived, to hate
His envied lot; and died too late
From life's oppression freed.

For me, oh Shore! I only claim
To merit, not to seek for fame;
The good and just to please:
A state above the fear of want;
Domestic love, Heaven's choicest grant,
Health, leisure, peace, and ease.

The translation is a paraphrase rather than a translation. The substitution of Clive's name for that of Tithonus, was a freedom justified by the circumstances of the case. Hastings knew that he too himself had enemies, though he did not know to what extremities of self-defense they would, in no long time, reduce him.

With the epicurean's optimistic pessimism exemplified in the foregoing ode, Horace united the Roman's thirst for posthumous fame. And of posthumous fame, an immortality of it, Horace was, in his own mind, not less sure, than was contemporary Ovid. The twentieth of the second book, inscribed "To Mæcenas," deals with this topic, expressing boldly the poet's confidence of his own future renown. We take, however, a shorter variation on the same theme, the thirtieth of the third book, a still more celebrated ode of Horace's, which is well rendered by Mr. Martin:

I've reared a monument, my own,
More durable than brass,
Yea, kingly pyramids of stone
In height it doth surpass.

Rain shall not sap, nor driving blast
Disturb its settled base,
Nor countless ages rolling past
Its symmetry deface.

I shall not wholly die. Some part
Nor that a little, shall
Escape the dark destroyer's dart,
And his grim festival.

For long as with his Vestals mute
Rome's Pontifex shall climb
The Capitol, my fame shall shoot
Fresh buds through future time.

Where brawls loud Aufidus, and came
Parch'd Daunus erst, a horde
Of rustic boors to sway, my name
Shall be a household word;

As one who rose from mean estate,
The first with poet fire
Æolic song to modulate
To the Italian lyre.

Then, grant, Melpomene, thy son
Thy guerdon proud to wear,
And Delphic laurels duly won
Bind thou upon my hair!

The *Dulce et decorum est pro patria mori*, so familiar a quotation of patriotism, is a sentiment of Horace, occurring in the second of the third book of odes. The whole ode is very fine.

There is no loftier moral height touched anywhere by the wing of the Horatian muse, than that of the opening of the third ode of the third book. *Justum et tenacem propositi virum*, is the lordly first line. How it fills the mouth that utters it! The sound is almost enough to convey the sense, even to English ears unskilled of Latin. Here is Mr. Martin's resonant rendering of the first two stanzas:

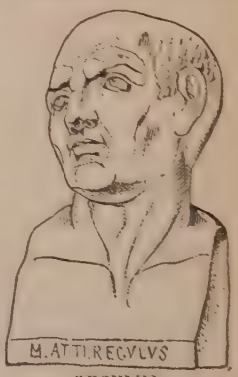
He that is just, and firm of will
Doth not before the fury quake
Of mobs that instigate to ill,
Nor hath the tyrant's menace skill
His fixed resolve to shake:

Nor Auster, at whose wild command
The Adriatic billows dash,
Nor Jove's dread thunder-launching hand.
Yea, if the globe should fall, he'll stand
Serene amidst the crash.

("Auster" is the name of a wind.)

Professor Moses Stuart, in an eloquent pamphlet written to vindicate Daniel Webster against the obloquy that assailed him during the closing period of his patriotic career, finely quoted in its sonorous original Latin—to describe that great statesman's position and character—the magnificent first stanza of the foregoing ode.

Like, in the lofty Roman spirit of it, is the fifth of book third, which sings Regulus. Livy, become lyrist, might have written such an ode. The story of Regulus will be recalled by our readers. Taken prisoner by the Carthaginians in the First Punic War, he was, after years of captivity, dispatched to Rome (under his promise to return, if unsuccessful in his embassy) charged from his captors to recommend peace on conditions humiliating to his country. He stoutly advised his countrymen to reject the terms proposed. Returning to Carthage, he was, with cruel torture, put to death. This latter part of the story of Regulus is now not generally credited. Horace makes fine use of the proud, if in part doubtful, tradition. We again let Mr. Martin translate for us. He certainly does upon occasion take fire from his original, and kindle into true poet's flame. Horace has just bemoaned the poltroon degeneracy of his countrymen:



REGULUS.

. . . . .

Ah, well he feared such shame for us,
The brave, far-seeing Regulus,
When he the vile conditions spurn'd,
That might to precedent be turn'd,
With ruin and disaster fraught
To after times, should they be taught
Another creed than this,—"They die
Unwept, who brook captivity!"

"I've seen," he cried, "our standards hung
In Punic fanes, our weapons wrung
From Roman hands without a blow;
Our citizens, I've seen them go
With arms behind their free backs tied,
Gates I have seen flung open wide,

Ay, Roman troops I've seen disgraced
To till the plains they had laid waste!

"Will he return more brave and bold,
The soldier you redeem with gold?
You add but loss unto disgrace.
Its native whiteness once efface
With curious dyes; you can no more
That whiteness to the wool restore;
Nor is true valor, once debased,
In souls corrupt to be replaced!

"If from the tangled meshes freed,
The stag will battle, then indeed
May he conspicuous valor show,
Who trusted the perfidious foe,—
He smite upon some future field
The Carthaginian, who could yield
In fear of death his arms to be
Bound up with thongs submissively!
Content to draw his caitiff breath,
Nor feel such life is worse than death!
O shame! O mighty Carthage, thou
On Rome's fallen glories towerest now!"

From his chaste wife's embrace, they say,
And babes, he tore himself away,
As he had forfeited the right
To clasp them as a freeman might;
Then sternly on the ground he bent
His manly brow; and so he lent
Decision to the senate's voice,
That paused and waver'd in its choice,
And forth the noble exile strode,
Whilst friends in anguish lined the road.

Noble indeed! for, though he knew
What tortures that barbarian crew
Had ripe for him, he waved aside
The kin that did his purpose chide,
The thronging crowds, that strove to stay
His passage, with an air as gay,

As though at close of some decree
Upon a client's lawsuit he
Its dreary coil were leaving there,
To green Venafrum to repair
Or to Tarentum s breezy shore
Where Spartans built their town of yore.

We shall supply a lively contrast to the tense high strain of the preceding odes, by introducing here the ninth of the third book. This is an Am-œ-be'an ode, so-called—one, that is, composed of alternately responsive stanzas. It is a very famous little piece. It will indicate the variety of genius and character that Horace has, in every age, attracted to illustrate his verse—at the same time exhibiting our ode in a really fine version of it—if we take Bishop Atterbury's rendering, not obsolete, though executed so long ago as 1700:

Horace. While I was fond, and you were kind,
Nor any dearer youth, reclined
On your soft bosom, sought to rest,
Phraates was not half so bless'd.

Lydia. While you ador'd no other face,
Nor loved me in the second place,
My happy celebrated fame
Outshone e'en Ilia's envied flame.

H. Me Chloë now possesses whole,
Her voice and lyre command my soul;
Nor would I death itself decline,
Could her life ransom'd be with mine.

L. For me young lovely Calais burns,
And warmth for warmth my heart returns,
Twice would I life with ease resign,
Could his be ransom'd once with mine.

H. What if sweet love, whose bands we broke,
Again should tame us to the yoke;
Should banished Chloë cease to reign,
And Lydia her lost power regain?

L. Though Hesperus be less fair than he,
Thou wilder than the raging sea,
Lighter than down; yet gladly I
With thee would live, with thee would die.

With the foregoing may appropriately be associated, to complete our exhibition of Horace in the amatory vein, his hymn to Venus, the first of the fourth book of odes. This ode, Ben Jonson has rendered. We go back just a century from Bishop Atterbury to reach his date. Readers now will have to allow for some archaism, and some manneristic quaintness of expression. Mr. Martin adopts Ben Jonson's version, modifying and modernizing it to make it more harmonious with his own individual manner in translating and versifying. Our readers, we judge, will like better to see "rare Ben Jonson" as he actually was, than as Mr. Martin improves him:

Venus, againe thou mov'st a warre
Long intermitted; pray thee, pray thee spare:
I am not such as in the reigne
Of the good Cynara I was; refraine,
Sower mother of sweet loves, forbeare
To bend a man, now at his fiftieth yeare
Too stubborne for commands so slack:
Goe where youth's soft entreaties call thee back.
More timely hie thee to the house,
With thy bright swans, of Paulus Maximus:
There jest and feast, make him thine host,
If a fit liver thou dost seeke to toast;
For he's both noble, lovely, young,
And for the troubled clyent fyls his tongue,
Child of a hundred arts, and farre
Will he display the ensines of thy warre,
And when he smiling finds his grace
With thee 'bove all his rivals' gifts take place,
He will thee a marble statue make,
Beneath a sweet-wood roofe neere Alba lake:
There shall thy dainty nostrill take
In many a gumme, and for thy soft eare's sake

Shall verse be set to harpe and lute,
And Phrygian hau'boy, not without the flute.
There twice a day in sacred laies,
The youths and tender maids shall sing thy praise,
And in the Salian manner meet
Thrice 'bout thy altar with their ivory feet.
Me now, nor wench, nor wanton toy,
Delights, nor credulous hope of mutuall joy,
Nor care I now healths to propound,
Or with fresh flowers to girt my temples round.
But why, oh, why, my Ligurine,
Flow my thin teares downe these pale cheeks of mine?
Or why, my well-graced words among,
With an uncomely silence failes my tongue?
Hard-hearted, I dreame every night
I hold thee fast! but fled hence, with the light,
Whether in Mars his field thou be,
Or Tyber's winding streams, I follow thee.

Horace's ode to Venus suffers, we think, in comparison with Sappho's Hymn to Aphrodite. This, Horace himself perhaps would freely admit; for he admired Greek genius and Greek art in lyric song, as our next citation will show.

The second ode of the fourth book contains a fine and a famous characterization of Pindar. Mr. Martin shall make it English verse for us. Horace glorifies Pindar, and then, in a demure fit of modesty, contrasts himself. He duly modulates his strain into eulogy of Cæsar Augustus:

Iulus, he who'd rival Pindar's fame
  On waxen wings doth sweep
  The Empyréan steep,
To fall like Icarus, and with his name
  Endue the glassy deep.

Like to a mountain stream, that roars
  From bank to bank along,
  When autumn rains are strong,
So deep-mouth'd Pindar lifts his voice, and pours
  His fierce tumultuous song.

Worthy Apollo's laurel wreath,
Whether he strike the lyre
To love and young desire,
While bold and lawless numbers grow beneath
His mastering touch of fire;

Or sings of gods, and monarchs sprung
Of gods, that overthrew
The Centaurs, hideous crew,
And, fearless of the monster's fiery tongue,
The dread Chimæra slew.

. . . . .

Or mourns the youth snatch'd from his bride,
Extols his manhood clear,
And to the starry sphere
Exalts his golden virtues, scattering wide
The gloom of Orcus drear.

When the Dircéan Swan doth climb
Into the azure sky,
There poised in ether high,
He courts each gale, and floats on wing sublime,
Soaring with steadfast eye.

I, like the tiny bee, that sips
The fragrant thyme, and strays
Humming through leafy ways,
By Tibur's sedgy banks, with trembling lips
Fashion my toilsome lays.

But thou, when up the sacred steep
Cæsar, with garlands crown'd,
Leads the Sicambrians bound,
With bolder hand the echoing strings shalt sweep,
And bolder measures sound.

The fifth of book fifth is all tribute to Augustus. One naturally compares it with Tennyson's noble dedication to his queen, of his own collected poems—"this poor book of song," as he himself, with modest disparagement, styles the volume.

The epodes are younger and inferior works of the poet.

The second of the first book may be read with interest in collation with the "Cotter's Saturday Night" of Burns. Mr. Martin has given it the same metrical form with that of Gray's "Elegy Written in a Country Church-Yard."

AUGUSTUS.

As now — with first scarcely more than a ceremonious salute to his satires — we pass from the odes to the Epistles of Horace, we keep ourselves in countenance with our readers, by quoting, from the preface to his English Horace, an expression of Mr. Conington's, to confirm our own at once disparaging and admiring appreciation of these celebrated Latin lyrics:

"It is only the attractiveness of the Latin, half real, half perhaps arising from association and the romance of a language not one's own, that makes us feel this 'lyrical commonplace' more supportable than commonplace is usually found to be."

The satires proper of Horace—his satires, we mean, expressly so named—we shall need to detain but very briefly under notice. The Horatian satiric vein runs also through the poetical epistles of this author; and one of these, in fairly adequate specimen of their kind, it will be desirable to display somewhat fully to our readers. We simply now, for insertion here, detach from the sixth satire, second book, of Horace, the fable of The Town and Country Mouse. This

is well rendered in rattling octosyllabics by Mr. Martin; but we present instead a version which, besides being more exactly literal than that, is conformed in metre to the hexameter Latin original. (The present writer may be permitted to testify, that with every added degree of approach achieved by him to absolute verbal fidelity in translation, he has seemed to himself to be adding something of picturesqueness and of spirit to his work. To his own mind, this constitutes a lively evidence of the inseparable merit of Horace's lines. We ought to explain that, at one point in the story, Horace humorously incorporates, for mock-heroic effect, a Virgilian assemblage of words to mark the hour of midnight. By way of exception to our own literal exactness in rendering, we have ventured to reproduce this stroke of Horatian humor in English, by making conscript a slow-moving spondaic line of Milton's "Paradise Lost," to serve the same purpose.)

The table translated is playfully introduced by Horace, as a threadbare story told by a guest, at a banquet imagined to take place in the country, where high themes are discussed. Cervus, a neighbor of Horace's, is one of those men whose idea of helping on conversation is to contribute a story. Some one has remarked on the anxious wealth of Arellius, when Cervus snuffs his chance and begins:

Once, runs the story, a mouse of the country within his poor cavern
Welcomed a mouse of the city—old cronies they each of the other—
Manners uncouth, sharp eye to his hoard, yet disposed notwithstanding,
Acting the host, his close heart to unbind. Why multiply words? He
Neither the stored-away chick-pea grudged, nor his longest oat-kernel.
Forth in his mouth he, bringing the dry plum, also his nibbled
Bacon-bits, gave them, eager with various banquet to vanquish
Niceness of guest scarce touching with tooth of disdain any viand:
While, stretched on fresh litter of straw, he, lord of the household,
Ate him a spelt-grain or darnel, the choicer provisions refraining.

Finally, city-bred says to the other: "What is it, companion,
Tempts you, enduring, to live on the ridge abrupt of the forest?

You, too—will you prefer men and town to the fierce savage wildwood?
Up and away—trust, comrade, to me; since creatures terrestrial
Live allotted a mortal portion of breath, not to any
Refuge from death to great or to small: so, my excellent fellow,
While it is granted you, live in agreeable wise, well-conditioned:
Live recollecting of span how brief you are!"
Soon as these speeches
Wrought on the swain, he out of his dwelling lightly leaps forth: thence
Press they, the pair, on the journey proposed, being keenly desirous
Under the walls of the city to creep as night-farers. And night now
'Half-way up hill this vast sublunar vault' clomb, when
Each of the mice set foot in a palace resplendent, where drapings
Tinctured crimson in grain were glowing on ivory couches.
Numberless dishes remaining from yesterday's sumptuous supper
There at remove stood in panniers loftily built like a turret.

So when now he has placed at his ease on a couch-spread of purple
Countryman mouse, obsequious host he runs hither and thither,
Course after course the supper prolongs, and, with flourish of service,
Does all the honors in form, whatever he offers foretasting.
He, reclining, rejoices in altered estate, and in plenty
Plays you the part of jolly good fellow—when, sudden, a mighty
Rumble of doors rolling open both of them shook from their couches:
Helter-skelter scampering went they, stricken with terror—
Growingly breathless with panic they quake, while rings the great mansion
Loud to the baying of mastiffs Molossian.
Then countryman mouse said:
"Life such as this I've no use for; good-bye to you: me, with the lowly
Vetch, shall the woods, and a cave secure from surprises, make happy."

It is the contrast of the leisurely and remote conversation conceived thus as passing at the supposed banquet in the country—the contrast of this with the hurried and exciting scenes and occasions of life in the city, that affords the mild flavor of satire discoverable in this composition of Horace's.

Of the Epistles of Horace, there are two decidedly more interesting and more valuable for modern readers than any of the others. These are the Epistle to Augustus and that to the Pisos. The latter is generally called "The Art of

Poetry," such being in fact the didactic subject of the epistle. Horace's "Ars Poetica" enjoys a high repute for the soundness of its inculcation on the subject which it treats. It suffers so in any English translation that we are much disposed to pass it, asking our readers to study Pope's "Essay on Criticism," as a lively and agreeable way of getting at the spirit, and at no small part also of the wisdom, of the ancient production. Pope, in his various versified essays, makes a very good English Horace, such as Horace appears in his epistles and in his satires. The Art of Poetry is a piece in hexameters, making about six hundred and fifty heroics in Dr. Francis's translation. Critics have shrewdly suspected that some part of Horace's purpose, in this epistle to the Pisos, was, under the guise of general suggestion, to insinuate dissuasion from the project, entertained by those distinguished men, of going into the business of poetry-writing. There were now in Rome, what Pope called in England a "mob of gentlemen who wrote with ease," and true literature was like to perish there under too much crowding of the market with amateur literary wares from the hands of "the great."

The Epistle to Augustus also discusses the subject of poetical production. Pope, under the title of an Imitation, has translated, with "modern touches here and there," this epistle, in one of his wittiest satires. The dulcet praises chanted by Horace to Augustus, in the first part of the epistle, were, by the English wit, turned ironically into bitter dispraises of his own royal liege, King George II. Pope:

> While you, great patron of mankind! sustain
> The balanced world, and open all the Main;
> Your country, chief, in arms abroad defend,
> At home, with morals, arts, and laws amend;
> How shall the muse, from such a monarch, steal
> An hour, and not defraud the public weal?

So Pope begins. Take the reverse direction, converting back this irony on George II. of England into good earnest

of adulation to Augustus of Rome, and you have authentic Horace in place of imitative Pope. Let the following, from Smart's literal translation of Horace's opening lines, illustrate this :

> Since you alone support so many and such weighty concerns, defend Italy with your arms, adorn it by your virtue, reform it by your laws ; I should offend, O Cæsar, against the public interests, if I were to trespass upon your time with a long discourse.

When Pope wrote his satire, the Spaniards were invading, with what Britons felt to be insolent bravado, Great Britain's private preserve of the ocean. This gives its point to Pope's irony about George's "opening all the main"—that is, laying open the sea to the hostile and menacing visits of the Spaniard.

Horace goes on with allusion to Romulus, and Father Bacchus, and Castor and Pollux. These names are changed by Pope into English parallels, but the sentiment is kept —always, however, with the satirical irony understood. We hardly need to quote literal Smart, so consummately and ingeniously Horatian has Pope here contrived to be. Pope:

> Edward and Henry, now the boast of fame,
> And virtuous Alfred, a more sacred name,
> After a life of gen'rous toils endured,
> The Gaul subdued, or property secured,
> Ambition humbled, mighty cities stormed,
> Or laws established, and the world reformed ;
> Closed their long glories with a sigh to find
> Th' unwilling gratitude of base mankind !
> All human virtue, to its latest breath,
> Finds Envy never conquered but by death.
> The great Alcides, ev'ry labor past,
> Had still this monster to subdue at last.
> Sure fate of all, beneath whose rising ray
> Each star of meaner merit fades away !
> Oppressed we feel the beam directly beat,
> Those suns of glory please not till they set.

Horace complaisantly contrasts the popular justice of appreciation shown toward Augustus, in that prince's lifetime, with the popular injustice generally shown toward men by their own contemporaries, through injurious comparison with the ancients. Pope very closely imitates, almost translates, satirically —thus:

> To thee, the world its present homage pays,
> The harvest early, but mature the praise:
> Great friend of liberty! in kings a name
> Above all Greek, above all Roman fame:
> Whose word is truth, as sacred, as revered,
> As heav'n's own oracles from altars heard.
> Wonder of kings! like whom, to mortal eyes
> None e'er has risen, and none e'er shall rise.
> Just in one instance, be it yet confest
> Your people, sir, are partial in the rest:
> Foes to all living worth except your own,
> And advocates for folly dead and gone.
> Authors, like coins, grow dear as they grow old,
> It is the rust we value, not the gold.

Pope is like Horace in being surpassingly quotable. "Above all Greek, above all Roman fame," will be recognized for a familiar acquaintance. ("Heard" was formerly pronounced so as to be a true rhyme with "revered.")

Horace is a little querulous in the topic he now touches. "Just what age," he asks, "must a poem have attained, before it can safely be pronounced good?" Pope still is close enough to Horace. Let us go on with Pope:

> If time improve our wit as well as wine,
> Say at what age a poet grows divine?
> Shall we, or shall we not, account him so,
> Who died, perhaps, a hundred years ago?
> End all dispute; and fix the year precise
> When British bards begin t' immortalize?
> 'Who lasts a century can have no flaw;
> I hold that wit a classic, good in law.'
> Suppose he wants a year, will you compound?
> And shall we deem him ancient, right and sound,

Or damn to all eternity at once,
At ninety-nine, a modern and a dunce?
'We shall not quarrel for a year or two;
By courtesy of England, he may do.'
Then by the rule that made the horse-tail bare,
I pluck out year by year, as hair by hair,
And melt down ancients like a heap of snow;
While you to measure merits, look in Stowe,
And estimating authors by the year,
Bestow a garland only on a bier.

Gossip Plutarch is authority for the anecdote about the horse's tail, to which, in his illustration reproduced above by Pope, Horace alludes. In his life of Sertorius, Plutarch says that that general, to impress on the men of his army the value of wisdom and contrivance, in contrast with mere inconsiderate brute strength, adopted the expedient of an object-lesson displayed before them. He had two horses brought out, one old and feeble, the other full of youth and vigor. He then set at work a strapping fellow on the feeble horse's tail, to pull the hairs out, if he could. At the same moment, a weakly man was put at the same job with the tail of the strong young horse. The able-bodied man made a victim of his animal, dragging the poor beast about, this way and that—to the infinite diversion of the spectators, but making meantime no headway with his task. The weaker man patiently took the hairs of his horse's tail one by one, and soon had the stump plucked completely bare.

Horace now runs over a list of Roman names in literature, famous, merely or mainly, because they were old. Pope matches these with an English list. Horace then agrees that the conventional verdict on authors is sometimes right, but he insists that also it is sometimes wrong. He is vexed that poems should be condemned, not because they are poor, but because they are new, and that poems should be praised, not because they are good, but because they

are old. He asks pertinently — we give the quotation as Pope puts it —:

> "Had ancient times conspired to disallow
> What then was new, what had been ancient now?"

It is by a very slight association—but the association is perhaps sufficient for an epistle—that Horace proceeds now to satirize the epidemic itch for writing poetry, that, he says, prevailed among Romans. Pope translates and parodies, as follows:

> Time was, a sober Englishman would knock
> His servants up, and rise by five o'clock,
> Instruct his family in ev'ry rule,
> And send his wife to church, his son to school.
> To worship like his fathers, was his care;
> To teach their frugal virtues to his heir;
> To prove that luxury could never hold;
> And place, on good security, his gold.
> Now times are changed, and one poetic itch
> Has seized the court and city, poor and rich:
> Sons, sires, and grandsires, all will wear the bays,
> Our wives read Milton, and our daughters plays,
> To theatres, and to rehearsals throng,
> And all our grace at table is a song.
> I, who so oft renounce the Muses, lie,
> Not ———'s self e'er tells more fibs than I;
> When sick of Muse, our follies we deplore,
> And promise our best friends to rhyme no more;
> We wake next morning in a raging fit,
> And call for pen and ink to show our wit.
> . . . . .
> But those who cannot write, and those who can,
> All rhyme, and scrawl, and scribble, to a man.

Horace now, half humorously, half seriously, computes the negative and the positive benefits conferred upon society by the poetical tribe. Pope thus renders him:

> Yet, sir, reflect, the mischief is not great;
> These madmen never hurt the church or state.

Sometimes the folly benefits mankind ;
And rarely av'rice taints the tuneful mind.
Allow him but his plaything of a pen,
He ne'er rebels, or plots, like other men :
. . . . .
Of little use the man, you may suppose,
Who says in verse what others say in prose ;
Yet let me show, a poet's of some weight,
And (though no soldier) useful to the state.
What will a child learn sooner than a song?
What better teach a foreigner the tongue?
What's long or short, each accent where to place,
And speak in public with some sort of grace?
. . . . .
He, from the taste obscene reclaims our youth,
And sets the passions on the side of truth,
Forms the soft bosom with the gentlest art,
And pours each human virtue in the heart.

The foregoing, be it noted, is, like all the rest of Pope's satire, authentically Horatian. The form even is Pope's form only as it is English and not Latin; the meaning is wholly the meaning of Horace.

Horace next summarizes the history of that development in culture, by which at Rome the rudeness of rustic song became polite and elegant poetry. Follows the celebrated saying, "Captive Greece took captive her fierce conqueror," which, with its sequel, Pope translates and accommodates thus :

We conquered France, but felt our captive's charms ;
Her arts victorious triumphed o'er our arms;
Britain to soft refinements less a foe,
Wit grew polite, and numbers learned to flow.
Waller was smooth ; but Dryden taught to join
The varying verse, the full-resounding line,
The long majestic march, and energy divine.
Though still some traces of our rustic vein
And splay-foot verse, remained, and will remain.
Late, very late, correctness grew our care,
When the tired nation breathed from civil war.

Exact Racine, and Corneille's noble fire,
Showed us that France had something to admire.
Not but the tragic spirit was our own,
And full in Shakespeare, fair in Otway shone:
But Otway failed to polish or refine,
And fluent Shakespeare scarce effaced a line.
Even copious Dryden wanted, or forgot,
The last and greatest art,—the art to blot.

It is really remarkable how exactly, *mutatis mutandis*, Pope here reproduces Horace. Hardly any thing but the proper names, is different.

After a passage about comedy, in which he points out how nice the task is to be just exquisitely right, in such production, Horace proceeds to belabor "the many-headed monster of the pit"—as Pope, with that felicity of epigrammatic phrase which is his, calls the vulgar mass of spectators in the theatre. He then indicates the difficulty of the task which is set the comic dramatist to perform. It is nearly exact translation, in spirit, if not in letter, when Pope says:

Booth enters—hark! the universal peal!
"But has he spoken?" Not a syllable.
What shook the stage, and made the people stare?
Cato's long wig, flow'red gown, and lacquered chair.

With admirable spirit, as with admirable sense, Horace sings, and Pope echoes:

Yet lest you think I rally more than teach,
Or praise malignly arts I cannot reach,
Let me for once presume t' instruct the times,
To know the poet from the man of rhymes:
'Tis he, who gives my breast a thousand pains,
Can make me feel each passion that he feigns;
Enrage, compose, with more than magic art,
With pity, and with terror, tear my heart;
And snatch me, o'er the earth, or through the air,
To Thebes, to Athens, when he will, and where.

The magic of the dramatist here spoken of, to effect change of scene, must not be taken to imply that, within one and the same play, the spectator was anciently thus whisked about from place to place. One of the dramatic unities, required by ancient canons of literary art, was unity of place. It was in passing from one play to another, Horace means to say, that the spectator was now in Thebes, now in Athens.

Only by actual comparison of the one with the other, could any man be brought to appreciate the exquisite wit and art with which the conclusion of Horace's epistle is turned by Pope from Latin and Augustan into English and Georgian. We do, we think, our readers a real service by giving them, for this conclusion, Pope's brilliant paraphrase and parody side by side with the original Horace in Smart's literal translation. Horace, after a sort, excuses himself for not undertaking to celebrate in epic the glories of Augustus. He does this with appropriate allusion to historic instance. Horace (Smart):

A favorite of King Alexander the Great was that Chœr'i-lus, who to his uncouth and ill-formed verses owed the many pieces he received of Philip's royal coin. But, as ink when touched leaves behind it a mark and a blot, so writers as it were stain shining actions with foul poetry. That same king, who prodigally bought so dear so ridiculous a poem, by an edict forbade that any one beside A-pel'les should paint him, or that any other than Ly-sip'pus should mold brass for the likeness of the valiant Alexander. But should you call that faculty of his, so delicate in discerning other arts, to judge of books and of these gifts of the muses, you would swear he had been born in the gross air of the Bœ-o'tians. Yet neither do Virgil and Varius, your beloved poets, disgrace your judgment of them, and the presents which they have received with great honor to the donor; nor do the features of illustrious men appear more lively when expressed by statues of brass, than their manners and minds expressed by the works of a poet. Nor would I rather compose such tracts as these creeping on the ground, than record deeds of arms, and the situations of countries, and rivers, and forts reared upon mountains, and barbarous kingdoms, and wars brought to a conclusion through the whole world under your auspices, and the barriers that confine Janus

the guardian of peace, and Rome dreaded by the Parthians under your government, if I were but able to do as much as I could wish. But neither does your majesty admit of humble poetry, nor dares my modesty attempt a subject which my strength is unable to support. Yet officiousness foolishly disgusts the person whom it loves; especially when it recommends itself by numbers and the art of writing. For one learns sooner, and more willingly remembers, that which a man derides, than that which he approves and venerates. I value not the zeal that gives me uneasiness; nor do I wish to be set out anywhere in wax with a face formed for the worse, nor to be celebrated in ill-composed verses; lest I blush, when presented with the gross gift; and, exposed in an open box along with my author, be conveyed into the street that sells frankincense, and spices, and pepper, and whatever is wrapped up in impertinent writings.

Now Pope:

Charles, to late times to be transmitted fair,
Assigned his figure to Bernini's care,
And great Nassau to Kneller's hand decreed
To fix him graceful on the bounding steed;
So well in paint and stone they judged of merit:
But kings in wit may want discerning spirit.
The hero William, and the martyr Charles,
One knighted Blackmore, and one pensioned Quarles;
Which made old Ben, and surly Dennis swear,
"No lord's anointed, but a Russian bear."
Not with such majesty, such bold relief,
The forms august, of king, or conquering chief,
E'er swelled on marble; as in verse have shined
(In polished verse) the manners and the mind.
Oh! could I mount on the Mæonian wing,
Your arms, your actions, your repose to sing!
What seas you traversed, and what fields you fought!
Your country's peace, how oft, how dearly bought!
How barb'rous rage subsided at your word,
And nations wondered while they dropped the sword!
How, when you nodded, o'er the land and deep,
Peace stole her wing, and wrapt the world in sleep;
'Till earth's extremes your mediation own,
And Asia's tyrants tremble at your throne—
But verse, alas! your majesty disdains;
And I'm not used to panegyric strains:

The zeal of fools offends at any time,
But most of all, the zeal of fools in rhyme.
Besides, a fate attends on all I write,
That when I aim at praise, they say I bite.
A vile encomium doubly ridicules:
There's nothing blackens like the ink of fools.
If true, a woeful likeness; and if lies,
"Praise undeserved is scandal in disguise:"
Well may he blush, who gives it, or receives;
And when I flatter, let my dirty leaves
(Like journals, odes, and such forgotten things
As Eusden, Philips, Settle, writ of kings)
Clothe spice, line trunks, or, fluttering in a row,
Befringe the rails of Bedlam and Soho."

The facility with which Horace lends himself to such adaptations as the foregoing, may serve to remind one how fundamentally the same from age to age, and from race to race, our common human nature remains. It may serve also to show that Horace was in this at least a poet for all time. He took hold of what is permanent in the constitution of our human frame.

Poet the world will always call Horace, and poet indeed he was. But, as in his odes he was still more an artist than a poet, so in his satires and epistles he was far less a poet than a wit. He herein resembles Pope—on the satiric and epistolary side of his genius, Horace's best English analogue. Both as man, and as man of letters, Horace was of the world, eminently so, and the world will always love its own. His fame will easily last as long as the world lasts — or as the fashion of the world lasts. And no one will grudge so accomplished and so agreeable a man his merited reward.

HORACE.

VI.

JUVENAL.

If Tacitus had been a poet, he would have been a poet like Ju've-nal. If Juvenal had been an historian, he would have been an historian like Tacitus. Both alike were satirists. The difference is that Tacitus satirized incidentally, and in prose, while Juvenal satirized expressly, and in verse.

It was noted by the Romans themselves that satire was a literary form—the only one—of their own origination. Juvenal was by no means the first in time, though he is so far the first in power, among Roman satirists. Horace was a satirist before Juvenal, as Lucilius was a satirist before Horace. Of Lucilius, true founder of Roman satire, only fragments remain. Between Horace and Juvenal came Persius, but those two are for us the representative satirists of Rome.

Horace's satires have the character of amateur performances, in comparison with the satires of Juvenal. Horace had not depth enough of nature, had not strength enough of conviction, to make him a really powerful satirist. He experimented, he toyed, with the satiric vein. Juvenal satirized in dead earnest. He did not play at his task. He wrought at it with might and main. His whole soul was in it, and his soul was large and strong. Satire, in his hands, was less a lash, even a Roman lash, than a sword. It did not sting. It cut. It did not cut simply the skin. It cut the flesh. It cut the flesh to the bone. It clove the bone to the marrow. Hardly ever, in the history of literature, has such a weapon been wielded by any writer.

Who was Juvenal? No one knows. He was this satirist. That is all we know of him. As a man, he is nothing but a name. Not that there are not traditions about Juvenal. But

there are no traditions that we can trust. When he lived, is uncertain. We know only that it was about the close of the first century after Christ. He had seen the empire under several emperors. Some think that, having written earlier, he finally published under Trajan—a ruler great enough, and strong enough, and wise, as well as generous, enough, to let the satirist say his say, unhindered and unharmed. Not quite to the end, however, unharmed—if we are to trust the legend which relates that Juvenal was honorably, and as it were satirically, punished for the freedom of his pen, by being sent to Egypt at eighty years of age to command a cohort stationed in that province. He there soon died of his vexation and chagrin. Such is the story; but the story has no voucher. Juvenal is personally a great unknown. But can the man justly be called unknown who has written what Juvenal has written? The incidents of his life, the traits of his personal appearance, we are ignorant of—but do we not know Juvenal by what is far more central and essential in his character?

The answer to that question depends upon whether we take Juvenal's satires to shadow forth the real sentiments of the satirist, or to have been written by him in mere wanton play of wit, "without a conscience or an aim." Opposite views have been contended for on this point, but the present writer is sure he feels the pulse of personal sincerity beating strong in Juvenal's satires. It was the morals, much more than it was the manners, of the Roman empire, that engaged the genius of Juvenal. That the satirist himself remained a model of virtue, amid the general corruption that rotted around him, we should be far from maintaining. But Juvenal's conscience was on the side of virtue—his conscience, or at least his Roman pride and scorn. He truly despised vice, if he did not truly reprobate vice. Scorn edged the blade, and scorn urged the blow.

It is a pity, but for reasons of propriety, we cannot show our

readers the one satire in particular which staggers, for many, their faith in Juvenal, but by which, we confess, our own faith in Juvenal is confirmed. Vice was so flagrant in imperial Rome, that only to name what was done there would now be an intolerable offense. But Juvenal named it, and never flinched. He painted it with colors dipped in hell. You look at the picture aghast. No wonder if for a moment you feel such a picture to be as wicked as that itself was, of which this is a picture. The picture breathes and burns. It is not like life—it is life. The artist has not depicted sin—he has committed sin.

But look again. There is no enticement here. You are not allured. You are revolted. It was not because he secretly loved them, that this man dwelt on images of evil. He dwelt on them because he hated, or at least despised, them, and would do his utmost to make them everywhere hateful or despicable. So at least we read Juvenal. But we will speak no more of what we must not show.

Happily what we can show of Juvenal is one of the best of his satires—one of the best, and, on the whole, perhaps quite the most celebrated. There are sixteen satires in all, and this is the tenth of the series. Dr. Samuel Johnson has given it added fame for English readers by his powerful imitative poem, "The Vanity of Human Wishes." It will be interesting to study the original and the imitation together.

It is wise always in the reader to expect that satires, like comedies, will be found to depend for their interest so much on that atmosphere of incident and event in which they were produced, as to be sadly deprived of color and tone through lapse of time and change of place. The full text of Juvenal's Tenth Satire would thus, we fear, notwithstanding the extraordinary merit of the poem, prove but dull reading to many. We shall need to be select and to be short.

The motive of the piece is tolerably well expressed in Johnson's title, "The Vanity of Human Wishes." That

expression, however, is ambiguous. It might be understood to convey the idea that human wishes are vain, as impotent to bring about their own fulfillment. The satirist's true thought is rather, not that human wishes are weak, but that human wishes are blind and unwise. We wish at foolish cross-purposes. We desire our own bane, we dread our own blessing.

There is a recent prose translation, published by Macmillan & Co., very good, and interesting the more because coming to us from our antipodes. The translators are English scholars who date their work from the University of Melbourne, in Australia. We resist the temptation to seem fresh by using this version, and go back to the pentameter couplets of Gifford. The relief of verse and of rhyme will be found grateful. Juvenal's point will seem sharper, than it would do sheathed in scholarlike, but not literary, prose.

> Let Observation, with extensive view,
> Survey mankind from China to Peru,

is Johnson's familiar beginning. The tautologous verbosity of this has often been pointed out. It is an extreme specimen of Johnson at his worst. Juvenal gave Johnson the hint, but Johnson is himself responsible for suffering the hint to carry him so far. What Juvenal says is (as our Australian translators give it), "In all the world—from Gades [Cadiz] to the land of the Morning and its Ganges." Gifford rhymes it:

> In every clime, from Ganges' distant stream
> To Gades, gilded by the western beam.

It will be noted that Gifford, for the sake of his versification, takes the liberty, first, to transpose the points of the compass; and, second, to transfer the poetical amplification, from the East, where Juvenal used it, to the West. The total effect is not thus much modified. At any rate, this freedom on Gifford's part may be taken to exemplify his general habit in

doing his work of translating, with Juvenal. Juvenal says that "in every clime" from West to East, the rule is for men to wish what, if granted, will probably injure them. For example, the universal craving is for wealth, but how often has wealth been the ruin of its possessor. The rich, under bad emperors, became the prey of those emperors, while the poor escaped by their own obscurity. The satirist recalls historic instances (Gifford's translation):

> For this, in other times, at Nero's word,
> The ruffian bands unsheathed the murderous sword,
> Rushed to the swelling coffers of the great,
> Chased Lat-e-ra'nus from his lordly seat,
> Besieged too-wealthy Seneca's wide walls,
> And closed, terrific, round Lon-gi'nus' halls:
> While sweetly in their cocklofts slept the poor,
> And heard no soldier thundering at their door.
> The traveller, freighted with a little wealth,
> Sets forth at night, and wins his way by stealth:
> Even then, he fears the bludgeon and the blade,
> And starts and trembles at a rush's shade;
> While, void of care, the beggar trips along,
> And, in the spoiler's presence, trolls his song.

Juvenal thinks that if, in their own times, De-moc'ri-tus could laugh incessantly, and Her-a-cli'tus could incessantly weep, over the follies of their fellow-creatures, those philosophers would find much more food for laughter and for tears, were they to enjoy a resurrection under the Roman empire as he himself saw the Roman empire. The laughter of Democritus, by the way, Juvenal says, was intelligible—anybody could laugh; but where could anybody get brine enough to keep him going in tears? This is the fashion in which Juvenal derided the pomp of civic processions and military triumphs in Rome:

> Democritus, at every step he took,
> His sides with unextinguished laughter shook,
> Though, in his days, Abdera's simple towns
> No fasces knew, chairs, litters, purple gowns.

What! had he seen, in his triumphal car,
Amid the dusty Cirque, conspicuous far,
The Prætor perched aloft, superbly dress'd
In Jove's proud tunic, with a trailing vest
Of Tyrian tapestry, and o'er him spread
A crown, too bulky for a mortal head,
Borne by a sweating slave, maintained to ride
In the same car, and mortify his pride!
Add now the bird, that, with expanded wing,
From the raised sceptre seems prepared to spring;
And trumpets here; and there the long parade
Of duteous friends, who head the cavalcade;
Add, too, the zeal of clients robed in white,
Who hang upon his reins, and grace the sight,
Unbribed, unbought—save by the dole, at night!

Juvenal alludes at some length to the striking fate of Se-ja'nus. Sejanus, an imperial favorite under Tiberius, became a pretender to the throne, and so a conspirator against his sovereign. He was found out, was strangled, and the populace rent his dead body into fragments, which they flung into the Tiber. The statues of the fallen man were tumbled down and melted up in fierce fires, kindled on the street. The rabble meantime ignorantly exchanged gibes, in their street talk, at the very man whom, had he but succeeded, they would have hailed emperor with uproarious cheers. Now Juvenal, from the point at which the fire is kindled for melting up the bronze Sejanus:

Then roar the fires! the sooty artist blows,
And all Sejanus in the furnace glows;
Sejanus, once so honored, so adored,
And only second to the world's great lord,
Runs glittering from the mould, in cups and cans,
Basins and ewers, plates, pitchers, pots, and pans.
"Crown all your doors with bay, triumphant bay!
Sacred to Jove, the milk-white victim slay;
For lo! where great Sejanus by the throng,
A joyful spectacle! is dragged along.

What lips! what cheeks! ha, traitor!—for my part,
I never loved the fellow—in my heart."
"But tell me; Why was he adjudged to bleed?
And who discovered? and who proved the deed?"
"Proved!—a huge, wordy letter came to-day
From Capreæ." Good! what think the people? They!
They follow fortune, as of old, and hate,
With their whole souls, the victim of the state.
Yet would the herd, thus zealous, thus on fire,
Had Nurscia met the Tuscan's fond desire,
And crushed the unwary prince, have all combined,
And hailed Sejanus, MASTER OF MANKIND!

Johnson's parallel to Sejanus is Cardinal Wolsey:

In full-blown dignity, see Wolsey stand,
Law in his voice, and fortune in his hand:
To him the Church, the realm, their pow'rs consign,
Thro' him the rays of regal bounty shine,
Turn'd by his nod the stream of honor flows,
His smile alone security bestows.
Still to new heights his restless wishes tow'r,
Claim leads to claim, and pow'r advances pow'r:
Till conquest unresisted ceas'd to please,
And rights submitted left him none to seize.
At length his sov'reign frowns—the train of state
Mark the keen glance, and watch the sign to hate.
Where'er he turns, he meets a stranger's eye,
His suppliants scorn him, and his followers fly.

These balanced declamatory lines of Johnson suffer from the comparison which they naturally provoke, with Shakespeare's treatment of the same topic, in his Henry the Eighth.

At this point occurs one of the most memorable of all Juvenal's satirical strokes. The satirist contrasts former popular freedom with present popular servitude. The same Roman people, he says, that once proudly by its votes conferred every privilege and every distinction, now confines its aspiration to the one cry for bread to stop its mouth, and for the games of the circus to set its eyes agape. *Panem et*

circenses! Food and fun at the public expense, were, in Juvenal's time, sufficient to content the degenerate citizens of the empire. "Panem et circenses," is a famous phrase of quotation. 'Say,' exclaims Juvenal, suddenly — as would seem—bethinking himself that he had introduced Sejanus for a purpose, 'say, would you like Sejanus's power, bought at Sejanus's price?'

From Sejanus, Juvenal goes back farther for historic instances, to Crassus, to Pompey, to Cæsar:

> What wrought the Crassi, what the Pompeys' doom,
> And his, who bowed the stubborn neck of Rome?
> What but the wild, the unbounded wish to rise,
> Heard, in malignant kindness, by the skies.
> Few kings, few tyrants, find a bloodless end,
> Or to the grave, without a wound, descend.

Wealth and power are not the only objects foolishly craved by men. The ambition and the prayer to be eloquent are also disguised and unconscious invocations of doom—witness the examples of Demosthenes and Cicero:

> The child, with whom a trusty slave is sent,
> Charged with his little scrip, has scarcely spent
> His mite at school, ere all his bosom glows
> With the fond hope he nevermore foregoes,
> To reach Demosthenes' or Tully's name,
> Rival of both in eloquence and fame!—
> Yet, by this eloquence, alas! expired
> Each orator, so envied, so admired!
> Yet, by the rapid and resistless sway
> Of torrent genius, each was swept away!
> Genius, for that, the baneful potion sped,
> And lopped, from this, the hands and gory head:
> While meaner pleaders unmolested stood,
> Nor stained the rostrum with their wretched blood.

In the gibe, now to follow, of Juvenal, at Cicero's jingling braggadocio verse, our readers will note how ingeniously the effect on the ear, of the Latin line laughed at by the satirist,

is imitated by Mr. Gifford in his translation. Juvenal avers that, for Cicero's own happiness, it would have been better for him to write nothing but such stuff as even that ludicrous line of poetry, than it was to launch at Antony the flaming bolt of eloquence which cost the orator his life:

> "*How fortu*NATE A NATAL *day was thine,*
> *In that* LATE *consu*LATE, *O Rome, of mine!*"
> Oh, soul of eloquence! had all been found
> An empty vaunt, like this, a jingling sound,
> Thou might'st, in peace, thy humble fame have borne,
> And laughed the swords of Antony to scorn!
> Yet this would I prefer—the common jest—
> To that which fired the fierce triumvir's breast,
> That second scroll, where eloquence divine
> Burst on the ear from every glowing line.
> And he too fell, whom Athens, wondering, saw
> Her fierce democracy, at will, o'erawe,
> And "fulmine over Greece!" Some angry Power
> Scowled, with dire influence, on his natal hour.
> Bleared with the glowing mass, the ambitious sire,
> From anvils, sledges, bellows, tongs, and fire,
> From temp'ring swords, his own more safe employ,
> To study RHETORIC, sent his hopeful boy.

Macaulay thinks that Johnson's passage, parallel to the foregoing—a passage descriptive of the disappointments that dog the literary life—is finer than the original which it imitates. We condense the Englishman's imitation here. It is highly autobiographic in spirit. You must think of Johnson's memorable letter of indignation to Chesterfield, about the once proposed dedication to that nobleman of his English dictionary, and you must think of the debtor's prison, not unknown to authors of Johnson's day—when you read the pregnant allusion following, to the "patron [the first edition read 'garret'] and the jail":

> When first the college rolls receive his name,
> The young enthusiast quits his ease for fame;
> . . . . .

. . . Proceed, illustrious youth,
And Virtue guard thee to the throne of Truth!
. . . . . .
Yet hope not life from grief or danger free,
Nor think the doom of man revers'd for thee.
Deign on the passing world to turn thine eyes,
And pause awhile from letters to be wise;
There mark what ills the scholar's life assail,
Toil, envy, want, the patron, and the jail.
See nations, slowly wise and meanly just,
To buried merit raise the tardy bust.
If dreams yet flatter, once again attend,
Hear Lydiat's life, and Galileo's end.

Garrick pronounced Johnson's poem "as hard as Greek." It certainly is not very easy reading. The passage just quoted was so charged with personal reminiscence, to Johnson himself, that he, it is said, burst into tears over it, when once reading the poem aloud at Mrs. Thrale's.

The topics successively treated by Juvenal are Wealth, Power, Eloquence, Military Fame, Long Life, Personal Beauty, as objects of human desire likely, even if gained, to involve the gainer in special disappointment and misery. Hannibal, Alexander, Xerxes, are the historical examples adduced, of thirst for the vain delight of warlike renown. A wild desire, Juvenal declares it, and says (Gifford's translation):

Yet has this wild desire, in other days,
This boundless avarice of a few for praise,
This frantic rage for names to grace a tomb,
Involved whole countries in one general doom;
Vain "rage!" the roots of the wild fig-tree rise,
Strike through the marble, and their memory dies!

The "wild fig-tree" of Juvenal is, no doubt, the allusion intended in Tennyson's "Princess":

"though the rough kex break
The starred mosaic, and the wild goat hang
Upon the pillar, and the wild fig-tree split
Their monstrous idols."

Juvenal's passage about Hannibal is one of the finest in the satire. The words, "Expende Hannibalem," meaning "Weigh Hannibal"—that is, weigh the inurned ashes, or the buried dust, that alone remain as relic of the living man—these two words have become a not infrequent literary quotation used to set forth the "little measure" to which the mightiest dead are shrunk. Hodgson dilutes, but dilutes rather successfully, as follows:

> How are the mighty changed to dust! How small
> The urn that holds what once was Hannibal!

Now Gifford's version of Juvenal's satirical homily on Hannibal:

> Produce the urn that Hannibal contains,
> And weigh the mighty dust, which yet remains:
> AND IS THIS ALL? Yet THIS was once the bold,
> The aspiring chief, whom Afric could not hold,
> Though stretched in breadth from where the Atlantic roars,
> To distant Nilus, and his sun-burnt shores;
> In length, from Carthage to the burning zone,
> Where other moors, and elephants are known.
> —Spain conquered, o'er the Pyrenees he bounds:
> Nature opposed her everlasting mounds,
> Her Alps, and snows; o'er these, with torrent force,
> He pours, and rends through rocks his dreadful course.
> Already at his feet Italia lies;—
> Yet thundering on, "Think nothing done," he cries,
> "Till Rome, proud Rome, beneath my fury falls,
> And Afric's standards float along her walls!
> Big words!—but view his figure!—view his face!
> O, for some master-hand the lines to trace,
> As through the Etrurian swamps, by floods increas'd,
> The one-eyed chief urged his Getulian beast!
> But what ensued? Illusive Glory, say.
> Subdued on Zama's memorable day,
> He flies in exile to a petty state,
> With headlong haste! and, at a despot's gate,
> Sits, mighty suppliant! of his life in doubt,
> Till the Bithynian's morning nap be out.

No swords, nor spears, nor stones from engines hurled,
Shall quell the man whose frown alarmed the world:
The vengeance due to Cannæ's fatal field,
And floods of human gore, a ring shall yield!
Fly, madman, fly! at toil and danger mock,
Pierce the deep snow, and scale the eternal rock,
To please the rhetoricians, and become
A DECLAMATION for the boys of Rome!

Charles XII. of Sweden serves Johnson for his modern instance, matched against the Roman's Hannibal. On Charles for text, Johnson is fired to preach in sonorous rhymes his very best sermon. "Juvenal's Hannibal must yield to Johnson's Charles," says Macaulay. But let our readers judge. Here is Johnson:

On what foundation stands the warrior's pride,
How just his hopes, let Swedish Charles decide.
A frame of adamant, a soul of fire,
No dangers fright him, and no labors tire;
O'er love, o'er fear, extends his wide domain,
Unconquer'd lord of pleasure and of pain;
No joys to him pacific sceptres yield,
War sounds the trump, he rushes to the field.
Behold surrounding kings their pow'rs combine,
And one capitulate, and one resign:
Peace courts his hand, but spreads her charms in vain;
'Think nothing gain'd,' he cries, 'till naught remain,
On Moscow's walls till Gothic standards fly,
And all be mine beneath the polar sky.'
The march begins, in military state,
And nations on his eye suspended wait;
Stern Famine guards the solitary coast,
And Winter barricades the realms of Frost;
He comes, nor want nor cold his course delay!—
Hide, blushing glory, hide Pultowa's day:
The vanquish'd hero leaves his broken bands,
And shows his miseries in distant lands;
Condemn'd a needy supplicant to wait,
While ladies interpose, and slaves debate.

But did not Chance at length her error mend?
Did no subverted empire mark his end?
Did rival monarchs give the fatal wound?
Or hostile millions press him to the ground?
His fall was destin'd to a barren strand,
A petty fortress, and a dubious hand;
He left the name at which the world grew pale,
To point a moral, or adorn a tale.

So much perhaps will do in the way of paralleling Johnson with Juvenal. In what remains, from this point onward to the end, of the two poems, both poets are at their best in fecund conception and in felicitous execution. We, however, will refrain from Johnson and confine ourselves to Juvenal. At the same time, we cordially commend to readers that have the taste and the leisure for the purpose, a continued comparison of the modern with the ancient poem.

Juvenal's satiric genius fairly revels in describing the wretchedness of old age. The desire of long life, he says, entails, if gratified, unnumbered ills. These ills certainly were never more powerfully portrayed than they are here portrayed by Juvenal:

Strength, beauty, and a thousand charms beside,
With sweet distinction, youth from youth divide;
While age presents one universal face;
A faltering voice, a weak and trembling pace,
An ever-dropping nose, a forehead bare,
And toothless gums to mumble o'er its fare.
Poor wretch! behold him, tottering to his fall,
So loathsome to himself, wife, children, all,
That those who hoped the legacy to share,
And flattered long—disgusted, disappear.
The sluggish palate dulled, the feast no more
Excites the same sensations as of yore;
Taste, feeling, all, a universal blot,
The dearest joys of sense remembered not.

. . . . .

Another loss!—no joy can song inspire,
Though famed Seleucus lead the warbling quire:

The sweetest airs escape him ; and the lute,
Which thrills the general ear, to him is mute.
He sits, perhaps, too distant : bring him near ;
Alas ! 'tis still the same : he scarce can hear
The deep-toned horn, the trumpet's clanging sound,
And the loud blast which shakes the benches round.
Even at his ear, his slave must bawl the hour,
And shout the comer's name, with all his power !

. . . . .

These their shrunk shoulders, those their hams bemoan ;
This hath no eyes, and envies that with one :
This takes, as helpless at the board he stands,
His food, with bloodless lips, from others' hands ;
While that, whose eager jaws, instinctive, spread
At every feast, gapes feebly to be fed,
Like Progne's brood, when, laden with supplies,
From bill to bill the fasting mother flies.
But other ills, and worse, succeed to those :
His limbs long since were gone ; his memory goes.
Poor driveler ! he forgets his servants quite,
Forgets, at morn, with whom he supped at night ;
Forgets the children he begot and bred ;
And makes a strumpet heiress in their stead.

The allusion to Prog'ne is the translator's, not Juvenal's own. Progne was one of Ovid's women, changed to a swallow.

Two or three lines of Johnson's imitation are too good not, after all, to be quoted here :

Superfluous lags the veteran on the stage.

From Marlborough's eyes the tears of dotage flow,
And Swift expires a driveler and a show.

Juvenal prolongs his detail of the miseries unconsciously invoked in prayers for longevity, through a hundred lines or so additional to those which we have given. Out of Homer, Nestor is cited as a witness, and Ulysses's father, Laërtes, and Pe'leus, father to Achilles—all living to deplore their children dead or lost; Priam, too, surviving the glory of Troy, and Hec'uba transformed to a barking bitch. Mithrida'tes,

then, is summoned, and Crœsus with the legend of Solon admonishing him; and aged Marius bereft of every thing but life; and Pompey recovering from a Campanian fever, only to encounter in Egypt a worse doom of death. By the mocking irony of fate, conspirators Len'tu-lus, Ceth-e'gus, Cat'i-line escaped at least the indignity of bodily mutilation in dying. Readers depressed by all this remorseless realism of the satirist describing old age, may turn forward a number of pages and, from Cicero's store, refresh themselves as they can, with the suave consolations of the philosopher treating the same subject.

The last topic treated in the satire is that of Personal Beauty. Juvenal, with great power, exhibits the spectacle, so familiar in history, of

> Beauty and anguish walking hand in hand
> The downward slope to death.

We shall not follow the satirist in this part of his poem. Some of the strongest strokes in it are of a nature that unfits them to be reproduced in these pages. And we need to say that the dotted lines in previous extracts, have, more than once, marked the omission of verses which we could not properly show. In barely a single instance foregoing—where, for completion of thought, it seemed necessary to retain the line—we even ventured on a silent change of half a dozen words, in order so to make the frankness of Juvenal less intolerable to modern taste.

Here is a couplet of Gifford's, translating with spirit a sentence of Juvenal's, in the latter part of his satire, that well deserves its fame:

> A woman scorned is pitiless as fate,
> For there the dread of shame adds stings to hate.

Every student of history is qualified, but a Roman under the empire was peculiarly qualified, to appreciate the justness

of the sentiment. Congreve's couplet will naturally occur to some minds:

> Heaven has no rage like love to hatred turned,
> Nor hell a fury like a woman scorned.

The conclusion of all is well-nigh Christian—in spirit, though at points the form is pagan enough. We present it in the prose translation, which is very readable, furnished in Bohn's Classical Library:

> Is there then nothing for which men shall pray? If you will take advice, you will allow the deities themselves to determine what may be expedient for us, and suitable to our condition. For, instead of pleasant things, the gods will give us all that is most fitting. Man is dearer to them than to himself. We, led on by the impulse of our minds, by blind and headstrong passions, pray for wedlock, and issue by our wives; but it is known to them what our children will prove; of what character our wife will be! Still, that you may have somewhat to pray for, and vow to their shrines the entrails and consecrated mincemeat of the white porker, your prayer must be that you may have a sound mind in a sound body. Pray for a bold spirit, free from all dread of death; that reckons the closing scene of life among nature's kindly boons; that can endure labor, whatever it be; that knows not the passion of anger; that covets nothing; that deems the gnawing cares of Hercules, and all his cruel toils, far preferable to the joys of Venus, rich banquets, and the downy couch of Sar-dan-a-pa'lus. I show thee what thou canst confer upon thyself. The only path that surely leads to a life of peace lies through virtue. If *we* have wise foresight, *thou*, Fortune, hast no divinity. It is we that make thee a deity, and place thy throne in heaven!

As might, from the foregoing, be guessed, the well-worn phrase, *mens sana in corpore sano*, "a sound mind in a sound body," is Juvenal's. In proposing the combination thus named, as a good of life proper to be prayed for, Juvenal makes the impression of being himself a well-attempered mind judging as soundly as a pagan could, of the chief earthly human need.

There is a note struck in the conclusion to Juvenal's great masterpiece of satire, not far out of chord with the closing

lines of Bryant's Thanatopsis. One word alone in the American's strain distinguishes it in tone from the Roman's. That word is "trust." But trust, in prospect of death, is a Christian idea, and Juvenal was no Christian. To face death without fear, but also without trust,—that was Roman; and Roman of Romans was Juvenal. How one sighs, and vainly sighs, with desire to have sweetened the bravery and the scorn of many of those majestic men of Rome with the meekness of trust and obedience toward Jesus! This, however, is a sentiment that will visit the heart still more naturally, and still more impressively, as, in the following pages, one goes on to familiar acquaintance with Cicero and Pliny, and with the friends of those two most vividly modern of Roman literary men.

VII.

CICERO.

In a former volume of this series, we paid such attention as we could to Cicero, in his capacity of orator. We have now to consider Cicero again, this time in his more general capacity of literary man. We may begin with a sketch, necessarily very brief, of his character and career.

Cicero is beyond comparison the most modern of the ancients. We scarce seem to be breathing the atmosphere of antiquity when we are dealing with Cicero. Especially in reading his letters, we unconsciously forget that the writer of these living lines died near nineteen hundred years ago. Cicero was a most human-hearted man, possessing breadth enough of temperament and of sympathy to ally him with all races and all ages of his kind. In Arpinum in Italy, the birthplace of one of Rome's greatest generals, Rome's greatest orator was born. Caius Marius and Marcus Tullius Cicero were fellow-townsmen by birth. Cicero was not of

patrician blood; but his father was a gentleman in circumstances that enabled him to give his son the best advantages for education. These of course were to be found in Rome, and to Rome accordingly young Cicero was sent. Here, at sixteen years of age, the future orator began his studies in law. He was a hard student, but he was no mere sedentary recluse. He kept up an assiduous practice in elocution, and

CICERO.

he frequented drawing-rooms in which he could enjoy the society of gifted and accomplished women. It would be curious to guess how much he was indebted to this latter influence for the urbanity and grace that afterward distinguished his literary character.

No great man perhaps ever lived that was naturally less fitted to be a soldier than was Cicero. But some military experience Cicero too must have, if he would get on in the

Roman world of politics. For a year or two, therefore, "the gown," to invert his own famous phrase, "yielded to arms," in the case of Cicero. The youthful law student became a soldier, under the father of Pompey. Cicero's soldiership was not to be a very eventful episode in his career. He was soon back in Rome, immersed again in his congenial intellectual pursuits.

Scarcely had he made his brilliant beginning in the open practice of the law, when he found it convenient, perhaps necessary for his health, to enjoy an interval of change and recreation. This he sought by visiting Athens, at that time the one chief city of the soul to such a man as Cicero. At Athens, he formed, or cemented, a friendship destined to make the friend associated with him in it as immortal in memory as himself. There was now residing in that city a Roman who, in the sequel of his life, would grow so much a Greek in spirit as to acquire the inseparable surname of Atticus. Atticus became a life-long friend of Cicero. The two, in after years, maintained, during almost a quarter of a century, a familiar correspondence. Near four hundred letters from Cicero to Atticus remain to this day. These form a mine of information, both as to the interesting personality of Cicero, and as to the current political events of some twenty-five years belonging to one of the most momentous periods in the history of the human race. From this precious treasury of letters, we shall presently draw for illustration at once of the literary, and of the personal, character of the writer.

From Athens, Cicero made a tour of Asia Minor, availing himself of an opportunity at Rhodes to resume for a time his studies in rhetoric, under a former tutor of his. He married soon after returning to Rome. Rather inexplicable it seems to us, that, after a reasonably contented married experience of thirty years with Te-ren'tia his wife, he should, without even a good pretext that we know, have separated

her from him by divorce. Loose views of marriage, shared by him in common with the general paganism of his age, were probably the secret of this act of Cicero's—as well as of a second divorce that soon followed a second marriage of the orator. Terentia long outlived her illustrious husband, and, as Dion Cassius tells us, consoled herself three times successively by subsequent marriages.

Cicero rapidly made himself conspicuous at Rome. Round after round, he climbed the ladder of political promotion, until he became quæstor in Sicily. The quæstorship was an office that had to do with revenue and finance. Cicero distinguished himself as quæstor, by his ability and by his probity. The Sicilians were delighted with this upright, accomplished, and genial official from Rome. Their praises almost turned the young fellow's head. Cicero afterward rallied himself in public with admirable humor, for the weakness of vanity indulged by him on occasion of the displays that were made in his honor by the grateful and effusive Sicilians. The allusion to this experience of his over-susceptible youth was artfully introduced by the orator to enliven a certain speech that he was making. Such allusions are easily made by a speaker who knows that his hearers will be conscious of a strong contrast, in his own favor, between what he was once, and what he is universally confessed to be now. "I thought in my heart," Cicero said, "that the people at Rome must be talking of nothing but my quæstorship." He was duly discharged of this pleasing illusion—he proceeds to tell us how. One is reminded of Washington Irving's story, told by him at his own expense. "You bear a famous name," remarked to him a London tradesman, as, for some purpose of business, Irving gave the man his address. Irving's heart fluttered complacently over this supposed acknowledgment of his fame; he had just published a successful book. "Yes," went on the tradesman, "Edward Irving is a wonderful preacher." In the same spirit, Cicero

conceived the following strain of allusion to himself—which may be taken as a good specimen of the Ciceronian pleasantry, and Cicero was rated a very lively man:

> The people of Sicily had devised for me unprecedented honors. So I left the island in a state of great elation, thinking that the Roman people would at once offer me everything without my seeking. But when I was leaving my province, and on my road home, I happened to land at Pu-te'o-li just at the time when a good many of our most fashionable people are accustomed to resort to that neighborhood. I very nearly collapsed, gentlemen, when a man asked me what day I had left Rome, and whether there was any news stirring? When I made answer that I was returning from my province—"O! yes, to be sure," said he; "Africa, I believe?" "No," said I to him, considerably annoyed and disgusted; "from Sicily." Then somebody else, with an air of a man who knew all about it, said to him—"What! don't you know that he was quæstor at *Syracuse?*" [It was at Li-ly-bæ'um—quite a different district.] No need to make a long story of it; I swallowed my indignation, and made as though I, like the rest, had come there for the waters.

Cicero's "improvement" of the lesson was highly characteristic, both of the Roman and of Cicero. He did not use it to impress upon his mind a more judicious opinion of himself. He simply turned it to thrifty account for his own personal advantage in Roman politics. With great frankness—a frankness, by the way, which proves that bald self-seeking might without shame be openly confessed in that ancient pagan world—Cicero says he learned, from this passage in his early experience, how important it was for his own profit that he should keep himself constantly familiar before the eyes of his countrymen at Rome, and that he should sedulously practice every art of popularity. The following are the orator's own words. We use for the present extract a translation given by Mr. Collins in his volume on Cicero, belonging to the series of Ancient Classics for English Readers. (This series is now obtainable in two American reprints, a fairly good cheap one, issued by Mr. John B. Alden, New

York, and a better one, at a higher price, issued by Messrs. J. B. Lippincott & Co., Philadelphia):

> But I am not sure, gentlemen, whether that scene did not do me more good than if everybody then and there had publicly congratulated me. For after I had thus found out that the people of Rome have somewhat deaf ears, but very keen and sharp eyes, I left off cogitating what people would hear about me; I took care that thenceforth they should see me before them every day: I lived in their sight, I stuck close to the Forum; the porter at my gate refused no man admittance—my very sleep was never allowed to be a plea against an audience.

How thoroughly a politician in spirit Cicero was, and how willingly he confessed that fact to the people of Rome—whom he flattered in the very act of so confessing it—is well shown in the following sentences, not given by Mr. Collins, from the same speech that furnished the foregoing citations:

> This is the inalienable privilege of a free people, and especially of this the chief people of the world, the lord and conqueror of all nations, to be able by their votes to give or to take away what they please to or from any one. And it is our duty,—ours, I say, who are driven about by the winds and waves of this people, to bear the whims of the people with moderation, to strive to win over their affections when alienated from us, to retain them when we have won them, to tranquillize them when in a state of agitation. If we do not think honors of any great consequence, we are not bound to be subservient to the people; if we do strive for them, then we must be unwearied in soliciting them.

The Roman people enforced a good deal of meekness in their candidates for office. Successful politicians had to learn the distasteful art of stooping to conquer.

The first really great display of oratory from Cicero, was his impeachment of Verres. Verres had been prætor in Sicily, and had there signalized his administration of office with more than normal Roman cruelty. Cicero brought him to trial. It was a conspicuous occasion—conspicuous by the gravity of the accusation, by the rank of the accused, but above all by the eloquence of the accuser. Verres bent before the blast. Without waiting the issue of the trial, he

withdrew to Marseilles; but Cicero finished and published his speech notwithstanding—as dreadful an arraignment for crime as perhaps ever was launched from human lips against a criminal. Cicero was from this moment the foremost orator of Rome. Every thing now lay possible before him. He was soon consul. His merit and his fortune together made his consulship the most illustrious in the annals of Rome. That year was the year of the conspiracy of Catiline. This great political crime, Cicero had the good luck and the sagacity mingled, to detect, the courage, with the eloquence, to denounce, and the practical address completely to foil. His conduct gave him the proud title of Father of his Country. No one ever relished success more frankly than did Cicero. He never wearied of sounding out the praises of his own consulship. Cicero in fact was deeply encased with panoply of self-complacency. This armor served him well for defense against many an inward wound; but Cicero's vanity, and an insincerity in him that was close of kin to vanity, have proved indelible blemishes on the fair face of his fame.

Out of the heart itself of the success achieved by him in the matter of Catiline, sprang one of the greatest of the calamities that marked Cicero's checkered, and at last tragical, career. A bill was introduced into the senate empowering Pompey, now returned in triumph from the war against Mithridates, to "restore the violated constitution." This ominous language had Cicero for its aim. Cicero had put Roman citizens to death without regular trial. Julius Cæsar was demagogue enough to support the bill. The bill failed in the senate, but Cicero did not escape. A personal enemy of his got the people of Rome to pass sentence of banishment upon him. The better classes were sorry, the senate was sorry—in vain. Both Cæsar and Pompey, on good terms then with each other, refused their intervention in Cicero's favor, and the great ex-consul, late flourishing like a green bay-tree, went, stripped of possessions and of honors—and, one grieves

to say it, with the pith of inward courage and dignity gone out of him—into an exile, not so long as Ovid's, but hardly less inglorious than his. He had, in prospect of what impended, gravely asked his friends whether he had not better make away with himself out of hand, and have done with life altogether.

A great compensation awaited the disconsolate exile. After a year and a half, Cicero was brought back to Rome like a conqueror. No military triumph decreed him could have done him half the honor, or have yielded him half the generous joy, that now overflowingly filled his cup in the magnificent popular ovation spontaneously prolonged to the returning patriot through an imperial progress on his part of twenty-four days from Brundusium to Rome. Cicero's heart swelled with unbounded elation. The height of the joy was as had been the depth of the sorrow. Let Cicero himself describe his triumph for us. We draw once more from Mr. Collins's little volume:

> Who does not know what my return home was like? How the people of Brundusium held out to me, as I might say, the right hand of welcome on behalf of all my native land? From thence to Rome my progress was like a march of all Italy. There was no district, no town, corporation, or colony, from which a public deputation was not sent to congratulate me. Why need I speak of my arrival at each place? how the people crowded the streets in the towns; how they flocked in from the country—fathers of families with wives and children? How can I describe those days, when all kept holiday, as though it were some high festival of the immortal gods, in joy for my safe return? That single day was to me like immortality; when I returned to my own city, when I saw the Senate and the population of all ranks come forth to greet me, when Rome herself looked as though she had wrenched herself from her foundations to rush to embrace her preserver. For she received me in such sort, that not only all sexes, ages, and callings, men and women of every rank and degree, but even the very walls, the houses, the temples, seemed to share the universal joy.

But Cicero was fallen on evil days. Rome sat uneasily on a repressed, but not long repressible, volcano. The time

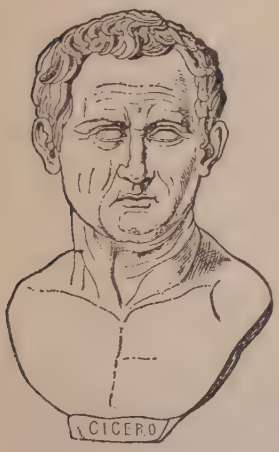
providentially appointed for Cæsar was drawing near. The city was full of disturbance—the undulation to and fro of an eruption preparing, but not yet prepared. Cicero, however, goes on a few years in prosperous practice of his profession, and in the fruition of accumulating honors. He is then got out of the way of rivals, to whom he might be troublesome in their joint contention against him for power, by being sent as governor to Cilicia. This governorship presented to Cicero an opportunity for enriching himself. But he was already rich, and, to do him but justice, he never seemed greedy for more. He governed his province purely and wisely. When he returned to Rome, with the mild glory of just and successful administration surrounding him, he found the issue ready to be joined in deadly duel for empire between Cæsar and Pompey. He cast in his own lot with Pompey. But he did not wholly trust Pompey. Indeed he despaired of the republic — whichever might win, Pompey or Cæsar. A despotism was, he thought, in either event, the certain result. A despotism indeed resulted, but it was a better, because a stronger, and a wiser, despotism than would have been the despotism that Cicero, half-heartedly and haltingly, seems to have preferred. Of Cicero's relation to Cæsar, during the brief term of Cæsar's enjoyment of that supreme power which, as Pliny tells us the conqueror himself used to say, it had cost a million and a half of human lives, in Gaul alone, to win—enough will be indicated in the extracts from Cicero's letters to follow. Cicero was not of those who conspired against Cæsar, but he rejoiced at the great man's bloody death—openly, almost savagely, rejoiced. He thought that the republic—that dream, that ideal, of his love—was about to be restored. But he thought wrong, and he paid the price of his mistake with his blood.

The period during which Cicero, with his tongue, waged war against Antony, was the most truly glorious of his life.

Rufus Choate has celebrated it, with pomp of numerous prose, beating in a rhythm answering to the rhythm of Cicero himself, in a splendid discourse on the "Eloquence of Revolutionary Periods." Cicero was a true hero now. His face, his form, his gait, are transfigured, like those of O-dys'seus at the gift of Pallas Ath-e'ne. One is pathetically comforted and glad, to behold the orator, the statesman, the philosopher, the man—whom, before this, one could not wholly admire—divested at length of the weakness of vanity and of fear, marching forward erect and elate, like a demigod out of Homer, and as with a kind of menacing and triumphing welcome to his doom. His doom met him with equal advancing steps. The story is familiar, but it bears to be told again and again.

The triumvirate had triumphed over the republicans, and therefore over Cicero. They made out a list for death, and Antony included Cicero's name. It was the usurper's revenge for Cicero's philippics against him. Cicero was at his Tusculan villa when he heard that he was proscribed. He sought to escape from the country. But life was no longer dear to him, and, after some irresolution, he decided to die by his own act. He would first rest a while, and then go hence. While he was resting, Antony's emissaries came. Cicero's servants hastened, with their master borne on a litter, toward the sea. But the soldiers were too quick for them. The servants affectionately and bravely addressed themselves for fight with their pursuers. But Cicero forbade them. He stretched forth his head and neck from the litter, and summoned the soldiers to take what they wanted. They wanted his head and his hands. These they bore with speed to Antony in the forum. Antony feasted his famished grudge with the sight, and had them fixed for general view on the rostra from which, in better times, Cicero so often had spoken. The tears that Rome shed were wept perhaps as much for herself, as for her Tully.

Tully's praises were silent during the time of Augustus—for to praise Cicero would have been to blame the emperor—but they broke out again soon after, and they have since filled the world. Cicero's name is second, if it is not first, among the best glories of Rome.



It was during the troublous times which fell after the republic had ceased and before the triumvirate had begun, that Cicero solaced himself with philosophy. Cicero was not properly a philosopher. He wrote philosophy, not as philosopher, but as man of letters. He sought to understand the philosophers of Greece, Plato especially, and to interpret these to his countrymen. He sought even to construct out of the various philosophies of others an eclectic philosophical system of his own. The product of Cicero's efforts may not be very valuable philosophy, but it is certainly delightful literature. The essay on Old Age, and the essay on Friendship, written, as nearly all Cicero's miscellaneous works were written, in the form of dialogues, are rather to be considered essays merely, in the modern sense of that word, than treatises in philosophy, even as the ancients understood philosophy. The "De Finibus Bonorum et Malorum" ("Concerning the Ends of Life"), the "Academica," "The Tusculan Disputations," so called from the scene in which the dialogue is supposed to take place, namely, Tusculum, where was a villa of Cicero's, the "De Officiis" ("Concerning Moral Duties"), are his principal works in philosophy. The last-named work is addressed by the writer to his son, at the time a student at Athens. It may be compared and con-

trasted with Lord Chesterfield's Letters to his Son. Dr. A. P. Peabody has lately translated the De Officiis, and the De Senectute. From his version, we are permitted by him and his publishers to draw some extracts, to stand as specimens of Cicero's philosophical and ethical vein. Cicero is great by quantity, as well as by quality, and we can do little more than furnish appetizing tastes of the feast that is spread for all comers, in his manifold literary works.

We begin with selections—few and brief they must be—from Cicero's letters. It will be satisfactory, when we come to read his ethics, to have learned what manner of man is behind the words that are spoken.

There is nothing else whatever saved to us from the so-called ancient world, that brings that world so near and makes it seem so modern, as do the letters of Cicero. These compose a considerable volume, from which copious selections have been made accessible to the English public, in very good translation. Mr. G. E. Jeans, of Oxford University, England, has lately published a scholarly version of what may now be regarded as the accepted standard collection, that of Mr. Watson, from the voluminous extant correspondence of Cicero. In this collection, some letters, written not by Cicero but to him, are justly included with his own epistles, as throwing a necessary light of illustration upon these. The correspondence with Atticus is, both in quantity and in quality, the most important part of the volume. This constitutes, in fact, as already suggested, a valuable resource to historians for contemporary information on the course of events, and on the motives and the relations of public men, during the most momentous period in the history of Rome. We, of course, have here no room to exhibit fully this historical aspect of Cicero's letters. We strictly limit ourselves. We shall lay before our readers a letter or two of Cicero's bearing on his relation to Cæsar, and then, having further cited some communications

exchanged between Cicero and one of his friends on the subject of the death of the orator's beloved daughter, Tullia, turn our face reluctantly away from this section, still quivering with its inextinguishable life, taken out of the very heart of ancient Roman society.

Cæsar was now master of the world. But Cicero was a sufficiently important figure in the world, for Cæsar to court him —as princes have their way of courting great subjects. The dictator invited himself to dine with the orator. The time was mid-December, the place, uncertain—perhaps Pu-te'o-li, at any rate one among the many country residences of the rich and fortunate Cicero. The Saturnalia (feast of Saturn) were on, and it was a season of general freedom and hilarity. Cicero describes the occasion in a familiar letter to his friend Atticus. It has been conjectured by ingenious scholars that the Latin was never a spoken language, at least that it was never the vernacular of the populace of Rome. It seems too stately, too elaborate, too difficult in construction, so some have thought, ever to have accommodated itself to the uses of homely every-day life. But here surely Cicero bends it successfully to his colloquial need. Very different from the processional pomp of the most leisurely and most finished orations of Cicero, is the negligence, the freedom, the ease, with which he expresses himself, half humorously, and with much written in invisible ink between the lines, in the following letter. It needs to be explained that there was apparently a tacit playful understanding between Cicero and his half-Greek friend Atticus, that they should freely interlard the text of their correspondence with phrases borrowed from Greek. Mr. Jeans has, with excellent judgment, sought to reproduce the effect for us, by putting the Greek used by Cicero into an equivalent of French. Those readers of ours who know French, will readily excuse it, if, for the benefit of those readers of ours who do not, we hint in English the meaning of the few foreign phrases that here occur:

Oh, what a formidable guest to have had! and yet *je ne'n suis pas fâché* [I am not sorry] he was in such a very agreeable mood. But after his arrival at Philippus's house, on the evening of the second day of the Saturnalia, the whole establishment was so crowded with soldiers that even the room where Cæsar himself was to dine could hardly be kept clear from them; it is a fact that there were two thousand men! Of course I was nervous about what might be the case with me next day, and so Cassius Barba came to my assistance; he gave me some men on guard. The camp was pitched out of doors; my villa was made secure. On the third day of the Saturnalia he stayed at Philippus's till near one, and admitted nobody (accounts with Balbus, I suppose); then took a walk on the beach. After two to the bath: then he heard about Ma-mur'ra; he made no objection. He was then rubbed down with oil, and dinner began. It was his intention *se faire vomir* [to take a vomit], and consequently he ate and drank *sans peur* [freely], and with much satisfaction. And certainly every thing was very good, and well served; nay more, I may say that

> 'Though the cook was good,
> 'Twas Attic salt that flavored best the food.'

There were three dining-rooms besides, where there was a very hospitable reception for the gentlemen of his *suite;* while the inferior class of freedmen and slaves had abundance at any rate; for as to the better class, they had a more refined table. In short, I think I acquitted myself like a man. The guest, however, was not the sort of person to whom you would say, 'I shall be most delighted if you will come here again on your way back;' once is enough. As to our conversation, it was mostly like that of two *savants* [men of letters]; nothing was said *au grand serieux* [in a very serious vien]. Well, I will only say that he was greatly pleased, and seemed to enjoy himself. He told me that he should be one day at Puteoli, and the next near Baiæ. Here you have the story of his visit—or, shall I say, 'billeting'?—which, I told you, was a thing one would shrink from, but did not give much trouble. I am for Tusculum next after a short stay here.

When he was passing Dolabella's house, but nowhere else, the whole guard was paraded in arms on either side of him as he rode; I have it from Nicias.

The allusion about Mamurra is obscure. Generally it is taken to mean certain scathing epigrams on Cæsar and Mamurra, from the pen of the poet Catullus. "He never

changed countenance," is Middleton's rendering, in place of Mr. Jeans's "he made no objection."

The taking of a vomit before and after meals was a not uncommon Roman habit of the times. It was not only an epicure's expedient for better enjoying, and enjoying more safely, the pleasures of the table, but it was a current medical prescription for improving the health. Cæsar's purposed post-prandial vomit (ante-prandial, Middleton makes it) was not therefore an exceptional bit of epicurism. Rather, it is to be regarded as good guestship on his part. Cæsar thus intimated to Cicero that he expected a good dinner, and was intending to do his host's fare full dictatorial justice.

The quotation in verse is from Lucilius. Cicero has it again in his "De Finibus." "Or shall I say 'billeting'?" is Cicero's way of implying to Atticus that Cæsar's visit, having been accepted rather than invited, might be looked upon as in the nature of a military quartering of himself by Cæsar on his host's hospitality. We may venture however to guess, both from Cicero's characteristic genial good nature and from his shrewd eye to the main chance, that Cæsar was not suffered to feel any lack of seeming-spontaneous cordiality, in that day's entertainment.

Cicero's relations to Cæsar had naturally all along, after Cæsar's definitive triumph, been a very delicate matter. Cæsar, on his part, with that magnificent clemency, mixed in uncertain proportion with that far-sighted thrift, which equally belonged to his character, signalled Cicero in various ways, as much as to say, Let us be good friends with each other. Cicero consulted his own dignity by remaining somewhat shy of Cæsar. Perhaps too he was a little afraid of his formidable suitor. Besides, it may be that he did not at once see his way to preserving an appearance of consistency in his course, should he, a Pompeian, become suddenly an adherent of Cæsar. Atticus counseled to Cicero complaisance toward Cæsar. 'Send the great man some composition of

yours directly addressed to him,' Atticus suggested. Cicero finally made the draft of a letter to Cæsar, and submitted it for judgment to his friends. Atticus thought it would do; but the others found it too free. Cicero would not alter it to suit them, and he finally kept it to himself. It became however the subject of several interesting passages in Cicero's letters to Atticus. Cicero in these appears to better advantage as a man of spirit and character than perhaps upon the whole he deserves—for Cicero's strength was at times sadly offset by his weakness. Mr. Jeans, who seems inclined always, as the fashion now is, to bear hardly on Cicero, does not translate these letters. We go to Middleton's Life of Cicero for our extracts:

> As for the letter to Cæsar, I was always very willing that they [Cicero's friends, before alluded to] should first read it; for otherwise I had both been wanting in civility to them, and if I had happened to give offence, exposed myself also to danger. They have dealt ingenuously and kindly with me in not concealing what they thought; but what pleases me the most is, that by requiring so many alterations they give me an excuse for not writing at all. As to the Parthian war, what had I to consider about it but that which I thought would please him? for what subject was there else for a letter but flattery? or if I had a mind to advise what I really took to be the best, could I have been at a loss for words? There is no occasion, therefore, for any letter: for where there is no great matter to be gained, and a slip, though not great, may make us uneasy, what reason is there to run any risk? especially when it is natural for him to think that as I wrote nothing to him before, so I should have written nothing now, had not the war been wholly ended: besides I am afraid lest he should imagine that I sent this as a sweetener for my "Cato." In short, I was heartily ashamed of what I had written; and nothing could fall out more luckily than that it did not please.

Cato had always stood up stoutly against Cæsar, and on Cato's death Cicero had pronounced a panegyric upon him. Cæsar found time afterward to publish a reply to this, so good, and conceived with such courtesy toward Cicero, that Cicero made it at last the long-waited-for occasion of his re-

turn signal to Cæsar. Meantime, however, to Atticus still urging his friend to propitiate Cæsar, Cicero writes again:

> As for writing to Cæsar, I swear to you I cannot do it: nor is it yet the shame of it that deters me which ought to do it the most; for how mean would it be to flatter when even to live is base in me? But it is not, as I was saying, this shame which hinders me, though I wish it did, for I should then be what I ought to be; but I can think of nothing to write upon. As to those exhortations addressed to Alexander [the Great] by the eloquent and the learned of that time, you see on what points they turn: they are addressed to a youth inflamed with the thirst of true glory and desiring to be advised how to acquire it. On an occasion of such dignity words can never be wanting; but what can I do on my subject? Yet I had scratched as it were out of the block some faint resemblance of an image; but because there were some things hinted in it a little better than what we see done every day, it was disliked. I am not at all sorry for it; for had the letter gone, take my word for it, I should have had cause to repent. For do you not see that very scholar of Aristotle [Alexander the Great] a youth of the greatest parts and the greatest modesty, after he came to be called a king, grow proud, cruel, extravagant? Do you imagine that this man, ranked in the processions of the gods and enshrined in the same temple with Romulus, will be pleased with the moderate style of my letters? It is better that he be disgusted at my not writing, than at what I write. In a word, let him do what he pleases; for that problem which I once proposed to you and thought so difficult, in what way I should manage him, is over with me; and in truth I now wish more to feel the effect of his resentment, be it what it will, than I was before afraid of it.

Once more: "Let us have no more of this," writes Cicero, "but show ourselves half free by our silence and retreat."

Anthony Trollope has a very readable life of Cicero. The author is throughout animated by a spirit of something like personal affection for his hero. The natural pugnacity, said to have belonged to Mr. Trollope's temperament, adds a zest of its own to what he writes on Cicero's behalf. He writes with unquestionable honesty of purpose, but with a piquant zeal of antagonism too, against Mr. Froude especially, but also against the rest of the recent revilers of Cicero. The scholarship displayed by Mr. Trollope, if not of the highest

order, is at least very creditable to this hard-worked man of many novels. To him belongs the credit of pointing out a mistake, that would be singular occurring in the pages of a more conscientious writer, committed by Mr. Froude, in translating a certain harmless expression of Cicero's as if it brutally suggested the idea of assassinating Cæsar. The expression mistranslated is one found in the longer extract just now presented to our readers. Mr. Froude's fatuity in the matter was singularly self-confuting. He supplied, in a note, every thing that the careful reader required to satisfy himself of the blunder committed. Cicero's words, cited by Mr. Froude himself, are "*Cum vivere ipsum turpe sit nobis.*" Mr. Froude blunders by giving the word "*ipsum*" an impossible reference to Cæsar, and so making the expression mean "when that he [Cæsar] should be alive is a disgrace to us." The true sense is, "when the very fact of living [in such a state of things] is disgraceful to us."

Cicero found, as we have said, his opportunity of offering sacrifice to the dictator. Of the letter which he finally wrote, he says to Atticus:

> I forgot to send you a copy of what I wrote to Cæsar; not for the reason which you suspect, that I was ashamed to let you see how well I could flatter; for in truth I wrote to him no otherwise than as if I was writing to an equal, for I really have a good opinion of his two books, as I told you when we were together, and wrote, therefore, both without flattering him, and yet so that he will read nothing, I believe, with more pleasure.

Readers of the "Preparatory Latin Course" will remember the strain of extravagant ascription to Cæsar in which Cicero, on a signal occasion, expressed himself to the senate; we allude to the celebrated oration for Marcus Marcellus. It will be interesting to bring forward a letter which Cicero writes to a valued friend of his bearing on the subject of this speech. The letter now referred to presents Cæsar in a highly favorable light, and we are able to show it in the

translation of Mr. Jeans. Cicero writes from Rome to Servius Sulpicius Rufus, in Achaia. We abridge:

You can venture to speak of your annoyance in a letter; we cannot even do that with safety; not that for this our conqueror is to blame—it would be impossible to be more moderate than he is—but simply the fact of victory, which in a civil war is invariably tyrannical. In one respect only we have had the advantage; in hearing, namely, of the restoration of your colleague Marcellus a little earlier than you, and also, upon my honor, in seeing how that result was brought about. For believe me when I say that since these troubles began—that is, since might was called in to decide a national question of right—this is the one dignified proceeding that has taken place. For Cæsar himself, after complaining of the 'acrimony'—this was the word he used—of Marcellus, and speaking in most complimentary terms of your fairness and discretion, suddenly announced his determination, which we scarcely hoped for, not to let his personal relations to Marcellus make him refuse the entreaty of the Senate on his behalf I should say that when Lucius Piso had called attention to the case of Marcellus, and Caius Marcellus had gone on his knees to Cæsar, the Senate went so far as to rise in a body, and approach Cæsar in an attitude of entreaty. Well, I will only say that this day seemed to me so bright that there hovered, as it were, before my eyes a vision of the Republic springing into new life.

Consequently, when all who had been asked to speak before me had expressed their gratitude to Cæsar, with the exception of Volcatius, who said that if he had been in the same place he would certainly not have done the like, I changed my resolution on being asked for my opinion; for I had quite determined, not, I may solemnly assure you, from indifference, but from regret at the loss of my former position, to maintain an uninterrupted silence. This resolution of mine broke down utterly under such magnanimity on the part of Cæsar and loyal self-sacrifice on that of the Senate, and accordingly I spoke at some length of our gratitude to Cæsar, and am afraid that now for other occasions I may have been thus putting out of my own power that retirement without disgrace, the possession of which was my one consolation under my troubles. But all the same, since I have avoided the danger of giving offense to one who might perhaps infer that I do not recognize this as a Constitution at all if I preserved an absolute silence, I shall repeat the experiment with moderation—or even err on this side of moderation,—but only enough to gratify at once his sovereign will and my own inclinations. For, although from quite early years every form of study and of

liberal accomplishments, and above all philosophy, have been my delight, yet day by day this passion is mastering me more—partly, I suppose, because age makes us riper to receive lessons of wisdom, and partly because of the corruption of the age—so that now there is nothing else at all which can relieve my mind from petty cares. You, I gather from your letters, are hindered by business in your literary work, but still the nights will now be a considerable help to you.

The fruit of the clemency toward him of Cæsar, Marcellus was fated never to enjoy, in actual return to his native Italy. He died by violence, in the manner described by Sulpicius to Cicero, as follows:

On the 23d of May I landed at the Pī-ræ'us from Ep-i-dau'rus, and finding my old colleague Marcellus there, I spent a day in the place to enjoy his company. When I parted from him the next day, with the intention of going from Athens into Bœotia and finishing the rest of my judicial business, he was intending, as he told me, to sail round Mal'i-a to or in direction of Italy. Two days after this date, I being then just about to arrange for starting from Athens, about three o'clock or so in the morning Publius Pos-tu'mi-us, a friend of his, came to me and brought me the news that my colleague, Marcus Marcellus, had been stabbed after dinner-time by one of his friends, Publius Magius Cilo. He had received two wounds, one in the stomach, the other on the head just by the ear, but still it was hoped that he might possibly recover: Magius had subsequently committed suicide. He himself had been sent to me by Marcellus to bring this news, and asked that I would summon my own physicians. Having summoned them I started at once for the place just as day was breaking. I was only a short distance from the Piræus when I was met by a slave of A-ci-di'nus with a note, in which it was stated that a little before daybreak Marcellus had breathed his last. So one of the noblest of men had fallen a victim to a most untimely death at the hand of one of the vilest; to one whom his very enemies had spared for his worth a friend had been found to deal the death-blow!

A second letter of Sulpicius, included in Mr. Jeans's selection from the correspondence of Cicero, is one of consolation to his illustrious friend on the death of his daughter Tullia. This is a famous literary antique. It admirably shows what was the best that ancient paganism could offer

in the way of comfort to souls bereaved. Cicero's anguish at the loss of his daughter was poignant in the extreme. He cherished the plan of building at great cost a temple to her memory. There is no evidence that the plan was ever carried out. The fact that this father's grief for his daughter remains to the present day one of the most vivid traditions of literature, remarkably proves how much there was in Cicero to engage the interest of mankind. Cæsar alone excepted, no ancient Roman has been so widely, so continuously, and so intensely alive since his death, as has been Marcus Tullius Cicero. Here is a specimen extract from the letter of Sulpicius:

> A reflection which was such as to afford me no light consolation I cannot but mention to you, in the hope that it may be allowed to contribute equally toward mitigating your grief. As I was returning from Asia, when sailing from Æ-gi'na in the direction of Meg'a-ra, I began to look around me at the various places by which I was surrounded. Behind me was Ægina, in front, Megara; on the right, the Piræus, on the left, Corinth: all of these towns, that in former days were so magnificent, are now lying prostrate and in ruins before one's eyes. 'Alas!' I began to reflect to myself, 'we poor feeble mortals, who can claim but a short life in comparison, complain as though a wrong was done us if one of our number dies in the course of nature, or has fallen on the field of battle; and here in one spot are lying stretched out before me the corpses of so many cities! Servius, why do you not control yourself, and remember that that is man's life into which you have been born?' Believe me, I found myself in no small degree strengthened by these reflections. Let me advise you, if you agree with me, to put the same prospect before your eyes too. How lately at one and the same time have many of our most illustrious men fallen! how grave an encroachment has been made on the rights of the sovereign people of Rome! every country in the world has been convulsed: if the frail life of a helpless woman has gone too, who being born to our common lot must have died in a few short years, even if the time had not come for her now, are you thus utterly stricken down?

Sulpicius exerted himself to write mourning Cicero a long and thoughtful letter; but what our readers have seen is a fair specimen of the best comfort that this earnestly sympa-

thizing pagan friend could find to offer. Was not that a night of darkness and has not the sun arisen since?

(Two stanzas in the Childe Harold of Byron, iv: 44, 45, alluding to the foregoing descriptive and meditative strain from the letter of Sulpicius to Cicero, might here, for the sake of the comparison suggested, be read with interest.)

Mr. William Melmoth executed a free and flowing translation of a large number of Cicero's letters. He did his work well, but he did it in a literary style, also in a style of scholarship, now somewhat out of fashion. For this reason, and for the reason in addition that Mr. Jeans is less paraphrastic than Melmoth, we have preferred the more recent translation. We have done so, however, with some lingering doubt whether the rhythm of Melmoth does not, more than compensating for the less scrupulous scholarship, make his version after all a better reflex of the original, than is the version of Mr. Jeans, with its defective feeling for balance and harmony of construction.

Let Mr. Melmoth supply the translation of Cicero's answer to the foregoing tender of sympathy and consolation from Sulpicius:

> I join with you, my dear Sulpicius, in wishing that you had been in Rome when this most severe calamity befell me. I am sensible of the advantage I should have received from your presence, and I had almost said your equal participation of my grief, by having found myself somewhat more composed after I had read your letter. It furnished me, indeed, with arguments extremely proper to soothe the anguish of affliction, and evidently flowed from a heart that sympathized with the sorrows it endeavored to assuage. But although I could not enjoy the benefit of your own good offices in person, I had the advantage, however, of your son's, who gave me proof, by every tender assistance that could be contributed upon so melancholy an occasion, how much he imagined that he was acting agreeably to your sentiments when he thus discovered the affection of his own. More pleasing instances of his friendship I have frequently received, but never any that were more obliging. As to those for which I am indebted to yourself, it is not only the force of your reasonings, and the very considerable share you take in my afflic-

tions, that have contributed to compose my mind; it is the deference, likewise, which I always pay to the authority of your sentiments. For, knowing, as I perfectly do, the superior wisdom with which you are enlightened, I should be ashamed not to support my distresses in the manner you think I ought: I will acknowledge, nevertheless, that they sometimes almost entirely overcome me; and I am scarce able to resist the force of my grief when I reflect, that I am destitute of those consolations which attended others, whose examples I propose to my imitation. Thus Quintus Maximus lost a son of consular rank, and distinguished by many brave and illustrious actions; Lucius Paulus was deprived of two sons in the space of a single week; and your relation Gallus, together with Marcus Cato, had both of them the unhappiness to survive their respective sons, who were endowed with the highest abilities and virtues. Yet these unfortunate parents lived in times when the honors they derived from the republic might, in some measure, alleviate the weight of their domestic misfortunes. But as for myself, after having been stripped of those dignities you mention, and which I had acquired by the most laborious exertion of my abilities, I had one only consolation remaining, —and of that I am now bereaved! I could no longer divert the disquietude of my thoughts, by employing myself in the causes of my friends or the business of the State; for I could no longer, with any satisfaction, appear either in the forum or the Senate. In short, I justly considered myself as cut off from the benefit of all those alleviating occupations in which fortune and industry had qualified me to engage. But I considered, too, that this was a deprivation which I suffered in common with yourself and some others; and, whilst I was endeavoring to reconcile my mind to a patient endurance of those ills, there was one to whose tender offices I could have recourse, and in the sweetness of whose conversation I could discharge all the cares and anxiety of my heart. But this last fatal stab to my peace has torn open those wounds which seemed in some measure to have been tolerably healed: for I can now no longer lose my private sorrows in the prosperity of the commonwealth, as I was wont to dispel the uneasiness I suffered upon the public account, in the happiness I received at home. Accordingly, I have equally banished myself from my house and from the public,—as finding no relief in either from the calamities I lament in both. It is this, therefore, that heightens my desire of seeing you here; as nothing can afford me a more effectual consolation than the renewal of our friendly intercourse; a happiness which I hope, and am informed indeed, that I shall shortly enjoy. Among the many reasons I have for impatiently wishing your arrival, one is, that we may previously concert together our scheme of

conduct in the present conjuncture,—which, however, must now be entirely accommodated to another's will. This person [Cæsar], it is true, is a man of great abilities and generosity, and one, if I mistake not, who is by no means my enemy,—as I am sure he is extremely your friend. Nevertheless, it requires much consideration, I do not say in what manner we shall act with respect to public affairs, but by what methods we may best obtain his permission to retire from them. Farewell.

We go from Cicero, the letter-writer, to Cicero, the eclectic philosopher. One letter however there is, not yet shown to our readers, that will form for us here a peculiarly happy step of transition. This is a communication of remarkable character addressed by Marcus Tullius, to his brother Quintus, Cicero. It is partly a letter of brotherly affection, and partly a state paper. The political ethics which it recommends will never be wholly obsolete. Quintus was governor of a very rich province, and, though his loyal and loving brother says nothing of the sort, we are almost obliged to suppose that Quintus was yielding somewhat, through greed, to the temptations of his place and his opportunity. Tully exhorts his brother—as Paul sometimes exhorted the churches—by assuming that, in the case under treatment, the noble things which he counseled were already in practice. We possess a curious evidence—unimpeachable, because proceeding from Cicero's own pen—of the spirit in which thus this all-accomplished Italian at times deliberately chose to exert influence on others. In some cases he was, we fear, more careful to be crafty than he was to be truthful. To Atticus, Cicero, writing of a person from whom he desired a favor, says: "I should be better pleased to know that you had written to tell him that he is doing all I could wish—*not that he really is doing so, but to get him to do it.*" *Finesse*, certainly—but is not such *finesse* rather amiable?

Understood in the interpretative light reflected from the foregoing disclosure of the author's motive and method in dealing with men, Cicero's oration for Marcus Marcellus,

with its lavish praises of Cæsar, exhibits the speaker, as was hinted in a former volume, intent less to describe flatteringly what the great dictator really was, than to set alluringly before him the ideal of what he ought to be.

The letter to Quintus which we are about to present, we do not find in Mr. Jeans's selection. We use Mr. Collins's translation, following him also, without particular notice to the reader, in the condensation which he makes:

You will find little trouble in holding your subordinates in check, if you can but keep a check upon yourself. So long as you resist gain, and pleasure, and all other temptations, as I am sure you do, I cannot fancy there will be any danger of your not being able to check a dishonest merchant or an extortionate collector. For even the Greeks, when they see you living thus, will look upon you as some hero from their old annals, or some supernatural being from heaven, come down into their province.

I write thus, not to urge you so to act, but that you may congratulate yourself upon having so acted, now and heretofore. For it is a glorious thing for a man to have held a government for three years in Asia, in such sort that neither statue, nor painting, nor work of art of any kind, nor any temptations of wealth or beauty (in all which temptations your province abounds) could draw you from the strictest integrity and self-control: that your official progress should have been no cause of dread to the inhabitants, that none should be impoverished by your requisitions, none terrified at the news of your approach;—but that you should have brought with you, wherever you came, the most hearty rejoicings, public and private, inasmuch as every town saw in you a protector and not a tyrant—every family received you as a guest, not as a plunderer.

But in these points, as experience has by this time taught you, it is not enough for you to have these virtues yourself, but you must look to it carefully, that in this guardianship of the province not you alone, but every officer under you, discharges his duty to our subjects, to our fellow-citizens, and to the State. . . . If any of your subordinates seem grasping for his own interest, you may venture to bear with him so long as he merely neglects the rules by which he ought to be personally bound; never so far as to allow him to abuse for his own gain the power with which you have intrusted him to maintain the dignity of his office. For I do not think it well, especially since the customs of official life incline

so much of late to laxity and corrupt influence, that you should scrutinize too closely every abuse, or criticise too strictly every one of your officers, but rather place trust in each in proportion as you feel confidence in his integrity.

For those whom the State has assigned you as companions and assistants in public business, you are answerable only within the limits I have just laid down; but for those whom you have chosen to associate with yourself as members of your private establishment and personal suite, you will be held responsible not only for all they do, but for all they say.

Your ears should be supposed to hear only what you publicly listen to, not to be open to every secret and false whisper for the sake of private gain. Your official seal should be not as a mere common tool, but as though it were yourself; not the instrument of other men's wills, but the evidence of your own. Your officers should be the agents of your clemency, not of their own caprice; and the rods and axes which they bear should be the emblems of your dignity, not merely of your power. In short, the whole province should feel that the persons, the families, the reputation, and the fortunes of all over whom you rule, are held by you very precious. Let it be well understood that you will hold that man as much your enemy who gives a bribe, if it comes to your knowledge, as the man who receives it. But no one will offer bribes, if this be once made clear, that those who pretend to have influence of this kind with you have no power, after all, to gain any favor for others at your hands.

Let such, then, be the foundations of your dignity: first, integrity and self-control on your own part; a becoming behavior on the part of all about you; a very careful circumspect selection of your intimates, whether Greeks or provincials; a grave and firm discipline maintained throughout your household. For if such conduct befits us in our private and every-day relations, it becomes well-nigh godlike in a government of such extent, in a state of morals so depraved, and in a province which presents so many temptations. Such a line of conduct and such rules will alone enable you to uphold that severity in your decisions and decrees which you have employed in some cases, and by which we have incurred (and I cannot regret it) the jealousy of certain interested parties. . . . You may safely use the utmost strictness in the administration of justice, so long as it is not capricious or partial, but maintained at the same level for all. Yet it will be of little use that your own decisions be just and carefully weighed, unless the same course be pursued by all to whom you delegate any portion of your judicial authority. Such firmness and dignity must be employed as may not only be above partiality, but above the suspicion of it. To this must be

added readiness to give audience, calmness in deciding, care in weighing the merits of the case and in satisfying the claims of the parties.

If such moderation [as that recommended by Cicero] be popular at Rome, where there is so much self-assertion, such unbridled freedom, so much license allowed to all men;—where there are so many courts of appeal open, so many means of help, where the people have so much power and the Senate so much authority; how grateful beyond measure will moderation be in the governor of Asia, a province where all that vast number of our fellow-citizens and subjects, all those numerous States and cities, hang upon one man's nod! where there is no appeal to the tribune, no remedy at law, no Senate, no popular assembly! Wherefore it should be the aim of a great man, and one noble by nature and trained by education and liberal studies, so to behave himself in the exercise of that absolute power, as that they over whom he presides should never have cause to wish for any authority other than his.

Readers, after the perusal of that letter from Marcus to Quintus, will naturally, in a treatise on ethics from the same hand, expect a very high tone of morality. In this expectation, they will not be disappointed when they study Cicero's De Officiis. Disappointed, however, they will be, if they carry their expectation further, and look to find in this ethical treatise any such firmness and consistency of moral standard and tone, as they have been accustomed to recognize in the New Testament. The De Officiis is almost as remarkable for its points of moral failure, as it is for its points of moral achievement. You wonder that one who came so near the ideal of perfection in character and conduct, should nevertheless at last have missed that ideal. The remarkableness of Cicero's shortcoming may thus be said to lie not in the fact that it was so great, but in the fact that it was so small. A comparative estimate of Cicero's De Officiis and of his philosophical writings in general, presented by Luther, will be read with interest. Out of this great man's teeming "table-talk" so-called, happily in such large measure preserved to us, we take the following extract:

"Cicero is greatly superior to Aristotle in philosophy and in teaching. The Officia of Cicero are greatly superior to

the Ethica of Aristotle; and although Cicero was involved in the cares of government and had much on his shoulders, he greatly excels Aristotle, who was a lazy ass, and cared for nothing but money and possessions, and comfortable, easy days. Cicero handled the greatest and best questions in his philosophy, such as: Is there a God? What is God? Does he give heed to the actions of men? Is the soul immortal? etc. Aristotle is a good and skillful dialectician, who has observed the right and orderly method in teaching, but the kernel of matters he has not touched. Let those who wish to see a true philosophy read Cicero. Cicero was a wise and industrious man, and he suffered much and accomplished much. I hope that our Lord God will be generous to him and to the like of him. Of this we are not entitled to speak with certainty. Although the revealed word must abide: 'He who believeth, and is baptized, shall be saved' (Mark xvi, 16), yet it is possible that God may dispense with it in the case of the heathen. There will be a new heaven and a new earth, much larger than the present; and he can give to every one according to his good pleasure."

It is pathetic to feel, as we are compelled to do, how little worthy to have elicited from his father a series of letters like those which make up the De Officiis, was that son Marcus to whom Cicero addressed this great work of his pen. Marcus seems to have been a young fellow on whom whatever advantages wealth and position and opportunity and fatherly affection could procure for their object, were lavished to a great extent in vain. He perhaps rallied permanently from the shameful dissipation into which he lapsed while a student at Athens; but, though he survived his father, he in no way continued his father's fame.

Cicero was an eminently practical man, a man of affairs, a man of real life. The practical interest accordingly with him always dominated the speculative. The De Officiis is by no means conceived as an exhaustive philosophical treatise

on the subject of ethics. It is rather a manual of maxims, reasoned and elucidated maxims, adapted to guide the conduct of a young man seeking to be a good citizen in the Roman state and a candidate there for political preferment.

The work is divided into three books. The first book treats the Right, the second, the Expedient, the third, the Relation between the Right and the Expedient. This is a seemingly exhaustive, an ideal, division of the subject; but the actual analysis of the matter introduced is far from being severe. Topics are entertained that hardly belong at all in the discussion, and topics that certainly do not belong in the places in which they are found. For example, Cicero enlarges, with much detail of suggestion, and with historical instance, on the kind of house a man should live in. This—where, would you guess? Well, *not* under the head of the Expedient—but under the head of the Right. Of course, a man's choice of habitation might be made a serious ethical point. But the point is not ethical at all, as Cicero treats it—that is, not ethical in the sense in which we moderns use the word ethical. Cicero, however, has made "becomingness" a criterion of duty. And it is under this idea of "becomingness," that the question of a proper house to live in is admitted to place in the discussion of what is "right." You expand and, in so far, you degrade your conception of ethics, when you include the matter of habitation, considered as fitting or not to your own dignity, within the number of topics proper to be embraced in ethical discussion.

The main interest of the De Officiis centers in the third book, the book in which the author treats of apparent conflicts between the Expedient and the Right. Let us go to that book; but let us, while going, cull here and there an interesting thing on the way.

"The first demand of justice," says Cicero, "is that no one do harm to another, *unless provoked by injury*." We italicize the exceptive clause—the clause will occur a second time

toward the end of the treatise—as constituting a point of contrast between the De Officiis and the New Testament.

Julius Cæsar (dead at the date of this composition) is more than once made by Cicero to do duty as an example by way of warning. Generosity, as well as justice, is, according to Cicero, a demand of morality. But the lavish munificence of Cæsar was not to be accounted generosity. Cæsar had taken wrongfully what he bestowed magnificently; and "nothing," insists Cicero, "is generous that is not at the same time just."

Cicero himself was rich, but hardly rich with such a spirit as to be condemned by his own sentiment, expressed in the following words:

> Nothing shows so narrow and small a mind as the love of riches; nothing is more honorable and magnificent than to despise money, if you have it not—if you have it, to expend it for purposes of beneficence and generosity.

When, however, Cicero immediately went on, "The greed of fame also must be shunned"—perhaps he was, whether he knew it or not, fairly hit by a boomerang return upon himself of his own weapon.

The great Fabius Cunctator of Livy supplies to our author his example of a patriot preferring the people's welfare to his own present praise from the people. The allusion becomes to Cicero an occasion of saving for us from oblivion a few lines of an early poet—Ennius, hitherto known only by name in these books:

> One man by slow delays restored our fortunes,
> Preferring not the people's praise to safety,
> And thus his after-glory shines the more.

One is rather confounded to find Cicero—after having, on the subject of jests, laid down the distinction between the coarse and the refined sorts—naming together, Plautus, the

Old Comedy of Athens (Aristophanes), and Plato, as affording examples of the refined.

"One person," Cicero teaches, "ought, while another person, under the same circumstances, ought not, to commit suicide." Elsewhere in his writings, he makes suicide wrong.

"Becomingness" is, in Cicero's treatment, a very elastic category in ethics. Under it, he finds opportunity to give his son Marcus all sorts of excellent advice. "It is in bad taste to talk about one's self," he says; as Marcus, if he was at all an observing youth, had no doubt again and again had occasion to reflect, when listening to his distinguished father's self-exploiting discourse, both at home and abroad.

Is not this that follows almost like the apostle Paul giving instruction to the Corinthian Christians about the use of the various supernatural "gifts"?

> It is better to speak fluently, if wisely, than to think, no matter with what acuteness of comprehension, if the power of expression be wanting; for thought begins and ends in itself, while fluent speech extends its benefit to those with whom we are united in fellowship.

Cicero, as from the foregoing might be inferred, insists strongly on "altruism"—in the form of making self-indulgence in study and culture severely subordinate to activities that may tend to the good of one's fellow-creatures.

The second book of the De Officiis, Cicero opens with a statement of his motive and design in discussing philosophy. We give an interesting extract:

> Although, indeed, my books have roused not a few to the desire not only of reading, but of writing, still I sometimes fear that the mere name of philosophy may be offensive to certain worthy men, and that they may marvel that I spend so much labor and time upon it. In truth, so long as the State was administered by men of its own choice, I bestowed upon it all my care and thought. But when all things were held under the absolute sway of one man, and there was no longer room for advice or influence, while at the same time I had lost my associates in the

guardianship of the State, men of the highest eminence, I did not abandon myself to melancholy, which would have consumed me had I not resisted it, nor yet, on the other hand, to sensual pleasures unworthy of a philosopher. And oh that the State had continued in the condition in which it recommenced its life [when Cæsar fell], and had not fallen into the hands of men desirous not so much of reforming as of revolutionizing its constitution! In that case, in the first place, as I used to do when the State stood on a firm basis, I should expend more labor in pleading than in writing; and in the next place, I should commit to writing not the subjects now in hand, but my arguments before the courts, as I have often done. But when the State, on which all my care, thought, labor, used to be expended, had utterly ceased to be, my forensic and senatorial literature was of course silenced. Yet since my mind could not be unemployed, having been conversant with these studies from my early days, I thought that my chagrin could be most honorably laid aside if I betook myself to philosophy, to which I devoted a large part of my youth as a learner, while after I began to hold important offices and gave myself wholly to the service of the State, philosophy had as much of my time as was not taken up by the claims of my friends and the public. Yet this time was all consumed in reading; I had no leisure for writing.

I seem, then, in the severest calamities to have attained at least this good fortune, that I am able to commit to writing subjects not sufficiently familiar to my fellow-countrymen, and yet pre-eminently worthy of their cognizance. For what, in the name of the gods, is more desirable than wisdom? What more to be prized? What better? What more worthy of man? It is the seekers of this, then, who are called philosophers; nor is philosophy, if you undertake to translate it, anything else than the love of wisdom.

That is a wholesome inculcation, in which Cicero, discussing the Expedient, teaches his son that, even for his own sake, he ought to seek to be loved. He draws warning example again, anonymously this time, from Cæsar—and Ennius is quoted once more:

But of all things nothing tends so much to the guarding and keeping of resources as to be the object of affection; nor is any thing more foreign to that end than to be the object of fear. Ennius says most fittingly:

"Hate follows fear; and plotted ruin, hate."

It has been lately demonstrated, if it was before unknown, that no resources can resist the hatred of a numerous body. It is not merely the destruction of this tyrant, . . . that shows how far the hatred of men may prove fatal; but similar deaths of other tyrants, hardly one of whom has escaped a like fate, teach this lesson.

Cicero enjoins the duty of beneficence, in the personal performance of kind offices, and in the bestowment of money. As between the two, he gives the preference to the former:

The latter is more easy, especially for one who is rich; but the former is more noble, more magnificent, and more worthy of a strong and eminent man.

Cicero too makes his acknowledgment of debt to the Greek. He speaks here of Greek Pa-næ′tius, "whom," says he, "in my present treatise, I have followed, not translated."

If, in what we now proceed to show, there seems some taint of indulgence granted to mercenary calculation of gain, let it be remembered that Cicero at this moment was professedly dealing with the idea, not of the Right, but of the Expedient. Again a line of Ennius is rescued from oblivion:

We ought to be by no means niggardly, but to be judicious and careful in selecting suitable subjects for our bounty. For Ennius says very fittingly:

"Good done amiss I count as evil done."

But what is given to a good and grateful man yields us in return a revenue both from him and from others. For when one does not give at hap-hazard, generosity confers the highest pleasure, and most persons bestow upon it the greater applause, because the kindheartedness of any one who holds a conspicuous station is the common refuge for all. Care must be taken, therefore, that we confer on as many as possible benefits of such a nature that their memory may be transmitted to children and posterity, so that they too cannot be ungrateful.

Cicero constantly enlivens and enlightens his ethical page with instance drawn by the writer from great resources of knowledge in possession. Here is an example of this method

of his. He is pointing out how on the whole it is for you yourself more profitable to exercise kindness toward really good men than toward men simply well placed in life:

I think a kindness better invested with good men than with men of fortune. In fine, we should endeavor to meet the claims of those of every class; but if it come to a competition between rival claimants for our service, Themistocles may be well quoted as an authority, who, when asked whether he would marry his daughter to a good poor man, or to a rich man of less respectable character, replied, "I, indeed, prefer the man who lacks money to the money that lacks a man."

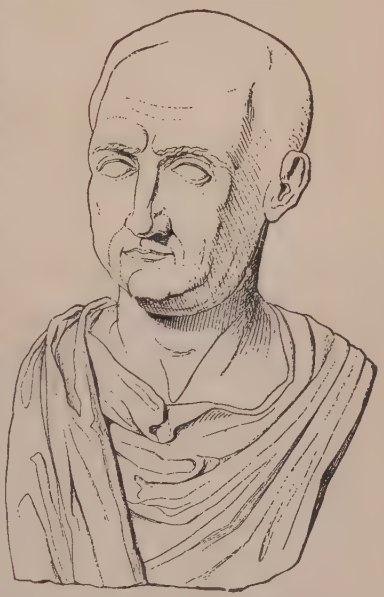
Cicero holds good sound doctrine on financial questions. Repudiation of debt, under whatever form proposed, and with whatever pretext, excites his abhorrence. He has his thrust at Julius Cæsar again:

Nothing holds the State more firmly together than good faith, which cannot possibly exist unless the payment of debts is obligatory. . . . He, indeed, of late conqueror, but at that time conquered [that is, when Catiline's conspiracy was suppressed—Cicero assumes Cæsar, deeply in debt at the moment, to have taken part in the plot], carried out what he had then planned after he had ceased to have any personal interest in it. So great was his appetite for evil-doing, that the very doing of evil gave him delight, even when there was no special reason for it. From this kind of generosity, then,—the giving to some what is taken from others,—those who mean to be guardians of the State will refrain, and will especially bestow their efforts, that through the equity of the laws and of their administration every man may have his own property made secure, and that neither the poorer may be defrauded on account of their lowly condition, nor any odium may stand in the way of the rich in holding or recovering what belongs to them.

The third book of the De Officiis commences with another interesting allusion on Cicero's part to himself, illuminated with one of those historic anecdotes which, throughout this writer's philosophical works, add such charm to his literary style:

My son Marcus:—Cato, who was nearly of the same age with Publius Scipio, the first of the family that bore the name of Africanus, repre-

sents him as in the habit of saying that he was never less at leisure than when he was at leisure, or less alone than when he was alone,—a truly magnificent utterance and worthy of a great and wise man,—indicating that in leisure he was wont to think of business and in solitude to commune with himself, so that he was never idle, and had no need betweenwhile of another person's conversation. Thus the two things, leisure and solitude, which with others occasion languor, quickened his energies. I could wish that I were able to say the same; but if I cannot by imitation attain such transcendent excellence of temperament, I at any rate in my inclination make as near an approach to it as I can; for, debarred from political and forensic employments by sacrilegious arms and violence, I am abandoning myself to leisure, and therefore, leaving the city and wandering from one place in the country to another, I am often alone. But neither is this leisure of mine to be compared with the leisure of Africanus, nor this solitude with his. He, indeed, reposing from the most honorable public trusts, upon certain occasions snatched leisure for himself, and from the company and concourse of men betweenwhile betook himself to solitude as to a harbor. But my leisure proceeds from lack of employment, not from desire for repose. . . . I who have not such strength of mind that I can abstract myself from the weariness of solitude by silent meditation, am directing all my study and care to this labor of writing, and thus in the short time that has elapsed since the overthrow of the State, I have written more than in many years while it stood.



SCIPIO AFRICANUS.

The third book, as has been said, is occupied with the relation of the Right to the Expedient. Cicero, with repeti-

tion and with emphasis, insists that there is never any conflict between these two—that always what is right is expedient, and that never is any thing expedient which is not right. But he draws many distinctions and admits many qualifications. A thing generally wrong may, under certain circumstances, be right. He instances Brutus's act in stabbing Cæsar, as an illustration in point:

> What greater crime can there be than to kill not only a man, but an intimate friend? Has one, then, involved himself in guilt by killing a tyrant, however intimate with him? This is not the opinion of the Roman people, who of all deeds worthy of renown regard this as the most noble. Has expediency, then, got the advantage over the right? Nay, but expediency has followed in the direction of the right.

It is the Stoic philosophy that Cicero mainly follows in the De Officiis, but, as disciple also of Plato, he claims much latitude of view and discussion. Here is a noble passage that will recall Paul's ethics, and even Paul's rhetoric:

> For a man to take anything wrongfully from another, and to increase his own means of comfort by his fellow-man's discomfort, is more contrary to nature than death, than poverty, than pain, than anything else that can happen to one's body or his external condition. In the first place, it destroys human intercourse and society; for if we are so disposed that every one for his own gain is ready to rob or outrage another, that fellowship of the human race which is in the closest accordance with nature must of necessity be broken in sunder. As if each member of the body were so affected as to suppose itself capable of getting strength by appropriating the strength of the adjacent member, the whole body must needs be enfeebled and destroyed, so if each of us seizes for himself the goods of others, and takes what he can from every one for his own emolument, the society and intercourse of men must necessarily be subverted.

To the same purport again:

> This, then, above all, ought to be regarded by every one as an established principle, that the interest of each individual and that of the entire body of citizens are identical, which interest if any one appropriate to himself alone, he does it to the sundering of all human intercourse.

. . . Those, too, who say that account is to be taken of citizens, but not of foreigners, destroy the common sodality of the human race, which abrogated, beneficence, liberality, kindness, justice, are removed from their very foundations.

The following fine anecdote illustrates Cicero's open-minded hospitality toward what he found good in other nations than the Roman:

The-mis'to-cles, after the victory in the Persian war, said in a popular assembly, that he had a plan conducive to the public good, but that it was not desirable that it should be generally known. He asked that the people should name some one with whom he might confer. Aris-ti'des was named. Themistocles said to him that the fleet of the Lacedæmonians, which was drawn ashore at Gy-the'um, could be burned clandestinely, and if that were done, the power of the Lacedæmonians would be inevitably broken. Aristides, having heard this, returned to the assembly amidst the anxious expectation of all, and said that the measure proposed by Themistocles was very advantageous, but utterly devoid of right. Thereupon the Athenians concluded that what was not right was not expedient, and they repudiated the entire plan which they had not heard, on the authority of Aristides.

Several cases narrated or supposed by Cicero, and then considered by him on the one side and on the other—cases of apparent conflict between the Right and the Expedient—give rise to discusssion at his hands which strikingly shows to what height of moral standard the conscience of man, unassisted by Divine revelation, could attain. The now so much vaunted ethics of Buddhism suffer cruelly in contrast with Cicero's De Officiis. Here is a case that in its essence is as much modern as it is ancient:

There often occur cases of such a nature that expediency seems in conflict with the right, so that it must be ascertained by close examination whether it is really thus in conflict, or whether it can be brought into harmony with the right. Of this class are questions like the following: If, for example, a good man has brought from Alexandria to Rhodes a large cargo of corn, when there is a great scarcity and dearth at Rhodes and corn is at the highest price,—in case this man knows that a con-

siderable number of merchants have set sail from Alexandria, and on his passage he has seen ships laden with corn bound for Rhodes, shall he give this information to the Rhodians, or shall he keep silence and sell his cargo for the most that it will bring? We are imagining the case of a wise and good man. We want to know about the thought and feeling of such a man as would not leave the Rhodians uninformed if he thinks it wrong, but who doubts whether it is wrong or not. In cases of this kind Diogenes of Babylon, an eminent Stoic of high authority, is wont to express one opinion, Antipater his pupil, a man of superior acuteness, another. According to Antipater, all things ought to be laid open, so that the buyer may be left in ignorance of nothing at all that the seller knows. According to Diogenes, the seller is bound to disclose defects in his goods, so far as the law of the land requires, to transact the rest of the business without fraud, and then, since he is the seller, to sell for as much as he can get. "I have brought my cargo; I have offered it for sale; I am selling my corn for no more than others ask, perhaps even for less than they would ask, since my arrival has increased the supply. Whom do I wrong?" On the other side comes the reasoning of Antipater: "What say you? While you ought to consult the welfare of mankind and to render service to human society, and by the very condition of your being have such innate natural principles which you are bound to obey and follow, that the common good should be your good, and reciprocally yours the common good, will you conceal from men what comfort and plenty are nigh at hand for them?" Diogenes, perhaps, will reply as follows: "It is one thing to conceal, another not to tell. Nor am I now concealing any thing from you, by not telling you what is the nature of the gods, or what is the supreme good,—things which it would profit you much more to know than to know the cheapness of wheat. But am I under the necessity of telling you all that it would do you good to hear?" "Yes, indeed, you are under that necessity, if you bear it in mind that nature establishes a community of interest among men." "I do bear this in mind. But is this community of interest such that one can have nothing of his own? If it be so, every thing ought, indeed, to be given, not sold."

You see that in this whole discussion it is not said, "Although this be wrong, yet, because it is expedient I will do it;" but that it is expedient without being morally wrong, and, on the other side, that because it is wrong it ought not to be done.

Cicero has only tantalized us thus far, with things almost equally well said on this side and on that, of the ethical

question involved. He now, not as yet resolving our doubt, gives us another hypothetical case:

A good man sells a house on account of some defects, of which he himself is aware and others ignorant. Perhaps it is unhealthy, and is supposed to be healthy,—it is not generally known that snakes make their appearance in all the bedrooms,—it is built of bad materials, and is in a ruinous condition; but nobody knows this except the owner. I ask, if the seller should have failed to tell these things to the buyer, and should thus have sold his house for a higher price than he could reasonably have expected, whether he would have acted unjustly or unfairly? "Yes, he would," says Antipater; "for what is meant by not putting into the right way one who has lost his way (which at Athens exposed a man to public execration), if it does not include the case in which a buyer is permitted to rush blindly on, and through his mistake to fall into a heavy loss by fraudulent means? It is even worse than not showing the right way; it is knowingly leading another into the wrong way." Diogenes, on the other hand, says: "Did he who did not even advise you to buy, force you to buy? He advertised for sale what he did not like; you bought what you did like. Certainly, if those who advertise a good and well-built house are not regarded as swindlers, even though it is neither good nor properly built, much less should those be so regarded who have said nothing in praise of their house. For in a case in which the buyer can exercise his own judgment, what fraud can there be on the part of the seller? And if all that is said is not to be guaranteed, do you think that what is not said ought to be guaranteed? What could be more foolish than for the seller to tell the defects of the article that he is selling? Nay, what so absurd as for an auctioneer, by the owner's direction, to proclaim, 'I am selling an unhealthy house?'" Thus, then, in certain doubtful cases the right is defended on the one side; on the other, expediency is urged on the ground that it is not only right to do what seems expedient, but even wrong not to do it. This is the discrepancy which seems often to exist between the expedient and the right.

Our suspense at last is relieved. Tully says:

But I must state my decision in these cases; for I introduced them, not to raise the inquiry concerning them, but to give their solution. It seems to me, then, that neither that Rhodian corn-merchant nor this seller of the house ought to have practiced concealment with the buyers. In truth, reticence with regard to any matter whatever does not consti-

tute concealment; but concealment consists in willingly hiding from others for your own advantage something that you know. Who does not see what sort of an act such concealment is, and what sort of a man he must be who practices it? Certainly this is not the conduct of an open, frank, honest, good man, but rather of a wily, dark, crafty, deceitful, ill-meaning, cunning man, an old rogue, a swindler. Is it not inexpedient to become liable to these so numerous and to many more bad names?

The solution as stated by Cicero is not forcibly clear. His idea seems to be: 'Concealment, in a matter of buying and selling, is wrong; but what is concealment? Mere not telling is not to be, in all cases whatever, reckoned concealment. The condemnable concealment is practiced when what you know is, for your own advantage, purposely by you kept back from another, to his disadvantage.' Surely no modern casuist, Chistian though he be, would go beyond that to teach a tenser doctrine of moral obligation. How many Christian business men are there in America whose record of transactions would escape unscathed under the application to them of Ciceronian ethics?

Cicero has an *a fortiori* argument to append. He appends it —perhaps for the sake of the illustrative instance to be given:

But if those who keep silence deserve censure, what is to be thought of those who employ absolute falsehood? Caius Canius, a Roman knight, a man not without wit and of respectable literary culture, having gone to Syracuse, for rest, as he used to say, not for business, wanted to buy a small estate, to which he could invite his friends, and where he could take his own pleasure without intruders. When his wish had become generally known, a certain Pythius, who was doing a banker's business at Syracuse, told him that he had a country-seat, not, indeed, for sale, but which Canius was at liberty to use as his own if he wished to do so; and at the same time he invited the man to supper at the country-seat for the next day. He having accepted the invitation, Pythius, who, as being a banker, was popular among all classes, called the fishermen together, asked them to fish the next day in front of his villa, and told them what he wanted them to do. Canius came to supper at the right time; a magnificent entertainment was prepared by Pythius;

a multitude of little boats were in full sight; every fisherman brought what he had taken; the fish were laid down at the feet of Pythius. Then Canius says, "Prithee, what does this mean? So many fish here? So many boats?" And he answered, "What wonder? All the fish for the Syracuse market are here; they come here to be in fresh water. The fishermen cannot dispense with this villa." Canius, inflamed with longing, begs Pythius to sell the place. He hesitates at first. To cut the story short, Canius over-persuades him. The greedy and rich man buys the villa for as high a price as Pythius chooses to ask, and buys the furniture too. He gives security; he finishes the business. Canius the next day invites his friends. He comes early; he sees not a tholepin. He asks his next neighbor whether it is a fisherman's holiday, as he sees none of them. "Not so far as I know," was the reply. "No fishermen are in the habit of fishing here. I therefore yesterday could not think what had occurred to bring them." Canius was enraged. But what was he to do? My colleague and friend, Aquillius, had not then published his forms of legal procedure in the case of criminal fraud, as to which when he was asked for a definition of criminal fraud, he replied, "When one thing is pretended, another done." This is perfectly clear, as might be expected from a man skilled in defining. Pythius, then, and all who do one thing while they pretend another, are treacherous, wicked, villainous. Therefore nothing that they do can be expedient, when defiled by so many vices.

With one brief sentence more from this remarkable volume, we end our representation of the De Officiis of Cicero. The sentence is one which sums up, in a single blended expression, at once the strange loftiness and the strange limitation of Cicero's moral ideal:

If one would only develop the idea of a good man wrapped up in his own mind, he would then at once tell himself that he is a good man who benefits all that he can, and does harm to no one unless provoked by injury.

"Unless provoked by injury"! The wings seemed strong enough to raise their possessor quite clear of the ground; but, alas, there was a hopeless clog tied fast to the feet. How easily that untaught young Judæan to be born a generation later, will say:

"Love your enemies, bless them that curse you, do good to them that hate you, and pray for them which despitefully use you and persecute you."

The De Senectute (Concerning Old Age) of Cicero is an essay such almost as Addison, for example, might have issued in parts continued through several numbers of his Spectator. It is a charming meditation on a theme that Cicero's time of life when he wrote it inclined him and fitted him to make the subject of discourse. It was probably written not far from the date of the composition of the De Officiis. The literary form is that of a dialogue after the manner of Plato, in which Cato the Elder—an idealized and glorified man, as Cicero finely misrepresents the sturdy but boorish old censor of actual history—is the chief speaker. It is the gracious personality of the writer himself, rather than the repellent, not to say repulsive, personality of the historic character represented, which diffuses that indescribable charm over the exquisite pages of the De Senectute. Cicero balances the good and the ill of old age, with a serene and suave philosophy, which, while you read, makes you feel as if it would be a thing delightful to grow old. We take a single passage, only too brief, from the concluding part of the dialogue. This passage will be found to disclose something of the spirit in which the transmitted influence of Socrates and Plato enabled Cicero, at least in his better, his more transfigured, moments, to contemplate the prospect of death. It forms a bland and beautiful contrast to the hideous squalor of the old man depicted in Juvenal's satirical portrait. Cato is speaking to his younger companions in conversation—sons they of illustrious sires. He alludes to a son of his own, deceased,—"my Cato," he calls him,—with pathetic reminiscence reminding one of Burke's uttered sorrow over his similar bereavement, and of Webster's over his. What we give brings the dialogue to its end:

I am transported with desire to see your fathers whom I revered and loved; nor yet do I long to meet those only whom I have known, but also those of whom I have heard and read, and about whom I myself have written. Therefore one could not easily turn me back on my life-way, nor would I willingly, like Pelias, be plunged in the rejuvenating caldron. Indeed, were any god to grant that from my present age I might go back to boyhood, or become a crying child in the cradle, I should steadfastly refuse; nor would I be willing, as from a finished race, to be summoned back from the goal to the starting-point. For what advantage is there in life? Or rather, what is there of arduous toil that is wanting to it? But grant all that you may in its favor, it still certainly has its excess or its fit measure of duration. I am not, indeed, inclined to speak ill of life, as many and even wise men have often done, nor am I sorry to have lived; for I have so lived that I do not think that I was born to no purpose. Yet I depart from life, as from an inn, not as from a home; for nature has given us here a lodging for a sojourn, not a place of habitation. O glorious day, when I shall go to that divine company and assembly of souls, and when I shall depart from this crowd and tumult! I shall go, not only to the men of whom I have already spoken, but also to my Cato, than whom no better man was ever born, nor one who surpassed him in filial piety, whose funeral pile I lighted,—the office which he should have performed for me,—but whose soul, not leaving me, but looking back upon me, has certainly gone into those regions whither he saw that I should come to him. This my calamity I seemed to bear bravely. Not that I endured it with an untroubled mind; but I was consoled by the thought that there would be between us no long parting of the way and divided life. For these reasons, Scipio, as you have said that you and Lælius have observed with wonder, old age sits lightly upon me. Not only is it not burdensome; it is even pleasant. But if I err in believing that the souls of men are immortal, I am glad thus to err, nor am I willing that this error in which I delight shall be wrested from me so long as I live; while if in death, as some paltry philosophers think, I shall have no consciousness, the dead philosophers cannot ridicule this delusion of mine. But if we are not going to be immortal, it is yet desirable for man to cease living in his due time; for nature has its measure, as of all other things, so of life. Old age is the closing act of life, as of a drama, and we ought in this to avoid utter weariness, especially if the act has been prolonged beyond its due length. I had these things to say about old age, which I earnestly hope that you may reach, so that you can verify by experience what you have heard from me.

We feel like performing an act of expiation. In a former volume, we gave hard measure in judgment of the Roman character. We cannot revoke our sentence; for our sentence, we think, was mainly just. But we should like to strengthen our recommendation to mercy. Cicero, both by what he himself was, and by noble things that he here and there reports of his countrymen, inclines us, willingly persuaded, to relent from our extreme severity. They were a great race, not unworthy of their fame,—those ancient Romans; and Alpine flowers of moral beauty bloomed amid the Alpine snow and ice of their austere pride, their matter-of-fact selfishness.

As for Tully, his glory is secure. His own writings are his imperishable monument. Spoken against he may be, but he will continue to be read; and as long as he is read, he will enjoy his triumph. For no one can read Cicero, and not feel, in the face of whatever faults discovered, irresistibly propitiated toward him.

In our historic sketch of Rome, we called Cæsar the sun of Roman history. With not less truth, we may now call Cicero the sun of Roman literature.

VIII.

PLINY.

His letters are the chief thing that we have left of Pliny's productions. These letters possess great interest for moderns. They are indeed so interesting, that if Cicero's are more interesting, the reason, we are bound to say, lies chiefly in the fact that a greater man, a man who did greater things, wrote Cicero's letters. Intrinsically, the letters of Pliny are, in continuing charm for modern readers, no whit inferior to the letters of Cicero.

Caius Plinius Cæcilius Secundus, as we have before said, was a younger contemporary and friend of the historian Tacitus. He was also a friend of the great emperor Trajan. Pliny the Elder, whose adopted son he was, was an eccentric, enormously hard-working, man of letters, addicted to Natural History as a specialty. He perished—doubtful in what manner, whether by sudden disease, or by suffocation due to that convulsion of nature—in the great historic eruption of Vesuvius, whose phenomena he had been curiously observing.

Pliny the Younger, our author, was well-born, well-bred, and wealthy. All the circumstances of his life seemed propitious. He remained remarkably to the end an unspoiled favorite of fortune. His domestic experience was singularly pure and happy. He enjoyed many noble friendships. He achieved an active and successful career as advocate. He fulfilled important offices of state. He was at the same time a fascinated student, and a fascinating maker, of literature. He used his wealth to scatter bounty with a beneficent, as well as a munificent, hand. Altogether, a singularly engaging literary figure was Pliny. Scarcely inconsistent with this is it to add that Pliny, as provincial governor, put Christians to the rack. Such conduct on his part was of the age rather than of the man; while the humane, inquiring reluctance, the compelled benignity, as it were, with which he pursued this conduct, was certainly rather of the man than of the age.

Pliny belonged, with Tacitus, and with Quintilian, to what, in contrast with the golden Augustan age, is called the silver age of Roman literature. It was a revival, but not a complete rehabilitation, of the literary spirit which the ripe Republic had brought to its height, but which the tyranny of the Empire, under bad emperors, had insupportably suppressed. Trajan was, as it were, a second Augustus, better perhaps and greater than the first, but with a Rome to rule irrecoverably less responsive than the Augustan, to virtue and greatness in her ruler.

Pliny's just comparative rank in Roman literature does not require that many of our pages should be given to the display of his quality. At the same time, such is the perfectly genuine human interest which lives in Pliny's letters, that out of them we could fill the half of this volume and readers should hardly feel that they were getting too much of Pliny. We shall be obliged, however, to confine our drafts on Pliny's treasures to about such limits as the writer's proportionate literary importance naturally appoints.

All that, for the present purpose, is material, in the outward life of Pliny, may very briefly be told. He was born 62 A. D. He was in his eighteenth year, when he saw the memorable eruption of Vesuvius, in which his uncle perished, and in which Her-cu-la′ne-um and Pom-pe′ii were destroyed. He was still under twenty, when he became professional advocate in Rome. He had his apprenticeship to arms as military tribune in Syria. After being successively quæstor and prætor, he was made consul in the year 100. He was a senator of the empire; and he held other offices, not here mentioned, of dignity and trust. His conspicuous historical appearance is in the capacity of proprætor in the province of Pontus and Bithynia. This proprætorship became to him the occasion of his writing to the emperor Trajan a letter which will make the name of Pliny memorable as long as the Christian religion endures. This letter we shall presently show. Pliny was twice married, but, like so many Romans of the slowly declining empire, he was childless.

The volume devoted to Pliny in Ancient Classics for English Readers is perhaps as full of interest for readers of all classes as any volume whatever belonging to that series. It was prepared, and admirably prepared, by Messrs. Church & Brodribb, authors of those translations of Livy and Tacitus which we have copiously used in this volume. (Mr. Church has incidentally done still another valuable service to the cause of popular classical culture, in compiling and

editing a series of volumes made up of appetizing extracts and stories out of ancient authors. These volumes are illustrated with striking pictures in color from different hands. The last number of the series takes its name from Cicero: "Roman Life in the Days of Cicero." Messrs. Dodd, Mead, & Co. republish the books in this country.)

We begin with Pliny's account of his own experience in that memorable volcanic eruption. He, with his mother and his uncle, was at Mi-se'num, near Naples and therefore near Vesuvius. His uncle had set out, with a fleet of galleys which he commanded, to carry succor to those inhabitants of the vicinity who were more immediately threatened with disaster. This benevolent purpose had finally superseded the philosopher's scientific curiosity. Let Pliny, the nephew, now take up the narrative. We quote and condense from a letter of his, a letter highly characteristic, in several ways, of the writer:

> There had been noticed for many days before a trembling of the earth. . . . But that night it was so violent, that one thought that every thing was being not merely moved, but absolutely overturned. . . . We sat down in the open court of the house. . . . And now—I do not know whether to call it courage or folly, for I was but in my eighteenth year—I called for a volume of Livy, read it, as if I were perfectly at leisure, and even continued to make some extracts which I had begun. . . . It was now seven o'clock in the morning. . . . The danger that they [the surrounding buildings] might fall on us was imminent and unmistakable. So we at last determined to quit the town. A panic-stricken crowd followed us. They preferred the ideas of others to their own—in a moment of terror this has a certain look of prudence—and they pressed on us and drove us on, as we departed, by their dense array. When we had got away from the building we stopped. There we had to endure the sight of many marvellous, many dreadful, things. The carriages which we had directed to be brought out moved about in opposite directions, though the ground was perfectly level; even when scotched with stones they did not remain steady in the same place. Besides this, we saw the sea retire into itself, seeming, as it were, to be driven back by the trembling movement of the earth. The shore had distinctly advanced, and many marine animals were left high and dry upon the sands. Behind us was

a dark and dreadful cloud, which as it was broken with rapid zigzag flashes, revealed behind it variously shaped masses of flame: these last were like sheet-lightning, though on a larger scale. . . . Ashes now began to fall—still, however, in small quantities. I looked behind me; a dense, dark mist seemed to be following us, spreading itself over the country like a cloud. "Let us turn out of the way," I said, "whilst we can still see, for fear that should we fall in the road we should be trodden under foot in the darkness by the throngs that accompany us." We had scarcely sat down when night was upon us—not such as we have when there is no moon, or when the sky is cloudy, but such as there is in some closed room when the lights are extinguished. You might hear the shrieks of women, the monotonous wailing of children, the shouts of men. Many were raising their voices, and seeking to recognize by the voices that replied, parents, children, husbands, or wives. Some were loudly lamenting their own fate, others the fate of those dear to them. Some even prayed for death, in their fear of what they prayed for. Many lifted their hands in prayer to the gods; more were convinced that there were now no gods at all, and that the final endless night of which we have heard had come upon the world. . . . It now grew somewhat light again; we felt sure that this was not the light of day, but a proof that fire was approaching us. Fire there was, but it stopped at a considerable distance from us; then came darkness again, and a thick heavy fall of ashes. Again and again we stood up and shook them off; otherwise we should have been covered by them, and even crushed by the weight. I might boast that not a sigh, not a word wanting in courage, escaped me, even in the midst of peril so great, had I not been convinced that I was perishing in company with the universe, and the universe with me—a miserable and yet a mighty solace in death.

Pliny was enthusiastically fond of country life. He owned several country-seats, at one or another of which he passed most of his time. But wherever he was, in city or in country, or however otherwise he was employed, he was constantly and consistently by eminence a man of books. Literature with him was a vocation and a passion. Let us have a picture of Pliny drawn by himself, in this capacity of literary man enjoying the leisure of life in the country. Our picture we find in a letter of his addressed to his friend Fuscus:

You wish to know how I dispose of my time in the summer at my Tuscan villa. I awake without being called, generally about six o'clock, sometimes earlier, but seldom later. My windows remain shut, as I find the darkness and quiet have a very happy effect on the mind. Being thus withdrawn from all objects which call off the attention, I am left to my own thoughts; and instead of suffering my mind to wander with my eyes, I keep my eyes in subjection to my mind. If I have any literary work on hand, I think over it, and revise the style and expression, just as if I had my pen in my hand. Thus I get through more or less work, according as the subject is more or less difficult, and I find my memory able to retain it. Then I call for my amanuensis, and having opened the windows, I dictate to him what I have composed; then I dismiss him for awhile, and call him in again. About ten or eleven (for I do not observe any fixed hour), according to the weather, I walk on the terrace or in the colonnade, and then I think over or dictate what I had left unfinished. Then I have a drive, and employ myself as before, and find this change of scene refreshing to my mind, and it enables me to apply it with more vigor. On my return I take a short nap; then I stroll out, and repeat aloud a Greek or Latin speech, not so much to strengthen my voice as my digestion, though my voice is improved at the same time. I then have another stroll, take my usual exercise, and bathe. At dinner, if I have only my wife or a few friends with me, a book is read to us, and after dinner we have some music or a little play acted. Then I walk out with my friends, among whom are some men of learning. Thus we pass the evening in various conversation, and the day, even when it is at the longest, soon comes to an end. Sometimes I make a little change in this order. If I have remained in bed, or taken a longer walk than usual, I have a ride instead of a drive, after having read aloud one or two speeches. Thus I get more exercise in less time. My friends now and then look in upon me from the neighboring villages, and occasionally, when I am tired, their visits are a pleasant relief. Sometimes I hunt, but I always take my notebook with me, so that if I get no sport, I may at any rate bring something back with me. Part of my time is given to my tenants, though not so much as they would like. Their rustic squabbles make me return with fresh zest to my studies and more cultivated occupations.

How delightfully modern that seems! A great fellowship is the republic of letters. The writer of the foregoing epistle would at once be at home among literary men of to-day, wherever met, in New York or Boston, in London, in Paris.

Pliny seems to have exercised, as a man of substance among his rustic neighbors, something of the magistrate's function—like an English country squire.

We must not spend much time with Pliny's individual habits as a man of letters. But a glimpse of what was general usage in the literary world, before the invention of printing, will be relished by our readers. Such a glimpse is afforded in one of Pliny's letters, describing a set occasion on which the writer, in his capacity as poet—for Pliny was versatile enough to be poet too—read his productions to a select circle of personal friends for the benefit to be derived from their criticisms. This indicates a practice not peculiar to Pliny. Such a course as his was quite the thing among literary men in the Rome of that day. Pliny's poems now produced were some comparatively light effusions of his genius. He writes to a friend in description of the affair. It will be seen that—agreeable as no doubt the urbanity and the generosity of the poet-host made the occasion—it was a distinctly serious affair, that two days' session of friends in council over Pliny's lively-meant poems:

I chose for producing these, the most seasonable time and place. To accustom them in good time to be heard by listeners that are taking their ease, and at the dinner-table, I collected my friends in the month of July, when the law courts have least to do, and put writing-desks before their chairs. It so happened that on the morning of the day I was called away to an unexpected case in court. This gave me an opportunity for some words of preface. I begged my friends not to think that it showed me wanting in respect to what I had in hand if, when meaning to read, though it was only to friends and to a small audience (another word for friends), I did not abstain from the business of the forum. I added, that even in writing I followed this order—put my friendship before my pleasures, my business before my amusement, and wrote first for my friends, secondly for myself. My book contained a variety of compositions and metres. 'Tis thus that I am accustomed, trusting but little to my talent, to avoid the risk of being wearisome. My reading lasted two days. The approval of my audience made this necessary; and yet, while some readers pass over part of their volume, and make

a merit of passing it over, I pass over nothing, and tell my hearers as much. I read every thing, because I want to correct every thing—a thing which those who read extracts only cannot do. The other plan, you may say, is more modest, and possibly more respectful. Well, but this is more honest and more affectionate. Genuine affection is so confident of affection in return, as not to be afraid of wearying a friend. Besides, what benefit do one's companions confer if they assemble only for the sake of pleasing themselves? It is very like indolence, when a man would sooner hear his friend read a book already good, than help to make it good. Doubtless, in your general affection for me, you will want to read as soon as possible this book, which is still "fermenting." You shall read it, but after it has passed through my hands again. This was my reason for reading it aloud.

What winning confidence those closing sentences exhibit Pliny as having exercised, in the working and enduring qualities of the friendship he had inspired! A confidence even too winning, perhaps, for the strict fidelity of the criticisms elicited. A genial man, such as Pliny undoubtedly was, has his critical literary friends much at disadvantage when entertaining them thus in the threefold character of host, of poet, and of reader. It would go hard but Pliny got from his critics, those days, some highly favorable opinions of his poetical workmanship. Let us not fail to note in Pliny's expressions what a charming reflex light is thrown on the man's character who employed them. No one would count thus on fidelity of friendship toward himself, who was not, on his own side, conscious of maintaining like fidelity of friendship toward others. No cynic was this Pliny, to conceive a bore as—the man who insists on talking about himself all the time that you are anxious to be talking about yourself! If he were anything himself of a bore—and perish the thought! Pliny at least never found a bore among his friends. Every friend of his, he saw in a color of rose that plentifully flushed outward upon all from his own gracious spirit. Such men as Pliny are rare, but every such man is a benediction.

One glimpse now of Pliny as a man of the world—the

world that dines, and gives dinners. We quote briefly from Messrs. Church and Brodribb's volume on Pliny. The Virro spoken of is a character in one of Juvenal's satires:

"It was once Pliny's misfortune to have to dine, as a comparative stranger, with a man like Virro, who thought himself (so Pliny says) an exceedingly elegant and attentive host, but who really combined expense with stinginess. There were three kinds of wine; the best he reserved for himself and Pliny, the next best for his inferior friends, while the worst was given to his freedmen and to those of Pliny, who, it appears, were present. One of the guests who sat by Pliny observed the arrangement, and, turning round, asked him what he thought of it, and whether he approved of it. Pliny shook his head. 'Well, then, what do you do on such occasions?' 'I give all my guests the same wine,' said Pliny, 'for when I ask them to dinner, I look on my freedmen as my guests, and forget that they were once slaves.'"

Pliny, evidently, by birth and by breeding, understood what it was to be a gentleman. This gentleman-like quality in Pliny enabled him—man of books though he was—to enter into sympathetic relations with men of affairs. Men of affairs, accordingly, were some members of that remarkable group of illustrious friends associated with the name and fame of Pliny. Of these, foremost perhaps was Verginius Rufus—a name that occurs, and more than once, in the history of Tacitus. We shorten from a letter of Pliny an account of this man's death:

> He died in his eighty-fourth year, in the most perfect calm, reverenced by all. . . . His last illness, indeed, was severe and tedious, but its circumstances added to his reputation. He was one day practicing his voice with the view of delivering a speech of thanks to the emperor for having promoted him to the consulship, and had taken in his hand a large volume, which was rather too heavy for an old man to hold as he stood up. It slipped from his grasp, and in hastily trying to recover it, his foot slipped on the smooth pavement; he fell and broke his thigh-bone, which being badly set (his age being against him), did not properly

unite. His funeral obsequies have done honor to the emperor, to the age, and to the bar. Cornelius Tacitus, as consul, pronounced over him the funeral oration. His good fortune was crowned by having so eloquent a speaker to celebrate his praises. He died, indeed, full of years and of glory, famous even from honors which he had refused.

Verginius Rufus was more than emperor—he had refused to be emperor.

Another of Pliny's friends was Vestricius Spurinna. Spurinna was a man whom Mr. Lowell might have written a delightful essay about, with the title "A Great Public Character." He was a Roman, to be likened, in long-surviving venerable age and venerable character, to that American Roman, Josiah Quincy — a picturesque, or rather perhaps statuesque, figure among us, but lately gone hence, who seemed, while still living, to bring down to our own days the first days of our Republic, as, for Pliny, Spurinna revived the age that preceded the empire. When you read the following letter of Pliny's (translated in Dean Merivale's "History of the Romans under the Empire"), you must remember that the subject of it is now a man who 'has lived,' as the Romans might say, that is, a man whose life of achievement is past and who rests on his laurels—laurels well earned, and envied to their possessor by no one. Pliny had a fine instinct of reverence. A quite enchanting person he must have been for an old man to have for a friend. Doubtless he idealizes somewhat in describing the old age of Spurinna; but is it not a lovely picture that Pliny here draws, of repose enjoyed after "long labor unto aged breath"? You miss in it only one light—a light that never was on sea or land—the light from a future foreshown through faith in Him who is the resurrection and the life. Now Pliny's letter:

I know not that I ever passed a pleasanter time than lately with Spurinna. There is indeed no man I should so much wish to resemble in my own old age, if I am permitted to grow old. Nothing can be finer than such a mode of life. For my part I like a well-ordered course of

life, particularly in old men, just as I admire the regular order of the stars. Some amount of irregularity, and even of confusion, is not unbecoming in youth; but every thing should be regular and methodical with old men, who are too late for labor, and in whom ambition would be indecent. This regularity Spurinna strictly observes, and his occupations, trifling as they are (trifling, that is, were they not performed day by day continually), he repeats as it were in a circle. At dawn he keeps his bed, at seven he asks for his slippers; he then walks just three miles, exercising his mind at the same time with his limbs. If friends are by, he discourses seriously with them; if not, he hears a book read; and so he sometimes does even when friends are present, if it be not disagreeable to them. He then seats himself, and more reading follows, or more conversation, which he likes better. By and by he mounts his carriage, taking with him his wife, a most admirable woman, or some friends—as myself, for instance, the other day. What a noble, what a charming *tête-à-tête!*—how much talk of ancient things! what deeds, what men, you hear of! what noble precepts you imbibe, though, indeed, he refrains from all appearance of teaching! Returning from a seven-mile drive, he walks again one mile; then sits down or reclines with a pen in his hand, for he composes lyrical pieces with elegance both in Greek and Latin. Very soft, sweet, and merry they are, and their charm is enhanced by the decorum of the author's own habits. When the hour of the bath is announced—that is, at two in summer, at three in winter—he strips and takes a turn in the sun, if there is no wind. Then he uses strong exercise for a considerable space at tennis, for this is the discipline with which he struggles against old age. After the bath he takes his place at table, but puts off eating for a time, listening in the meanwhile to a little light and pleasant reading. All this time his friends are free to do as he does, or anything else they please. Dinner is then served, elegant and moderate, on plain but ancient silver. He uses Corinthian bronzes, too, and admires without being foolishly addicted to them. Players are often introduced between the courses, that the pleasures of the mind may give a relish to those of the palate. He trenches a little on the night even in summer; but no one finds the time tire, such are his kindness and urbanity throughout. Hence now, at the age of seventy-seven, he both hears and sees perfectly; hence his frame is active and vigorous; he has nothing but old age to remind him to take care of himself. Such is the mode of life to which I look forward for myself, and on which I will enter with delight as soon as advancing years allow me to effect a retreat. Meanwhile I am harassed by a thousand troubles, in which Spurinna is my consolation, as he has

ever been my example. For he, too, as long as it became him, discharged duties, bore offices, governed provinces; and great was the labor by which he earned his relaxation.

Corellius Rufus, another friend of Pliny, grew old differently, but after a manner certainly not less Roman. His death was perhaps nothing but "well and fair," according to the accepted ideas of his time; but it was no euthanasy, judged by any standard. Let Pliny tell the story of it. The translation we use occurs in Merivale's history:

I have just suffered a great loss. My friend Corellius Rufus is dead, and by his own act, which embitters my sorrow. No death is so much to be lamented as one that comes not in the course of fate or nature. Corellius, indeed, was led to this resolve by the force of reason, which holds with philosophers the place of necessity, although he had many motives for living—a good conscience, a high reputation and influence, not to mention a daughter, a wife, a grandson, sisters, and true friends besides. But he was tortured by so protracted a malady that his reasons for death outweighed all these advantages. . . . The disease was hereditary with him. In the vigor of life he had checked it by sobriety and restraint; when it grew worse with increasing years, he had borne it with fortitude and patience. I visited him one day, in Domitian's time, and found him in the greatest suffering, for the disease had spread from the feet all through his limbs. His slaves quitted the room, for such was their habit whenever an intimate friend came to see him; and such was also his wife's practice, though she could have kept any secret. After casting his eyes around, he said, "Why do you suppose it is I continue so long to endure these torments? I would survive the ruffian [meaning Domitian] just one day." Had his body been as strong as his mind, this wish he would have effected with his own hand. God granted it, however; and when he felt that he should die a free man, he burst through all the lesser ties which bound him to life. The malady which he had tried so long to relieve by temperance still increased. At last his firmness gave way. Two, three, four days passed, and he had refused all food. His wife, Hispulla, sent our friend Geminius to me, with the melancholy news that her husband had resolved to die, and would not be dissuaded by her prayers or her daughter's; I alone could prevail upon him. I flew to him. I had almost reached the spot, when Atticus met me from Hispulla to say that even I could not now prevail, so fixed had become his determination. To his physician, indeed, on

food being offered him, he had said, "I have decided;" an expression which makes me the more regret him, as I the more admire him.

The fashion in suicide had changed from the time when bleeding to death was the favorite mode. What grim Roman courage and pride, but what dreary views of life, and of death, and of that which follows death, were implied in stark self-starving by way of forlorn escape from otherwise inevitable ill! Pliny elsewhere tells us of a Roman wife in health who bound herself to her husband suffering from incurable disease, and, so bracing his less resolute spirit to the act, leaped with him into Lake Como to free him from his burden of life.

We began with bringing Pliny hither toward our own times, by some traits and habits in him that made him seem almost a man of to-day. We have since been pushing him back to a truly ancient and alien age, by a sad environment shown beleaguering him, of pagan pessimism—not the make-believe sentiment that preaches, but the sentiment real and earnest that practices, suicide. Let us have Pliny back again among us, a living man once more, a man as modern as philanthropist Mr. Peabody. We shall make him seem changed almost Christian from Pagan, as well as almost modern from ancient.

Pliny writes to his friend, the great historian Tacitus, for assistance. It is in a certain project of benevolence entertained by the writer that the assistance is invoked. The following extract, which we may confidently expect to excite the gratified surprise of our readers, will need no explanation:

Being lately at my native town, a young lad, son of one of my neighbors, came to pay me a complimentary call. "Do you go to school?" I asked him. "Yes," he replied. "Where?" "At Mediolanum." "Why not here?" "Because," said his father, who had come with him, "we have no professors here." "No professors! Why, surely," I replied, "it would be very much to the interest of all you fathers (and, fortunately, several fathers heard what I said) to have your sons educated here

rather than anywhere else. . . . I have no children myself; I look on my native town in the light of a child on a parent, and I am ready to advance a third part of any sum which you think fit to raise for the purpose. I would even promise the whole amount, were I not afraid that my benefaction might be spoilt by jobbery, as I see happens in many towns where teachers are engaged at the public expense."

A wise, as well as a generous, giver, this man, you observe, endeavors to be. Consider if Mr. Peabody's late prudent provision for promoting education in the South of our country was not substantially anticipated by this forecasting philanthropist of ancient pagan Rome. Christianity was now about a hundred years old in the world. Had some influence from it traveled through the air to reach the unconscious heart of Pliny? Alas, then also "jobbery" was to be guarded against—even in the administration of a sacred benevolent trust! Pliny, fain to have given himself the whole, dared give but a third part of the sum to be raised. But he wanted his third part to be large. He reports himself as saying:

So take counsel together, and be encouraged by my example, and be assured that the greater my proportion of the expense shall be, the better shall I be pleased.

What Pliny asked from Tacitus was help in securing good teachers for his proposed foundation.

One love-letter now from Pliny to his wife, and the man shall be considered to have been sufficiently self-portrayed to our readers. The letter is short, but to Calpurnia the wife it was sweet:

You will not believe what a longing for you possesses me. The chief cause of this is my love; and then we have not grown used to be apart. So it comes to pass that I spend a great part of the night in a wakefulness that dwells on your image; and that by day, when the hours return at which I was wont to visit you, my feet take me, as is so truly said, to your chamber; and that at last, sick and sad at heart, like a lover whom his mistress shuts out, I depart from the empty threshold. The only time that is free from these torments is when I am being worn

out by the business of the courts and the suits of my friends. Judge you what must be my life when I find my repose in toil, my solace in wretchedness and anxiety.

Who would have looked to find that exquisite snatch from Shelley's serenade,

> "And a spirit in my feet
> Has led me—who knows how?
> To thy chamber-window, sweet"—

hiding in a love-letter of Pliny's, and confessing itself already old when that love-letter was written!

Pliny must, upon the whole, seem very modern, very life-like, to readers of what has here been shown of his letters. This by virtue of what he manifestly was in himself. But his historic place also had the effect, by a striking chance that befell him, to remove Pliny for us out of that world which perished utterly with the perishing of Olympianism, and set him forward into that new world which was created by Christianity. This polished, this humane Roman gentleman came, as provincial governor, into contact with Christians. It was the touch of Ithuriel's spear. It found Pliny out but a pagan—though so charming a pagan—a pagan, after all.

It is only justice to Trajan and Pliny, as also to the statesmen in general of imperial Rome, to say on their behalf that, to them, the measures of persecution enforced against Christians not unnaturally seemed warranted by the principle of self-defense. A despotism like the empire could not permanently endure with the Christian Church fostered in its bosom. The Christian Church was *imperium in imperio*—an empire within the empire. The emperors were wise in their generation to see this. They tried to suppress the Christian Church, not as a religious society, but as a society. Any society was dangerous to the empire.

We give now Pliny's famous letter to the emperor Trajan. What he says in the first sentence was true, to an extent that

must have made good Pliny a trifle troublesome now and again to the busy ruler of the world. But the present occasion of resort to his imperial chief for instruction was certainly important enough:

It is my invariable rule to refer to you in all matters about which I feel doubtful. Who can better remove my doubts or inform my ignorance? I have never been present at any trials of Christians, so that I do not know what is the nature of the charge against them or what is the usual punishment. Whether any difference or distinction is made between the young and persons of mature years—whether repentance of their fault entitles them to pardon—whether the very profession of Christianity, unaccompanied by any criminal act, or whether only the crime itself involved in the profession, is a subject of punishment; on all these points I am in great doubt. Meanwhile, as to those persons who have been charged before me with being Christians, I have observed the following method: I asked them whether they were Christians; if they admitted it, I repeated the question twice, and threatened them with punishment; if they persisted, I ordered them to be at once punished. I could not doubt that whatever might be the nature of their opinions, such inflexible obstinacy deserved punishment. Some were brought before me, possessed with the same infatuation, who were Roman citizens; these I took care should be sent to Rome. As often happens, the accusation spread, from being followed, and various phases of it came under my notice. An anonymous information was laid before me, containing a great number of names. Some said they neither were and never had been Christians; they repeated after me an invocation of the gods, and offered wine and incense before your statue (which I had ordered to be brought for that purpose, together with those of the gods), and even reviled the name of Christ; whereas there is no forcing, it is said, those who are really Christians into any of these acts. These I thought ought to be discharged. Some among them, who were accused by a witness in person, at first confessed themselves Christians, but immediately after denied it; the rest owned that they had once been Christians, but had now (some above three years, others more and a few above twenty years ago) renounced the profession. They all worshiped your statue and those of the gods, and uttered imprecations against the name of Christ. They declared that their offense or crime was summed up in this, that they met on a stated day before day-break, and addressed a form of prayer to Christ, as to a divinity, binding themselves by a solemn oath, not for any wicked purpose, but never to commit fraud, theft,

or adultery, never to break their word, or to deny a trust when called on to deliver it up: after which it was their custom to separate, and then re-assemble, and to eat together a harmless meal. From this custom, however, they desisted after the proclamation of my edict, by which, according to your commands, I forbade the meeting of any assemblies. In consequence of their declaration, I judged it necessary to try to get at the real truth by putting to the torture two female slaves, who are said to officiate in their religious rites; but all I could discover was evidence of an absurd and extravagant superstition. And so I adjourned all further proceedings in order to consult you. It seems to me a matter deserving your consideration, more especially as great numbers must be involved in the danger of these prosecutions, which have already extended, and are still likely to extend, to persons of all ranks, ages, and of both sexes. The contagion of the superstition is not confined to the cities, it has spread into the villages and the country. Still I think it may be checked. At any rate, the temples which were almost abandoned, again begin to be frequented, and the sacred rites, so long neglected, are revived, and there is also a general demand for victims for sacrifice, which, till lately, found very few purchasers. From all this it is easy to conjecture what numbers might be reclaimed, if a general pardon were granted to those who repent of their error.

"The light shineth in darkness and the darkness comprehended it not!"

Trajan replied as follows:

You have adopted the right course in investigating the charges made against the Christians who were brought before you. It is not possible to lay down any general rule for all such cases. Do not go out of your way to look for them. If they are brought before you, and the offense is proved, you must punish them; but with this restriction, that when the person denies that he is a Christian, and shall make it evident that he is not by invoking the gods, he is to be pardoned, notwithstanding any former suspicion against him. Anonymous informations ought not to be received in any sort of prosecution. It is introducing a very dangerous precedent, and is quite foreign to the spirit of our age.

'Against the spirit of our age,' was, it seems, a phrase then, as it is now. The appeal happens, in this instance, to have been well and wisely taken by Trajan. But traits there were belonging to the spirit of Trajan's age, which might profit-

ably admonish us how far off the formula is from being, in any case, a necessary conclusion of argument.

Farewell to Pliny.

Pliny persecuted Christians. But so did Saul of Tarsus. And Saul of Tarsus sought out Christians that he might persecute them—as did not either Pliny or Trajan. Saul of Tarsus was "exceedingly mad" against Christians. Pliny was considerate and moderate. Saul found mercy because he acted ignorantly in unbelief. Pliny too acted in unbelief, and in unbelief more deeply ignorant than Saul's.

Farewell to Pliny. Let him rest. The question for me is, Am I as much wiser, as much better, than Pliny as my light is greater than his?

IX.

QUINTILIAN.

We reach now the concluding chapter at once of the volume and of the series. Happily, in treating here of Quintilian, we can make this chapter serve as a kind of epilogue, a retrospect of all the preceding part of our work.

Easily prince among Roman producers of what may be called 'literature about literature' is Quintilian. Quintilian falls—as, somewhat farther, does Pliny—on the hither side of the line that bounds the strictly classic period in Latin literature. He was late enough to be in position for passing under review—and this, in his rhetorical and critical treatise, The Education of the Orator, he actually does — every Roman author considered in our two volumes devoted to the literature of Rome. His work of critical estimation was even more comprehensive than this. For Quintilian extended the scope of his observations to include also the principal Greek writers as well as the Roman. It thus happens that,

in displaying Quintilian's own individual quality as author, we shall be able, very naturally, to produce out of his book, highly interesting and valuable critical appreciations of nearly all the literary names, both Greek and Roman, that from first to last have been represented in this whole series of volumes.

Marcus Fabius Quin-til-i-a'nus was a Spaniard, as also was his senior contemporary and rival, Annæus Seneca. Rival to Quintilian, we call Seneca. But these two writers were more than mutual rivals. They were antagonists. They represented severally two opposite tastes and tendencies in literary style. Seneca was the beginner in Rome of the style that seeks epigram, point, brilliancy, at sacrifice of simplicity, naturalness, truth. It belonged to the character of Seneca as man, that he should have this character as writer. For it is only just to say, that the view of Seneca obtainable from Tacitus is, on the whole, though shaded with suggestion of sinister doubt, yet too favorable to the philosopher's fame. There was a good deal of alloy in Seneca's gold. He was partly an actor in setting up for philosopher. At all events, he preached a virtue that he failed, and signally failed, to practice. It was, we repeat, entirely proper of such a man to be such a writer as was Seneca. But Seneca, though not sound to the core, was yet a strong nature. He exerted while living great influence on current literary form; and that influence was far from being wholly for evil. He is, perhaps, in large part responsible for both the good and the bad in the style of Lucan the poet, his nephew. Nay, even Tacitus—who, gratefully perhaps, treated his master but too well in his history—was probably not a little indebted to Seneca for that noble, though manneristic, mold of expression in which the historian came so naturally to cast his thought.

To this elaborate, this artificial, tendency in literary style, Quintilian opposed himself, with all the authority that be-

longed to his great reputation as advocate, rhetorician, and teacher. He became, not only for his own age, but for all ages to follow, a great bulwark of defense for genuine and wholesome taste and aspiration in literature.

Quintilian had already, in his twofold capacity of advocate and rhetorician, run a brilliant career before writing the book by which he is known. That book in fact is the fruit of the observation, the experience, the study, the reflection, of a lifetime devoted by the author to the theme with which he deals. His theme is the training of the orator. This theme is by him conceived very freely and largely. According to Quintilian, the orator begins to be trained as soon as he is born. Quintilian thus treats of the whole making, and not, like Aristotle, like Cicero, like Tacitus, in their works on the same subject, simply of the finishing, of the orator. He is very suggestive and wise as to methods in early education. He makes our modern authorities on this topic seem trite. In truth, you often, in reading Quintilian, have the sensation of finding fresh illustration of Solomon's saying, that there is nothing new under the sun.

Highly interesting, and highly instructive as well, it would be, to fill page after page of this volume from that store of sage observation on his general theme which makes Quintilian's treatise so rich a possession in literature. But, as already hinted, our true course will be to let Quintilian appear before our readers, principally, as a teacher teaching literary art through criticism of those by whom the literary art has been practiced.

We may appropriately begin with something that Quintilian has to say of Seneca, his rhetorical rival and antagonist. This, as well perhaps as any thing that could be exhibited, will serve to show at the same time the essential spirit of Quintilian, and the relation in which Quintilian felt himself to stand toward a contemporary author enjoying at the moment an overwhelming popularity, especially with the

young. The moderation, the firmness, the good sense, characteristic of Quintilian, appear in every line. He has reached, and half finished, the tenth of his twelve books, before arriving at the name of Seneca (the translation we use is that of Mr. J. S. Watson, found in Bohn's Classical Library):

> Of Seneca I have purposely delayed to speak, in reference to any department of eloquence, on account of a false report that has been circulated respecting me, from which I was supposed to condemn and even to hate him. This happened to me while I was striving to bring back our style of speaking, which was spoiled and enervated by every kind of fault, to a more severe standard of taste. At that time Seneca was almost the only writer in the hands of the young. I was not desirous, for my own part, to set him aside altogether, but I could not allow him to be preferred to those better authors whom he never ceased to attack, since, being conscious that he had adopted a different style from theirs, he distrusted his power of pleasing those by whom they were admired. . . . Still he had many and great merits. . . . There are many bright thoughts in him, and much that may be read for moral improvement, but most of his phraseology is in a vitiated taste, and most hurtful to students for the very reason that it abounds in pleasing faults. We could wish that he had written from his own mind, and under the control of another person's judgment. . . . He would have been honored with the unanimous consent of the learned rather than the admiration of boys. Yet, such as he is, he ought to be read by those whose judgment is matured, and whose minds have been strengthened by a severer manner of writing, if with no other object than that the reader may exercise his judgment for and against him.

Another brief extract recommending simplicity and nature, as against elaborateness and artifice, will, with what has preceded, suffice to indicate the wholesomeness of this great teacher's inculcations on the subject of literary style:

> The best words generally attach themselves to our subject, and show themselves by their own light; but we set ourselves to seek for words, as if they were always hidden, and trying to keep themselves from being discovered. We never consider that they are to be found close to the subject on which we have to speak, but look for them, in strange places, and do violence to them when we have found them. It is with a more

manly spirit that Eloquence is to be pursued, who, if she is in vigor throughout her frame, will think it no part of her study to polish her nails and smooth her hair. . . . The best expressions are such as are least far-fetched, and have an air of simplicity, appearing to spring from truth itself.

Quintilian, as readers may perhaps already have felt reason to suspect, is not what one would call a sprightly writer. He makes no ambitious efforts after fine effects. He simply says what he means. In other words, he practices, himself, the sobriety, and the truth to fact and to nature, that he preaches to others. There are not wanting in his work touches of warmth and color—he is enthusiastic, almost passionate, sometimes; but Quintilian's prevailing character is—sure good sense, imperturbable balance, vision to see, deeply indeed not seldom, but clearly and truly almost always. We describe, not a brilliant writer, but a writer safe and wise. Quintilian will instruct more than he will entertain; but those earnestly open to be instructed will find also in Quintilian a various and opulent feast of entertainment.

It is cheering, when, having found a man's æsthetic instincts good, you find his moral instincts also good correspondingly. Such is one's experience in studying the literary work of Quintilian. Quintilian stood for virtue in conduct, as well as for pure taste in literature. He says, and he insists, that only a good man can be a good orator. This seems noble; it is noble, and it is morally inspiring. Quintilian communicates to his readers a generous heat of approval and sympathy, as he goes on contagiously maintaining this lofty thesis of his. But it is easy to understand Quintilian in a sense more favorable to his own moral attainment than the whole truth of his case will warrant. This rhetorician's idea of human goodness was a sadly bounded idea. It by no means escaped the (seemingly unescapable) limitations of the pagan. Judged by the rule of Quintilian, a man might be a man good enough to be eloquent, and be but a very indifferently good man according to the ethics of Christianity.

We illustrate this statement of ours by some citations from the text of Quintilian. The author is giving hints to advocates as to the best ways of managing witnesses under examination in the court-room. It will be seen that he lets slip professional secrets, without remorse—in one word, blabs astonishingly. Such frankness of teaching in a published work would, to a reputable author, now be impossible:

> The manner of questioning witnesses remains to be considered. In this part of our duty, the principal point is to know the witness well; for if he is timid, he may be frightened; if foolish, misled; if irascible, provoked; if vain, flattered; if prolix, drawn from the point. If, on the contrary, a witness is sensible and self-possessed, he may be hastily dismissed, as malicious and obstinate; or he may be confuted, not with formal questioning, but with a short address from the defendant's advocate; or he may be put out of countenance, if opportunity offer, by a jest; or, if anything can be said against his moral character, his credit may be overthrown by infamous charges.

It is no province of ours to guess in what degree the foregoing hints to lawyers may reflect practice still current at the bar. Perhaps modern lawyers bully, badger, browbeat, confuse, ensnare, coax, wheedle, mock, discredit witnesses, as Quintilian prompted the lawyers of his time to do. We have our grave fears in the matter. But it is at least a gain that no longer would a writer of repute, like Quintilian, put himself in print as teaching these reckless tricks of the lawyer's trade. There has been an advance. Pagan and Christian are different.

But the difference has not yet been full fairly illustrated from Quintilian. Quintilian has other things to say about the treatment of witnesses. We quote again—this time from what he suggests about the preliminary training of your own witnesses for effective public appearance in court. He says:

> We must inquire, therefore, what motives they appear to have for declaring against our adversary; nor is it sufficient to know that they were his enemies; we must ascertain whether they have ceased to be so;

whether they may not seek reconciliation with him at our expense; whether they have been bribed; or whether they may not have changed their purpose from penitential feelings; precautions, not only necessary in regard to witnesses who know that which they intend to say is true, but far more necessary in respect to those who promise to say what is false. For they are more likely to repent, and their promises are more to be suspected; and even if they keep to their word, it is much more easy to refute them.

Think of it—subornation of perjury an expedient calmly contemplated by Quintilian, as a thing proper to give advice about! But this is low moral tone in the author only as the author was involved in the low moral tone of his age. Compared with his own contemporaries, Quintilian was apparently a good man. Theremin, a modern German preacher, took up Quintilian's principle, that the orator must be a good man—the principle was Aristotle's too, before it was Quintilian's—and, giving it a truly Christian scope, produced a remarkable treatise on pulpit oratory, entitled "Eloquence a Virtue." One who compares this little book—it has been translated into English by Dr. Shedd—with Quintilian's treatise, will find in the comparison an excellent illustration of the difference between the "good man" of the Christian, and the "good man" of the pagan, ideal.

We proceed now, as promised, to present Quintilian's characterization of the various writers, Greek and Roman, that have been exhibited in these volumes. There is but one way to begin, and that is the way in which Quintilian himself began—with Homer. Quintilian says:

As A-ra'tus thinks that we ought to begin with Jupiter, so I think that I shall very properly commence with Homer; for, as he says that the might of rivers and the course of springs take their rise from the ocean, so has he himself given a model and an origin for every species of eloquence. No man has excelled him in sublimity on great subjects, no man in propriety on small ones. He is at once copious and concise, pleasing and forcible; admirable at one time for exuberance, and at another for brevity; eminent not only for poetic, but for oratorical excel-

lence. To say nothing of his laudatory, exhortatory, and consolatory speeches, does not the ninth book of the Iliad, in which the deputation sent to Achilles is comprised, or the contention between the chiefs in the first book, or the opinion delivered in the second, display all the arts of legal pleadings and of councils? As to the feelings, as well the gentle as the more impetuous, there is no one so unlearned as not to acknowledge that he had them wholly under his control. Has he not, at the commencement of both his works, I will not say observed, but established, the laws of oratorical exordia? for he renders his reader well-affected toward him by an invocation of the goddesses who have been supposed to preside over poets; he makes him attentive by setting forth the grandeur of his subjects, and desirous of information by giving a brief and comprehensive view of them. Who can state facts more concisely than he who relates the death of Pa-tro'clus, or more forcibly than he who describes the combat of the Cu-re'tes and Ætolians? As to similes, amplifications, illustrations, digressions, indications and proofs of things, and all other modes of establishment and refutation, examples of them are so numerous in him, that even most of those who have written on the rules of rhetoric produce from him illustrations of their precepts. What peroration of a speech will ever be thought equal to the entreaties of Priam beseeching Achilles for the body of his son? Does he not, indeed, in words, thoughts, figures, and the arrangement of his whole work, exceed the ordinary bounds of human genius? So much, indeed, that it requires a great man even to follow his excellences, not with rivalry (for rivalry is impossible), but with a just conception of them. But he has doubtless left all authors, in every kind of eloquence, far behind him.

Of Virgil, Quintilian speaks more briefly:

As Homer among the Greeks, so Virgil among our own countrymen, presents the most auspicious commencement; an author who of all poets of that class, Greek or Roman, approaches doubtless nearest to Homer. I will here repeat the very words which, when I was a young man, I heard from Domitius Afer, who, when I asked him what poet he thought came nearest to Homer, replied, Virgil is second to him, but nearer the first than the third. Indeed, though we must give place to the divine and immortal genius of Homer, yet in Virgil there is more care and exactness, for the very reason that he was obliged to take more pains; and for what we lose in the higher qualities we perhaps compensate in equability of excellence. All our other poets will follow at a great distance.

We may naturally enough go, in the Greek line, from Homer the epic poet, to that Homer of prose and of history, Herodotus. But Quintilian harnesses Herodotus and Thucydides in a pair, to take from him their criticism together by mutual contrast. Quintilian:

> History many have written with eminent reputation; but nobody doubts that two writers of it are greatly to be preferred to all others; two, whose opposite excellences have gained nearly equal praise. Thucydides is pithy, concise, and ever hastening forward; Herodotus is pleasing, clear, and diffuse; the one excels in the expression of animated, the other in that of milder sentiments; the one in speeches, the other in narrative; the one in force, the other in agreeableness.

Elsewhere, with fine, even remarkable, appreciation, Quintilian says:

> In Herodotus, assuredly, his whole style, as I at least think, has a smooth flow, and the very dialect which he uses has such a sweetness that it appears to contain within it some latent rhythmical power.

Quintilian, as Roman, feels patriotically complacent over the historians that Rome produced to match with the two great historians of Greece. To those he fearlessly opposes, as equal competitors, the names of Sallust and Livy:

> In history, however, I cannot allow superiority to the Greeks; I should neither fear to match Sallust against Thucydides, nor should Herodotus feel indignant if Livy is thought equal to him, an author of wonderful agreeableness, and remarkable perspicuity, in his narrative, and eloquent beyond expression in his speeches, so admirably is all that is said in his pages adapted to particular circumstances and characters; and as to the feelings, especially those of the softer kind, no historian, to speak but with mere justice, has succeeded better in describing them. Hence, by his varied excellences, he has equalled in merit the immortal rapidity of Sallust.

Of Tacitus—as being contemporary, and perhaps, in some sense, disciple, to himself—Quintilian speaks anonymously, but in terms of high praise:

> But there still survives, and adds lustre to the glory of our age, a man worthy to be remembered by the latest posterity, whose name will here-

after be celebrated with honor, and is now well understood. He has admirers, but no imitators, since the freedom of his writings, though some of his expressions have been pruned, has been injurious to him. Even in what remains, however, we may see his lofty spirit and boldness of thought.

It is right to say that some have understood the foregoing anonymous eulogy to have Pliny for its subject. Pliny was distinctly and formally a pupil to Quintilian. Elsewhere the teacher refers to this amiable pupil by name, in frugal phrase of judicial commendation: "The elegance of Secundus"—five English words representing two in the Latin. The anonymous reference, there is, we think, little doubt, was to Tacitus. So this historian, it seems from the hint of Quintilian, though bold even at last, at first had been bolder. He prudently retrenched from what he had too audaciously written. What disclosure of shameful things untold may not have been quenched forever under that cloak of reticence in Tacitus!

Of Xenophon, in his character as historian, Quintilian seemed not to deem it worth while to speak. "Xenophon," he says, "I have not forgotten, but he is to be noticed among the philosophers." Xenophon's style Quintilian greatly admired, as the following expression will testify:

Why need I dwell on the sweetness of Xenophon, sweetness which is unaffected, but which no affectation could attain? so that even the Graces themselves are said to have formed his style, and the testimony of the Old Comedy concerning Pericles may justly be applied to him, that the goddess of persuasion was seated on his lips.

Cæsar, too, as historian, Quintilian seems to slight by not mentioning. This, however, is from no lack of admiration for Cæsar's literary genius; for on that great man, as orator, he has this impressive sentence of praise to pronounce:

As for Julius Cæsar, if he had devoted himself wholly to the forum, no other of our countrymen would have been named as a rival to Cicero. There is in him such force, such perspicuity, such fire, that he evidently

spoke with the same spirit with which he fought. All these qualities, too, he sets off with a remarkable elegance of diction, of which he was peculiarly studious.

Hear the dithyrambics in prose with which this calm Roman critic lauds the genius and the style of Plato:

Of the philosophers, from whom Cicero acknowledges that he derived a large portion of his eloquence, who can doubt that Plato is the chief, as well in acuteness of reasoning, as in a certain divine and Homer-like power of language? For he rises far above ordinary prose, and what the Greeks call *oratio pe-des'tris*, so that he appears to me to be animated, not with mere human genius, but with the inspiration as it were of the Delphic oracle.

Quintilian from Plato goes on to Aristotle. This writer he praises for grace of style in terms that what remains to us of Aristotle's work seems hardly to justify. He says:

Why need I speak of the merits of Aristotle, of whom I am in doubt whether I should deem him more admirable for his knowledge of things, for the multitude of his writings, for the agreeableness of his language, the penetration shown in his discoveries, or the variety exhibited in his works?

Cicero enjoys the distinction of being, among all writers, the confessed favorite of Quintilian. His name is constantly recurring by way of example throughout the entire treatise. Quintilian does not make it part of his plan to say much of Cicero in his distinctive capacity as philosophical writer. Much in little, however, is this single sentence: "Cicero, who distinguished himself on all subjects, stands forth in this [the discussion of philosophy] as a rival to Plato." What more, after the praise bestowed by him on Plato, could Quintilian have said on behalf of his Tully? The following allusion, made swiftly in passing, is not without interest. Quintilian is recommending to the orator the habit of composing in other literary lines than those of his own particular profession:

The copious style of history may be tried with advantage for exercising the pen; and we may indulge in the easy style of dialogues. Nor will it be prejudicial to our improvement to amuse ourselves with verse;

as athletes, relaxing at times from their fixed rules for food and exercise, recruit themselves with ease and more inviting dainties. It was from this cause, as it seems to me, that Cicero threw such a glorious brilliancy over his eloquence, that he used freely to ramble in such sequestered walks of study.

Quintilian would have the orator qualify his style with generous influence received from poetry. For this reason it falls in his way to remark on the characteristics of most of the ancient masters in poetical composition. We turn with pleasure to the choir of the poets, not indeed now to hear them sing, but, what also is delightful, to hear their singing wisely descanted upon. Of 'The Poet,' by eminence, Homer —both because he was the first forefather of classical literature, and because he was beyond comparison more commanding than any ancient literary name besides—we allow Quintilian to speak in precedence of all other writers, and, as it were, in separation from them; of Homer, and by necessary association with Homer, of Virgil. Lucretius, by the way, coupled with a forgotten name of poet, one Macer, is attached as pendent in mention to Virgil, from the circumstance of his using "the same manner of verse" as that employed in the Æneid:

Macer and Lucretius should be read indeed, but not in order to form such a style as constitutes the fabric of eloquence; each is an elegant writer on his own subject, but the one is tame, and the other difficult.

Ennius, in close sequel, is handsomely bowed out of presence as follows:

Ennius we may venerate, as we venerate groves sacred from their antiquity; groves in which gigantic and aged oaks affect us not so much by their beauty, as by the religious awe with which they inspire us.

Ovid gets sharp censure, correctively dashed with praise:

Ovid allows his imagination to wanton, even in his heroic verse, and is too much a lover of his own conceits, but deserves praise in certain passages.

"This great man," elsewhere, Quintilian calls Ovid.

Virgil, however, was not like Homer, simply an heroic poet. He was, in the Georgics, didactic like Hesiod, and in his eclogues, idyllic like Theocritus. Of Hesiod, a name singularly void of other attraction than that of antiquity, Quintilian says:

> As for Hesiod, he rarely rises above the general level, and a great part of his poetry is occupied with mere names.

Theocritus is very briefly dismissed with:

> Theocritus is admirable in his peculiar style, but his rustic and pastoral muse shrinks not only from appearing in the forum, but even from approaching the city.

Quintilian loves to praise freely, and Pindar affords him a chance to indulge this generous passion:

> Of the nine lyric poets, Pindar is by far the chief in nobleness of spirit, grandeur of thought, beauty of figures, and a most happy exuberance of matter and words, spreading forth as it were in a flood of eloquence; on account of all which qualities Horace justly thinks him inimitable.

Alcæus also inspires Quintilian:

> Alcæus is deservedly complimented with a golden quill for that part of his works in which he inveighs against tyrants, and contributes much to the improvement of morals. In his language, also, he is concise, magnificent, and careful, and in many passages resembles Homer; but he descends to sportive and amorous subjects, though better qualified for those of a higher nature.

Simonides is favorably spoken of:

> Simonides, though in other respects of no very high genius, may be commended for a propriety of language, and a pleasing kind of sweetness; but his chief excellence is in exciting pity, so that some prefer him, in that particular, to all other writers of the kind.

Sappho receives no mention from Quintilian.

Of Roman lyric poets, Horace is pitted alone, though not as a match, against the nine lyric poets of Greece:

> Of our lyric poets, Horace is almost the only one that deserves to be read; for he soars occasionally, is full of agreeableness and grace, and shows a most happy daring in certain figures and expressions.

We have ascribed to Quintilian a kind of absoluteness in the sagacity and justness of his criticisms. What now, we well may wonder, will thoughtful readers say, when they see the strain of laudation in which this sanest of writers pays tribute to the poetical genius of—whom, forsooth, but that imperial monster, Domitian! Quintilian says:

> The government of the world has diverted Germanicus Augustus [Domitian] from the studies which he had commenced, and it did not seem sufficient to the gods that he should be the greatest of poets. Yet what can be more sublime, more learned, more excellent in all respects, than the works on which he had entered in his youth, when he gave up his military command?

And so on, through a page of fulsome compliment. We are to understand that, by tacit convention of writer with reader, such expressions then meant exactly nothing at all, applied to the case of the reigning sovereign—nothing at all, except a courtesy of usage, like your "Dear sir," addressed to a stranger, addressed perhaps even to a man—if there were such a man—whom you dislike. Compare the reverend translators' dedication to King James, of the common version of the Bible.

Quintilian, next after the preceding, interposes, before going to satire, a brief reference to elegiac poetry. The interposition, perhaps, was necessary; without it, the association of ideas might have seemed too suggestively close between satire and Quintilian's extravagant praise of his emperor. Of satire, and of Lucilius as first satirist, Quintilian has this to say:

> Satire is certainly wholly our own; and Lucilius, who first obtained eminent distinction in it, has still admirers so devoted to him, that they do not hesitate to prefer him, not only to all writers in the same kind of composition, but to all other poets whatever. For my own part, I differ from them as much as I do from Horace, who thinks that Lucilius runs muddy, and that there is always something in him which you might remove; for there is in him wonderful learning, spirit, causticity resulting from it, and abundance of wit.

Lucilius, it seems, was a "cult," in Quintilian's time, as, for example, Landor lately was, in this country.

Horace wins, as satirist, a word of precious approval from this supreme court of literary judicature:

> Horace is far more terse and pure in his style, and eminently happy in remarking on the characters of mankind.

Juvenal has to make shift with anonymous and promiscuous praise—praise apparently, at that, postponed to a posthumous future:

> There are also excellent writers in that department in our day, whose names hereafter will be celebrated.

Quintilian's sentence on the Greek tragic poets is as just, as it is comprehensive and summary:

> Tragedy, Æschylus first brought before the world, an author of great sublimity and power, and grandiloquent even to a fault, but in many parts rough and unpolished; for which reason the Athenians permitted the poets who succeeded him to exhibit his plays, when corrected, in competition for the prize; and by that means many obtained the crown. But Sophocles and Euripides throw a brighter lustre on that kind of composition, concerning whom, as their styles are different, it is a question among many which is the better poet. This point, since it has no relation to my present subject, I shall, for my own part, leave undecided. But every one must acknowledge that for those who are preparing themselves for pleading Euripides will be by far the most serviceable; for in his style (which those to whom the gravity, and dignified step, and lofty tone of Sophocles appear to have an air of greater sublimity, think proper to censure), he approaches nearer to the language of oratory: he abounds with fine thoughts; in precepts of morality, such as have been delivered by the philosophers, he is almost equal to the philosophers themselves; in addresses and replies he is comparable to any of those who have been distinguished as eloquent speakers in the forum; and in touching every kind of feeling he has remarkable power, but in exciting that of pity holds undisputed pre-eminence.

There is suggested by Quintilian from among the writers of Rome, no offset to these names, that we need here to mention. Quintilian, however, makes the transition easy from

tragedy to comedy. This is done by bringing in Menander, the Greek original, as readers will recall, of Plautus and Terence, those two chief playwrights in Latin comedy. Menander, so says Quintilian:

> Menander, as he himself often testifies, admired Euripides greatly, and even imitated him, though in a different department of the drama; and Menander alone, in my judgment, would, if diligently read, suffice to generate all those qualities in the student of oratory for which I am an advocate; so exactly does he represent all the phases of human life; such is his fertility of invention, and easy grace of expression; and so readily does he adapt himself to all circumstances, persons, and feelings.

Speaking of Latin comedy and of Plautus and Terence, Quintilian bates his patriotic breath and holds very modest language:

> In comedy we are extremely deficient, though Varro says that the muses, in the opinion of Ælius Stilo, would, if they had wished to speak Latin, have spoken in the language of Plautus; though the ancients extol Cæcilius; and though the writings of Terence have been ascribed to Scipio Africanus; and Terence's writings are, indeed, extremely elegant in their kind; yet they would have had still more gracefulness if they had been strictly confined to trimeter iambic verse. We scarcely attain a faint image of the Greek comedy, so that the Latin language itself seems to me not susceptible of that beauty which has hitherto been granted to the Attics only, since not even the Greeks themselves have attained it in any other dialect of their language. Afranius excels in comedies purely Latin; and I wish that he had not polluted his plays with offensive amours, betraying his own character.

In tribute to Quintilian, it deserves to be said that the foregoing reproach of Afranius but fairly suggests the moral tone in which this excellent author prevailingly expresses himself. For example, Horace, he says, needs expurgation when taught to boys. Quintilian, in short, as we have already suggested, like nearly every writer of the first class—for Quintilian in his own chosen department of literature cannot be denied his rank in the first class of writers—was morally

sound in his writings. Professor Frieze, accordingly, has performed a fruitful service, in editing, as he has done, a body of judicious selections from Quintilian, for use in school and college. The introduction prefixed by the editor is an enlightened and entertaining biographical and literary appreciation of Quintilian.

Our author, as will have been noticed, takes a wide range in choice of his subordinate topics. But he never forgets his principal aim, that of making and accomplishing the orator. It is consistent with this the scope of his book, that orators proper should receive from him a larger proportionate share of attention than other producers of literature. We now conclude our epilogue drawn out of Quintilian, with some passages from his work in which he characterizes and estimates the various orators of Greece and Rome, especially those two chief of them, Demosthenes and Cicero; more especially still, his own compatriot, and favorite, Cicero.

The Athenian orators in general Quintilian groups and sketches as follows:

> A numerous band of orators follows, since one age produced ten living at the same time at Athens; of whom Demosthenes was by far the most eminent, and has been almost the sole model for oratory; such is his energy, so compact is his whole language, so tense, as it were, with nerves, so free from any thing superfluous; and such the general character of his eloquence, that we can neither find anything wanting in it, nor anything superfluous. Æschines is more copious and diffuse in style, and, as being less confined in scope, has more appearance of magnitude, but he has only more flesh and less muscle. Hyperides is extremely agreeable and acute, but better qualified, not to say more serviceable, for causes of minor importance. Lysias, an orator that preceded these in time, is refined and elegant, and, if it be enough for an orator to inform his hearers, we need not seek any thing more excellent than he is; for there is nothing unmeaning, nothing far-fetched, in his sentences; but he is more like a clear spring than a great river. Isocrates, in a different style of oratory, is neat and polished, but better fitted for the fencing-school than for actual combat; he assiduously courts every beauty of diction, and not without reason, for he had quali-

fied himself for lecture-rooms, and not for courts of justice; he is ready in invention, and constantly aiming at embellishment; and so careful in composition that his care is even censured.

In nothing, perhaps, is the exquisite balance of judicial mind in Quintilian more strikingly evident than in the comparison and contrast drawn by him between Demosthenes and Cicero. If he indulges his fondness for Cicero, it shall be at no cost of injustice done to Demosthenes. He says:

But our orators may, above all, set the Latin eloquence on an equality with that of Greece; for I would confidently match Cicero against any one of the Greek orators. Nor am I unaware how great an opposition I am raising against myself, especially when it is no part of my design at present to compare him with Demosthenes, for it is not at all necessary, since I think that Demosthenes ought to be read above all other orators, or rather learned by heart. Of their great excellences I consider that most are similar; their method, their order of partition, their manner of preparing the minds of their audience, their mode of proof, and, in a word, everything that depends on invention. In their style of speaking there is some difference; Demosthenes is more compact, Cicero more verbose; Demosthenes argues more closely, Cicero with a wider sweep; Demosthenes always attacks with a sharp-pointed weapon, Cicero often with a weapon both sharp and weighty; from Demosthenes nothing can be taken away, to Cicero nothing can be added; in the one there is more study, in the other more nature. In wit, certainly, and pathos, two stimulants of the mind which have great influence in oratory, we have the advantage. Perhaps the custom of his country did not allow Demosthenes pathetic perorations; but, on the other hand, the different genius of the Latin tongue did not grant to us those beauties which the Attics so much admire. In the epistolary style, indeed, though there are letters written by both, and in that of dialogue, in which Demosthenes wrote nothing, there is no comparison. We must yield the superiority, however, on one point, that Demosthenes lived before Cicero, and made him, in a great measure, the able orator that he was; for Cicero appears to me, after he devoted himself wholly to imitate the Greeks, to have embodied in his style the energy of Demosthenes, the copiousness of Plato, and the sweetness of Isocrates. Nor did he, by zealous effort, attain only what was excellent in each of these, but drew most, or rather all excellences, from himself, by the felicitous exuberance of his immortal genius. He does not, as Pindar says, collect rain water, but

overflows from a living fountain, having been so endowed at his birth, by the special kindness of Providence, that in him eloquence might make trial of her whole strength. For who can instruct a judge with more exactness, or excite him with more vehemence? What orator had ever so pleasing a manner? The very points which he wrests from you by force, you would think that he gained from you by entreaty; and when he carries away the judge by his impetuosity, he yet does not seem to be hurried along, but imagines that he is following of his own accord. In all that he says, indeed, there is so much authority, that we are ashamed to dissent from him; he does not bring to a cause the mere zeal of an advocate, but the support of a witness or a judge; and, at the same time, all these excellences, a single one of which any other man could scarcely attain with the utmost exertion, flow from him without effort; and that stream of language, than which nothing is more pleasing to the ear, carries with it the appearance of the happiest facility. It was not without justice, therefore, that he was said by his contemporaries to reign supreme in the courts; and he has gained such esteem among his posterity, that Cicero is now less the name of a man than that of eloquence itself. To him, therefore, let us look; let him be kept in view as our great example; and let that student know that he has made some progress, to whom Cicero has become an object of admiration.

But Quintilian is not carried away by that veneration of his for Cicero; he keeps solidly on his feet. This, the following lofty passage will show—a passage, at once sobering and inspiring, contemplative of that ideal orator imagined by Quintilian, which, in Quintilian's opinion, Cicero, though an orator so noble, never quite attained to be:

Though I acknowledge that Cicero stood at the head of eloquence, . . . yet, since he did not claim to himself, though he had no mean opinion of his merits, the praise of perfection, and since he might certainly have spoken better if a longer life had been granted him, and a more tranquil season for composition, I may not unreasonably believe that the summit of excellence was not attained by him, to which, notwithstanding, no man made nearer approaches. . . . Did Marcus Antonius declare that he had seen no man truly eloquent, though to be eloquent is much less than to be a perfect orator; does Cicero himself say that he is still seeking for an orator, and merely conceives and imagines one; and shall I fear to say that in that portion of eternity

which is yet to come something may arise still more excellent than what has yet been seen?

In the passage ensuing, Quintilian alludes to criticism, current in his day, and current still, on Cicero's style. It will be observed that Quintilian—such is his perfect judicial temper—while making answer to these strictures on his favorite author and orator, will not suffer himself by stress of controversy to be urged into any assertion or any denial not corrected and qualified by candor:

> But in Cicero we have not merely an Eu-phra'nor, distinguished by excellence in several particular departments of art, but one eminent in every quality that is commended in any orator whatever. Yet the men of his own time presumed to censure him as tumid, Asiatic, redundant, too fond of repetition, indulging in tasteless jests, loose in the structure of his sentences, tripping in his manner, and (what is surely very far from truth) almost too effeminate in his general style for a man. And after that he was cut off by the proscription of the triumvirs, those who had hated, envied, and rivaled him, and who were anxious to pay their court to the rulers of the day, attacked him from all quarters, when he was no longer able to reply to them. But the very man who is now regarded by some as meagre and dry, appeared to his personal enemies, his contemporaries, censurable only for too flowery a style and too much exuberance of matter. Both charges are false, but for the latter there is the fairest ground.

The sage and serene Quintilian is stung into stinging impersonal sarcasm, as he proceeds:

> But his severest critics were those who desired to be thought imitators of the Attic orators. This band of calumniators, as if they had leagued themselves in a solemn confederacy, attacked Cicero as though he had been quite of another country, neither caring for their customs nor bound by their laws; of which school are our present dry, sapless, and frigid orators . . . who, because they cannot endure the brighter lustre of Cicero's eloquence, any more than they can look at the sun, shelter themselves under the shade of the great name of Attic oratory.

Out of the comparative narrowness of application to Cicero's case in particular, Quintilian's discourse now ex-

pands into wide and wise general discussion of the celebrated critical distinction between Asiatic and Attic, in literary taste and style. This we condense and show to our readers —not only for its own intrinsic interest and value, but also for the illustrative light that it throws on Quintilian himself as a writer on rhetoric. There will be found warmth of feeling, as well as wisdom of judgment, displayed by Quintilian writing here as defender of sound sense in literature:

The distinction between Attic and Asiatic orators is indeed of great antiquity; the Attics being regarded as compressed and energetic in their style, the Asiatics as inflated and deficient in force; in the Attics it was thought that nothing was redundant, in the Asiatics that judgment and restraint were in a great measure wanting. . . . Æschines, who fixed on Rhodes for his place of exile, carried thither the accomplishments then studied at Athens, which, like certain plants that degenerate when they are removed to a foreign climate and soil, formed a union of the Attic flavor with that of the country to which they were transplanted. The orators of the Rhodian school are accordingly accounted somewhat deficient in vigor and spirit, though nevertheless not without force, resembling, not pure springs, nor turbid torrents, but calm floods.

Let no one doubt, then, that of the three styles [Attic, Asiatic, and Rhodian or Middle], that of the Attics is by far the best. But though there is something common to all that have written in this style, namely, a keen and exact judgment, yet there are great varieties in the characters of their genius. Those, therefore, appear to me to be very much mistaken, who think that the only Attic orators are such as are simple, clear, expressive, restricting themselves, as it were, to a certain frugality in the use of their eloquence, and always keeping their hand within their cloak. For who shall be named as such an Attic orator? Suppose it be Lysias; for the admirers of that style recognize him as a model of it. . . . Was Hy-per'ides Attic? Doubtless. Yet he studied agreeableness of style more than Lysias. I say nothing of many others. . . . What was Æschines, whom I just now mentioned? Was he not broader, and bolder, and loftier in style than they? What, to come to a conclusion, was Demosthenes? Did he not surpass all those dry and cautious speakers, in force, sublimity, animation, polish, and structure of periods? Does he not elevate his style by moral observations? Does he not delight in figures? Does he not give splendor to his language by metaphors? Does he not attribute, by figurative representations, speech to inanimate

objects? Does not his oath by the defenders of his country, slain at Marathon and Salamis, plainly show that Plato was his master? and shall we call Plato an Asiatic, a man comparable in so many respects to the bards of old, fired with divine inspiration? What shall we say of Pericles? Shall we pronounce him similar to the unadorned Lysias, him whose energy the comic writers, even while they ridicule him, compare to thunder and lightning from heaven?

So comes out something of that latent heat in Quintilian, for which, unexpectedly finding it in him, we like this critic certainly not less. '"Attic," indeed!' in substance he says; 'must then an orator, to be truly "Attic," resemble that Attic soil of which, by an Attic poet, it was wittily remarked, that it practiced the honesty of returning in harvest to the hand of the husbandman exactly as much grain as it had before received from the husbandman's hand in seed? Would Demosthenes, had he acquired certain excellences that he lacked, thereby have ceased to be Attic? Or'—but now Quintilian's own words:

So, if any one shall add to the excellences which that great orator Demosthenes had, those which appear, either naturally or by the law of his country, to have been wanting to him, and shall display in himself the power of strongly exciting the feelings, shall I hear some critic say, *Demosthenes never did so?* Or if any periods shall be produced more harmonious than his, perhaps none can be, but still if any should, will it be said that they are not Attic?

With admirable self-recollection—self-recollection admirable and characteristic—Quintilian suffers his fusile heat of contention against his antagonists to decline now into cool, calm, clear crystallization of wisdom good for that time and good for all time. Here is the final summary sentence—with the citation of which, let our gleanings from the field of Quintilian be deemed to have been bound up securely into a sheaf fitly clasped with a girdle of the golden grain itself:

TO SPEAK IN THE ATTIC STYLE IS TO SPEAK IN THE BEST STYLE.

APPENDIX.

We count with confidence on having among our readers many who will be students as well as readers. Provision is made for these.

As in the "College Greek Course," an index is furnished of proper names, with pronunciation marked, and with reference given to the pages on which the most important matter concerning the topics thus indicated will be found. The chiefly prominent names are printed in type adapted to exhibit their prominence readily to the eye.

It is suggested to studious readers that they will find it a very useful exercise to review their reading with the help of the index, by looking up all the passages relating to the different principal names successively, and—*after* this has been done, not *during* the process of doing it—to set down in writing the results that are left lodged in the memory. To facilitate the accomplishing of this purpose in a way to make a resultant record convenient to each reader for subsequent preservation and access, a few blank leaves are bound into the volume at the end. It will be well if these leaves be filled up, not simply with things remembered from the printed pages preceding, but with things brought from other sources, and especially with things thought out by the individual reader for himself. It is recommended that care be exercised beforehand to divide up the blank space provided, in some just proportion, among the various names to be entered. We know from our own private correspondence that some enterprising readers of the previous volumes have found no little

satisfaction in the part they have taken in thus themselves helping make the books that they use. Books into which you have in some sense put yourself, become thereby precious to you as the years go by.

In addition to the index of names, we make another provision to aid students in the business of review and self-inspection. A list of questions and topics is given, germane to the subjects discussed in the present series of volumes, to serve as stimulants to recollection, to reflection, and to further investigation.

First, the text in the body of this volume is supplemented with some very brief notice of a few minor names in Roman literature, additional to those of principal importance which it was necessary to treat more fully.

A Roman poet, associated by the character of his composition, and mnemonically by jingle of name, with Catullus, was TIBULLUS. Tibullus was the earliest of the Augustan authors whom we know by their works. Catullus preceded him one generation. Tibullus was a lackadaisical young gentleman, who lavished his love about where it was not wanted, and sentimentally sang his distresses in verse. Practically, he sought consolation by going each time to a fresh mistress. He wrote elegantly and lasciviously; the author was such as the man. He constitutes a kind of link in literature between Catullus and Ovid. Quintilian puts him at the head of Roman elegiasts, so-called.

PROPERTIUS was a poet contemporary with Tibullus and with Horace. Quintilian notes it, that in his own day there were some who preferred Propertius to Tibullus. Propertius, too, was a writer of love-poems—if poems of lust, rather than poems of love, such erotic effusions as those of Propertius and his fellows were not fitlier called. His works came near

being lost in the Middle Ages. One copy alone, found in an Italian wine-cellar, saved him from oblivion—oblivion that would, almost we might say, have been both friendly to him and fortunate for us. Still Propertius was not without real genius.

Silius Italicus we name simply to dismiss him as hardly worth naming. The poem by which he has sentenced himself to an immortality of critical contempt, is a long epic on the Second Punic War. There was little in the man to win merciful judgment for the poet. He lived in the first Christian century.

Persius has enjoyed a prodigious reputation on the strength of six satires, produced by him while a very young man. If we should say that these poems are far from deserving their fame, we should only be saying what excellent critics before us have freely said many times. Persius has been kept up, like a shuttlecock between battledore and battledore, by the opposite blows of mutually adverse criticism concerning him. We can at least praise the man, whatever we think of the satirist. Persius was a friend of Thrasea, that favorite of Tacitus—and deservedly, for, till his early death, he kept a stainless chastity amid the general profligacy of Nero's evil time. We could show nothing of his satires that would greatly interest our readers. Our readers would, however, be greatly interested in studying the introduction by Professor Gildersleeve to his edition of the Latin text of Persius—certainly one of the raciest and most stimulating pieces of editorial writing that we have ever encountered in the literature of classical scholarship. Persius is sometimes, but seldom, read in college.

Statius came later. He flourished in the reign of Domitian. Statius was improvisator as well as poet. He shone

on public occasions of reading his own poetry aloud. Such practice on his part helped give a rhetorical, epigrammatic, ambitious turn to the poem which, retiring into the country for that purpose, he spent twelve years in writing—"The The'ba-id," so-called, his master-piece, an epic in twelve books, on an incident in the legendary history of Thebes. This holds its traditional place among the second-class epics of literature. Statius was a follower of Lucan, as Lucan was a follower of Virgil, and as Virgil was a follower of Homer. Virgil was artificial as compared with Homer; Lucan was artificial as compared with Virgil; Statius was artificial as compared with Lucan.

Martial was a contemporary of Statius. He was an epigrammatist in verse. He studied point to the sacrifice of almost every thing but point. Libidinousness, however, he did not have to sacrifice, as also libidinousness he did not have to study; that came naturally to him. "A man of talent, acuteness, and spirit, with plenty of wit and gall, and as sincere as he was witty," is Pliny's characterization and tribute. Martial recognizes and delineates, without disapproval, the same ethical features of Roman society that excited to such passion of rhetorical scorn the indignant genius of his contemporary Juvenal. Juvenal's frightful representations of Rome are thus curiously confirmed by Martial as substantially true.

Catullus, Tibullus, Propertius, and Martial, these four by eminence, were poets that, notwithstanding their wit, their genius, and their art, the world of letters might lose without loss. They had better never have written. From Martial, the most fecund producer among them, a comparatively innocent trifle given as translated by Mr. Simcox may serve, very inadequately, to show the moral tone and the literary style of this writer—favorite of so many Latinists that love smartness

and do not mind if the smartness be made seemingly smarter with broad, or with equivocal, leer:

> The things which make life pretty happy, my own dear Martial [namesake to the poet], are these, a property which was left you without your working for it, land that pays for cultivation, a hot dinner every day, never a lawsuit, very seldom a dress-suit, a quiet mind, bodily health, and gentlemanly vigor, frankness and prudence, equal friendships, easy society, a simple table, a wet night to wash out cares, but not quite a tipsy one, a wife who is faithful and not strait-laced, sound sleep to shorten the darkness; to wish to be what you are and nothing else in the world; not to be afraid of your last day, nor to long for it.

Sulpicia is the name of the solitary female poet in Roman literature of whom any fragment remains. A so-called satire of hers is occasionally bound up together with the satires of Juvenal. Sulpicia was a lady of rank, but she too was flagrantly wanton in her verse. She was of Martial's time.

Of Seneca, as essayist, we present here a specimen bit that will be acknowledged not to lack a certain interest. This morsel we take from the text of Mr. Simcox's "History of Latin Literature." Our readers must not imagine that they lose any thing very important in losing the proper connection of the complete original discourse. Caligula's imperial sentence on Seneca as writer, is condensed into a pregnant untranslatable phrase composed of three words, *Harena sine calce*, "Sand without lime," that is, particles possessing no mutual cohesion, sand not converted into mortar. Such incoherency is the character of Seneca's ambitious sententiousness in style.

In his essay on "Tranquillity of Mind," Seneca says:

> If he [any private Roman citizen] is forced into the rear rank, still there he can shout and exhort and set a soldier's example and show a soldier's spirit. Whatever happens, you ought to keep your stand, help with your war-cry; if your mouth is stopped, keep your stand and help

with your silence. A good citizen always does good service: to see him, to hear him, does good; his look and gesture, his silent steadfastness, his very going by, does good. The example of one who keeps quiet well has its use.

That, surely, is sound and good. Would you not almost think it was American Emerson speaking?

Of the orator HORTENSIUS—a figure, literary and social, so considerable as he was in his day—it seems a pity that nothing is left to show, in offset to the ample remains of his generous and more industrious friend and rival Cicero. In the default of any mental image of the man, it may be accepted by some for a slight compensation if a hint is afforded, such as a picture may yield, of his personal presence:

HORTENSIUS.

Questions and Topics.

1. Compare the Greek with the Roman national character, as these are exhibited respectively in the two national literatures.

2. Account for it that a great ruling race like the Roman should have been contented to follow so closely foreign originals in its literature and its art.

3. What was it in the national genius that kept Greece from seeking to found empire by conquest beyond the bounds of Hellas itself?

4. Was Alexander the Great an exception in this respect among Greeks; or did his foreign conquering spirit show him to have been not properly Greek?

5. Distinguish the properly Greek from the properly not-Greek elements in Alexander's character.

6. Is there a reciprocal influence exchanged between a nation's literature and that nation's character and life? If so, state the law governing such influence.

7. Which national genius, the Greek or the Roman, was more self-conscious in its literature?

8. Which national genius was more sound and genuine in its literary self-consciousness?

9. How far is literary art possible without literary self-consciousness on the part of the artist?

10. What was the influence on literature of the imperial system founded by Cæsar?

11. Define the limits within which wealth in a nation fosters in that nation the development of literature.

12. Define civilization.

13. To which influence, that of Greece or that of Rome, is Christian civilization more deeply indebted?

14. What parts respectively do literature and science play in the advancement of civilization?

15. Would it be true to say that science exerts its civilizing influence chiefly by dealing with the relations between man and nature, whereas literature exerts its civilizing influence chiefly by dealing with the relations between man and man?

16. If so, which civilizing influence, that of science, or that of literature, should be more direct and more powerful?

17. Compare Demosthenes and Cicero, the men.

18. Compare Demosthenes and Cicero, the statesmen.

19. Compare Demosthenes and Cicero, the orators.

20. Both Demosthenes and Cicero struggled against political tendencies that were destined to prevail; were they unwise in doing this?

21. The Roman literary influence was dominant in English literature a hundred and fifty years ago—the Greek is dominant now; is it likely that there will, by and by, be a return to the former fashion?

22. To what extent do the examples supplied by Greece and Rome give countenance to the theory that the literature of a people receives its type from geographic and climatic influences?

23. To what extent does satire exert a practical correcting and reforming influence on morals and manners?

24. Distinguish between the satire and the lampoon.

25. Explain why the novel should not have had a freer and fuller development in the ancient Greek and Roman world.

26. Compare with one another Thucydides, Sallust, Tacitus.

27. What distinguishes the philosophical from the merely narrative historian?

28. What different qualifications are required in the historian who writes at second-hand from those required in the historian writing from personal knowledge?

29. What support does the example of Greek tragedy lend to the idea that the dramatist must write without ethical purpose, merely to represent human character and life?

30. For the practical conduct of life, which study is likely to be more useful to the average man or woman, the study of the classics or the study of physics? Why?

31. In which world would you choose, on the whole, to have had cast your lot in life, the world of ancient Athens or the world of ancient Rome?

32. Whence came the influence that makes Christian civilization other and better than the civilization of Athens, and of Rome—was it from heaven or of men?

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